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A LETTER FROM A CITIZEN OF NEW-YORK,
TO HIS FRIEND IN THE COUNTRY,
TOUCHING THE ELECTION.

MY DEAR SIR:—You have often asked me to send you certain political views, which were elicited in our agreeable conversations, partly by your own and partly by my suggestions, which, you said, you would communicate to such of your friends as had not matured their opinions; in order, as you said, to induce them to go to the election with greater preparation and intelligence, and to furnish them with some proper means of persuasion over the lukewarm and the neutrals.

What I have gleaned from you I here return to you; and, because it seemed to me an easier and a more agreeable shape, in the form of a letter. When I address you in terms of advice, and say that so and so is true, and that this or that should be done or remembered, I only echo your own advice, rather to show you how well I have profited by it, than to attempt impudently to appropriate it.

I know of but one man to whom victory or defeat are alike disgraceful; and that is he who fails, through indolence, through conceit, or cowardice, to engage in the conflict. Victory shames him, because he can claim no part in its honors or its rewards; defeat disgraces him, because he failed to render his due aid, when that was needed. In a government like ours, where all power emanates from the individual,

and right and freedom are maintained only by the vigilance of each citizen; to decline engaging in the great conflicts of party, argues either an unmanly timidity and sluggishness, or an unpardonable ignorance, or it may be, a conceit of superiority and refinement, that render the citizen a fitter subject for despotism, than for a free republic: and when men of honor and virtue are set before us for our suffrages, and the cause which they represent is the cause of peace, of good government, of freedom, and of the common good, great indeed must be the obstacle that can prevent us.

And now what are the reasons offered by your friends, against engaging in the election? They say they cannot enter into the contest with enthusiasm—they cannot pluck up a spirit of opposition, because they cannot have the leader whom they like. The election then, it seems, is for a particular man, and not for the honor and power of the people! We go to the polls, not for a principle, but for a man! Not to alter the policy of the government, and to check its progress towards despotism, but only to elect some one whom we favor more than another!

To this, perhaps, your friends will answer, that I mistake them—that they are not the children and simpletons we take them to be,

but that they have no spirit to engage in electing any candidate who will not pledge himself to carry out all and every measure of the Party.

Now, as I have already said, it is possible, that before this meets their eyes, the coming election may have been decided, and all reasoning upon the matter may seem quite idle, being behind the time; but it is not to this election only, but to all elections, that these objections apply. If they will not now vote, because they are not pleased with their candidate, so, will they not in future, for the same reason. They will not vote, in future, in case he, or any other with whom they are dissatisfied, should a second time become the nominee of a convention; unless by that time he, or another, shall have quitted his present high position, and shall have given pledges to perform that impossible thing—I mean to carry out perforce the will of a party constituency.

But, at this word "impossible," I think I see an expression of incredulity, passing over the faces of your friends. Impossible? they exclaim, is anything impossible to a President? Has he not the press, the army, the navy, the post office, the revenue, nay, Congress itself, at his command? Can he not recommend and carry through, or oppose and crush, any measure that displeases him? Has he not full two hundred thousand votes at his absolute bidding, to swell the natural Loco-foco minority into an actual majority; or, if he be a Whig, to make the natural majority overwhelming and irresistible? What cannot he do, that he intends to do, and with a strong will and a wise mind, resolves to do? What measure of public benefit, or of private right can pass through Congress against his will? Not one. Talk you then of impossibility?

This charge, then, I answer, my good sirs, has been made against you, that your boasted 'liberty men,' your free soil men, your constitutional men, and your anti-despotical men, your reformers generally; are just as ready, just as eager, as their opposites, to elect a despot? Nay, more—you will not only vote for and elect a despot—a man pledged to use a despotical power—but you even will not vote for another; you will not rest satisfied, until you have forced a pledge from your candidate

—a promise—an oath of honor, that he *will*, for your sakes, be a despot—will sway the whole unlawful power of the government to enforce your measures. Instead of requiring from him an oath of honor, that he will *not* interfere and abuse the power of the government, you insist that he *shall* interfere, that he shall swear to interfere, or you will not cast a vote for him! Here is a fine piece of statesmanship! The end, that of all others the Whig party wish to accomplish, namely, that our President forbear to exercise an unconstitutional authority, that end you are defeating by forcing him to give pledges.

General Taylor would not give pledges. He would not give his word of honor to carry out the measures of the party; because he thought it a vicious and unconstitutional precedent to do so. He would not bind himself to employ the veto power or the executive patronage, to carry out any schemes of either party, or of south, west, or north, because he held it to be an unconstitutional and injurious exercise of power, should he be elected, to do so. Was he to be President, he would be the Executive of the law, of Congress and the Constitution; and not the Executive of a party or a faction. And this is the man for whom you, whose voices have been loudest in the cry raised against the growing power of the Executive—this is the man for whom you refuse to cast your votes! Consistency, my fellow-subjects, is a jewel—but it does not sparkle on *your* breasts.

I see, my dear sir, that notwithstanding all my expostulations, your friends continue to insist that a president ought to pledge himself to carry out every measure of his party. They are unreasoning followers, who think that holding this or that opinion, in favor of a bank or tariff, internal improvement, or the distribution of the proceeds of public lands, constitutes a Whig; they are not aware that no one of these opinions is essential to the Whig creed—that a man may entertain serious doubts about the policy of bonuses, state banks, prohibitory duties, and other matters, and yet be a very good Whig.

What then is your doctrine? they will exclaim. Are not these that you name, the principles of our party—are they not written in our catechism?

O no, these things are not written in our catechism. Let it be supposed, that by the application of a tariff to foreign manufactures, for a period of five or ten years, our own wares had become cheaper, through competition and improvements in mines and manufactures, than those imported wares of England, there would be no need of a tariff then; and the Whigs would cease to ask a tariff for protection upon any species of manufacture. Would the Whigs then be left without a doctrine or a principle, because they had ceased to ask a tariff?

Or suppose, that the money wasted in the war had been applied to the river and harbor improvements, and to the construction of roads, and the Whigs, seeing that money enough, and perhaps more than enough, had been spent on these improvements, should thereupon advocate retrenchments; would they then be left without a principle?

Or, imagine if it be possible, that the ambition of England had driven us into a war; would the Whigs, in advocating a just war, be left without a principle?

It is not a protective tariff that the Whigs look for, but that the vast surplus of food produced by our farmers shall find a consumer near at hand, that he may be sure of a return for his labor, and not allow his profits to be wasted by the transportation of his wheat, and corn, and cotton, beyond the sea; that the farmer depend no longer upon Irish famines; that the cotton grower live no longer in terror of the Indian and Australian planter, depending on their bad success; that labor everywhere meet its due reward; in a word, that the nation, the state, the town, the village, and the farm, be protected by every means in the power of government, against the monopoly of England, and of all other countries, who have resolved that the farmer of America shall not have his brother a handicraftsman in the same village with him, but shall buy of the English handicraftsman, paying his risks and losses, his agencies, his discounts, his insurance, his transportation and his profits, in order that English manufacturers may accumulate vast fortunes, and the Peels and Cobdens become rich, while the American farmer remains poor; and while his brother, the starving weaver, or

ironworker, is obliged to throw up his business and emigrate to the West, to meet there with new hardships, and with greater poverty than that which he left behind him. It is Whig policy to keep men together, and by mutual aid to increase their wealth. If a protective tariff is necessary just at this time to effect this end, the Whigs will move for a tariff, and not otherwise. The Whigs wish to have the nation govern itself, and not be governed by the manufacturers of England. It is not to enrich New England and Pennsylvania, but to protect the manufacturers from an unfair competition, and the farmer and cotton growers from the evils of a surplus and no buyers; to enable every State to double its wealth and population, by placing the manufacturer and the farmer side by side—the consumer by the side of the producer, the grower of produce by the side of the fashioner of produce—and no longer to allow the profits of each to be snatched from them by a company of cunning monopolists on the other side of the ocean.

To carry out this point of Whig policy, or rather, to protect the nation against the injurious power of the British capitalists, whose purpose it now is to separate the consumer from the producer, to keep the broad ocean between the planter and the handicraftsman, though the laws of nature bid them stay by each other, and aid each other—to carry out this point of national policy, we have our choice between two methods, namely, the compulsory or despotic, and the liberal or republican method.

By the first method, we must lay aside all regard to the future, and elect a pledged President. Having elected him, we must look up to him as our master and guardian; when, before election, he was only our tool and agent.

By the second method, we elect an Executive President, pledged only by his oath, to support the Constitution, and by word of honor, to forbear the unjust exercise of power.

By the first method, we countenance our adversaries in those usurpations for which we so loudly condemn them. For, if they elect a President, committed, and bound by word of honor, to wrest the laws to the accomplishment of the will of his constitu-

ents, we, ourselves, meant not to do otherwise; and should we succeed, we have then failed of reforming the great evil, and have inflicted another blow on the fallen body of our liberty.

By the second method, we shame our adversaries, and compel them to take a new position before the people; and by a series of successful efforts on our part, we shall finally re-establish the power of Congress on a basis, more stable than the laws,—the basis of a national precedent, and a national opinion.

By electing a pledged President, we admit that we mean to have the nation governed by a minority, headed by a despotical executive. For should it happen, as it will surely happen, that the transient majority disappears after the election, we should then present the singular spectacle of a government, professedly founded on majorities, wielded by a faction with a despot at its head. Our president, elected to carry out certain measures, remains bound to them by an oath of honor, through the entire course of his administration, notwithstanding the extremest changes of public opinion. If elected to support a war policy, he remains bound to a war policy, even when the causes of a just war are no longer in existence. If elected to support a tariff, he must continue to support a tariff, notwithstanding an entire change of opinion in his party. A pledged President will be almost invariably at war with the majority, before his term of office shall expire.

But because the terms of his election authorize him to employ the powers of the government to such ends as fall within the line of a certain policy, though now left without a popular support, he is not left without power. His power is not impaired by his unpopularity; he is as able as ever, and readier than ever, to create a party for himself. He knows that at the end of his term, he will drop into obscurity and contempt, and, therefore, he improves the time; and so manages the purse and the sword as it likes him to manage them.

Should it happen, on the other hand, that finding that those who elected him have lost consideration and influence, and ceased to be a majority, he may easily and for a light pretext, break his pledges; under the democratic excuse, that as the majority is in all cases to be obeyed,

in office and out of office, he must know and execute the will of the majority of the nation, whether that agree or disagree with that of those who elected him. And thus it will happen, that a pledged President, at liberty to ascertain for himself what public opinion is, will either desert his party, if they fall into a minority—pretending obedience to the popular will—or he will be the President of a minority, obliged to use unlawful means to carry out the measures of that minority.

I cannot, therefore, but approve and respect the course taken by General Taylor, in his refusal to undergo the pledges of the party who are striving to elect him. And by this step he has shown a degree of foresight and of courage, that speaks a mind and character suitable and able to the greater responsibilities of government. He showed, in this course, not only a solicitude for his own honor, but a remarkable foresight.

To appreciate this more fully, let us cast an eye, in imagination, over the future administration of a President, elected, as many would have him, under the pledges of a party. Notwithstanding that he has pledged himself to support every measure, even the most ultra and violent—notwithstanding this, his popularity carries him into office, he rides into the presidency upon a popular wave, that leaves him at the instant he is seated in the executive chair; when it is remembered that he is no longer the head of a nation, but the pledged executive of a faction. The first act of his administration is the indiscriminate ejection from office—an act to which a pledged President is bound by the nature of his election—of the whole body of office holders. By which, already, he has created a powerful opposition, destined to grow rapidly into a real majority.

His next step is to establish a silent committee of information, in which are included all the trusted and able members of the government, for the control of office-holders, editors, and citizens having claims or favors to ask of the government. By this arrangement, an almost irresistible power is established over opinion, and the elections are affected in such a manner as to create an artificial majority in many parts of the nation. The government operates

on the leaders, who expect offices, honors, or treasury jobs. They, in turn, operate each upon a crowd of the second rate: these again come in contact with and move each a little crowd of voters; and thus the whole machine is kept in working order, and works as it is moved from the centre. Public opinion is manufactured on a grand scale by the executive press. Letters are sent from Washington to remote country editors, advising to make such and such demands, as if coming from the people; these writings are then quoted together in the central papers, as though they were a free expression of the national opinion, coming simultaneously from all quarters of the continent. In the middle of this tissue of lies sits the editor of the Executive Organ, at Washington, like a vast spider in the middle of his web.

Next follows the management of the Territories. A pledged President distributes over all the territories such governors, lieutenants and judges, as will wrest the law to carry out the will of the faction. The old set of governors and managers are turned off, unless, like the valiant ex-governor of Michigan, they can fall into a "fit of easy transmission," and suffer the light of the new policy suddenly to illuminate their ancient ignorance.

Next we have the army and navy, and the military academy, to be officered—as vacancies occur—with the friends of the Presidential policy.

No less does Congress itself demand the proper care of the government; elections are to be managed by custom-house officers, and other retainers of the centre, so as to return members to swell a corrupt and artificial majority in the house.

Last of all, but not least in importance, the Supreme Court of the United States, should a vacancy occur upon its bench, must be strengthened with a pliable judge, or a "judicious" judge, who will not fail to discover what is and what is not unconstitutional, just as the Executive may suggest.

I have not enumerated all the means of influence that may be employed by an ingenious and enterprising intriguer. The system itself has not yet been perfected. It needs a Machiavelli to do that, and to leave us a testament of the art of governing republics by fraud, fear, falsehood,

and bribery. The London press and the English Ministry may be acted on with facility, by an intriguer managing the affairs of the wealthiest and most powerful nation on the earth, as the United States are now well known to be. As they act upon us, so they may be acted on by us. And as things are going on, we shall by and by see more of this.

Add then to this sea of patronage the power of forcing such bills through Congress, as the Executive may see fit, together with the power of stopping such as displease him, by the use or previous threat of the veto, and you have a grand idea of the power of a Party President, elected with a full understanding that he is to carry out every measure of his party; and when that falls away from him, every measure of his Congressional and patronage clique, or of his private ambition.

All these means of influence, the growth of a corrupt age, General Taylor has laid aside, by giving his word of honor that he will not use the power of his office to carry out the measures of any faction; that in office he will imitate the conduct of Washington in a dignified forbearance, and in deferring all to the will of a lawful and deliberate majority in Congress. I cannot but say of this act, when I reflect upon the wisdom that must have prompted it, and the consequences that must flow from it, that it is one of those great instances of public virtue that are handed down to posterity for the admiration, and for the good, of future ages.

Entering unpledged upon his great trust, General Taylor, should he be elected, will become indeed the head and leader of the nation, and the great defender and restorer of the Republic. He will be there to execute the laws, to preserve peace, to temper by a mild and wise conduct, though not without a salutary vigor, the violence of sectional rage. The party who elect him will not be able to sway him as a tool, or to reproach him, should he not go all lengths with them in the unrestrained employment of a political victory. To defend the honor of the nation, to keep the boundary, to protect the colonist and the emigrant in the far West, to maintain the dignity and peace of the Empire, he

will find a great task, and when to that is added, the management of a just and lawful patronage, and the care of the navy and army, and of all national interests at home and abroad, his capacious intellect and ripe judgment will find their natural and legitimate field. We shall respect and honor him as our elected head and defender.

General Taylor, in a letter* which every one must have seen, has refused to reply to minute inquiries regarding his opinions on topics of political economy, and particular constructions of the Constitution; because he does not regard the precise opinions of a President, or of a candidate for the presidency, as of any weight, compared with that of Congress and the nation. He does not regard the executive as a law giving or governing, but as only a law executing and moderating power:—it is the balance wheel, and not the prime mover, of the government.

Let us reflect, then, to what end we must come, if the system of electing pledged presidents is permitted to go on, as it has been going since the election of Martin Van Buren. At each period of four years, the powers of the executive will be advanced, and severer and more stringent pledges exacted of him. Each candidate fortified in a course of arbitrary rule, by the example of his predecessors, will have less regard than they, for the rights of Congress and the limits set upon him by the Constitution. The great ends of government lost sight of more and more, the executive must be more and more converted into an instrument of bigotry, of selfishness and of ambition. Congress, losing gradu-

ally, not only its own respect, but that of the people, ceases to originate law, and becomes the passive agent of the one-man power. Instead of legislation comes a domination. Laws originate in the cabinet, and stand for the will of a minority. A popular outcry raised by a disaffected faction in any part of the Union, intimidates a President on the verge of re-election, and immediately laws are passed injurious to the liberty of the nation. The Constitution becomes a dead letter. Civil war begins to show its bloody front, and the emergency vests a dictatorial and imperial authority in the executive. The crisis is passed by, rebellion is suppressed—but the nation is enslaved. The power of the natural majority appears no longer in the opinions of Congress. Laws are originated under the eye of the President. A bench of judges in the supreme court receives instructions how to act, what principles to admit, what parties to favor and what to condemn. The army and the navy depend, from the executive chair, suspended by a golden chain. Taxes begin to increase. Wars become expedient. The nation, losing sight of its true interest, becomes ambitious and warlike. It has become a monarchy, and the monarch is an emperor; he re-elects himself, and suppresses the rebellion of the provinces against himself by force of arms.

Such, my dear sir, is the picture of our destiny, if we continue to exact pledges from our presidential candidates. Your friends will, perhaps, believe that what I have said has an air of reason; that it is, at least, an approximation to the truth. If they think so, let them go to the polls and vote for an unpledged candidate. They can do it with a good conscience. Henceforth, let it be the duty and the care of the people to govern themselves, by their lawful representatives. The opinion of a natural, unforced majority of the people is always better than that of one man. Let the people establish what is right—a President cannot do it.

I am, truly yours, &c.

* BATON ROUGE, LA., March 29, 1848.

SIR:—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your polite communication of the 7th instant, asking my views on certain questions of domestic policy.

I beg to inform you that I have uniformly declined yielding to similar requests, in the belief that my opinions, even if I were President of the United States, are neither important nor necessary; and I regret to add, that I see no reason for departing, in the present instance, from that course.

With sentiments of much respect, I am, sir, your obedient servant.

Z. TAYLOR.

BATTLE OF BUENA VISTA.*

THERE is perhaps no single question of fact which usually involves so much diversity of opinion and of description, as that of a military engagement, the particulars of which may be derived solely from actors in the scene, and yet be found to differ in numberless details, and frequently in the most important elements. No two individuals will observe the incidents from precisely the same point of view, and, as in gazing upon the rainbow, every spectator sees a different one from his neighbor, so it would appear from the conflicting narratives of battles, that there are as many combats as there happen to be narrators. Hence every account of such historical events gives us an additional degree of approximation nearer to the truth, and the final historian, by taking a mean of the whole, is enabled to extract enough for practical purposes, of the "philosophy which teaches by example." Whether the work of Captain Carleton, like his letter to a distinguished general, (p. 184,) touching a point not yet fully disposed of, "settles the question" of the battle of Buena Vista for all time, we are not prepared to affirm, but that it is a valuable addition to the facts already communicated to the public, in relation to what he is pleased to consider the great battle *par excellence* of the war, we think few will be disposed to deny. As set forth in his preface, Captain Carleton's facilities for qualifying himself for the task were unquestionable, and if he has not fully attained the object of his aspirations, the fact must not be attributed to want of zeal or of good intentions, but rather to the causes to which we have just briefly adverted.

The events preliminary to the battle are detailed by the author with commendable minuteness, and perspicuity. The reasons

for occupying Agua Nueva, which developed the consummate strategic talent of the American general, and the ease with which he baffled the well-laid plans of General Santa Anna, by discovering the purposes of that able and crafty commander, and concealing his own, are set forth with a clearness worthy of the subject, and with an apparent fidelity to truth worthy of the historian. Even the reconnoissances three days before the battle are described so faithfully as to include the most trivial incidents, in which the author evinces his determination not only to give the truth, but the whole truth. But for this desire to include all the events of one month, we do not see the importance of relating so particularly the events of both reconnoissances, as that under Major M'Culloch seems alone to have resulted in any practical consequence, that intrepid officer having actually passed within the Mexican lines, while Colonel May's command appears only to have lost by capture one officer and one private. With the manœuvres, numbers, and position of the enemy, Captain Carleton has also made himself equally familiar, and in detailing his corps, divisions, and battalions, gives us the names of their several commanders, even down to the ranchero Colonels Blanco and Aguierra, those old friends and patrons of the Centre Division, who relieved its necessities by liberal supplies of forage at liberal prices, and whose good dinners will doubtless long be remembered by the most distinguished officers of the Chihuahua column. If we were disposed to cavil, we might feel inclined to question the declaration "that nothing more is necessary than a simple array of the facts which constituted the elements and characterized the movements of the two armies on that occasion, "to enable any individual" to

* I. The Battle of Buena Vista, with the operations of the "Army of Occupation," for one month. By James Henry Carleton, Captain in the first regiment of Dragoons. New York: Harper and Brothers.

II. Documents accompanying the President's Message, First Session Thirtieth Congress. Washington, 1847.

understand how it (the battle) was fought and how won, (p. 1.) If "nothing more is necessary" than this, why not be satisfied with the official report of the commanding general? The facts are there set forth with classical simplicity and unrivalled perspicuity, and in the compass of a few pages, instead of a volume. We are inclined to believe, therefore, that some persons, less amiable than ourselves, would not be unwilling to point the small end of an insinuation that our author was not altogether indifferent to a display of his literary abilities, even if he were not actuated by a desire to give a certain arm of the service a position somewhat more conspicuous than that which it occupies in the official reports, and in the opinions of many who participated actively in the conflict. We distinctly disclaim any reflection, direct, collateral, or remote, upon the corps referred to. Its chivalric gallantry is too well known, and has been too well tested to render it liable to suspicion; and if it failed on this occasion to contribute as much to the result as might have been anticipated, those who were mortified at the fact will know where to look for the cause.

Without entering upon an elaborate discussion of the point, we are yet unwilling to admit the unqualified assertion that "of the numerous triumphs of our arms, it [the battle of Buena Vista] is by far the greatest." (p. 1.) With deference to the superior military judgment, experience, and acquirements of Captain Carleton, we are constrained to believe that, tested by purely rational or military principles, with reference to the numbers engaged, the duration of the conflict, and the immediate consequences of the victory, that of Buena Vista is a less brilliant achievement than that of Resaca de la Palma. The odds in both engagements were nearly the same, eighteen hundred to seven or eight thousand in one case, and about forty-five hundred to eighteen or twenty thousand in the other; but here the resemblance ceases. In one case, the enemy selected his position; in the other this advantage, and a great one, was with the opposite party. In one case the victory was decisive and complete, the enemy's camp captured, with a large quantity of military stores, and himself driven across the Rio

Grande; while in the other, the victory was at best a negative one, known only when the sun revealed the retreating foe, and in its results preserving only what we had already gained, without adding anything to our acquisitions save national glory. We have neither space nor disposition to continue farther a comparison of the two battles; but conceive that even this brief statement affords a thorough refutation of a popular error, having its origin in the circumstances which attended the two events. But while we contend that the victory of Buena Vista, as a mere military triumph, is inferior to that of Resaca de la Palma, it cannot be denied that the lofty genius and moral power of the Commanding General were more eminently conspicuous in the conflict with General Santa Anna, than in the earlier one with General Arista. On the heights of Buena Vista, General Taylor constituted in himself the main body of the Americans, and under any other commander we have no doubt that even ten thousand Americans would have been defeated. One victory was due to the combined efforts of all; but it is scarcely too much to affirm that the other was due to the presence of a single individual. All that we have heard or seen on the subject, forces upon us the conclusion that no one but Zachary Taylor would have fought the battle, and no one but Zachary Taylor could have won it. And we hope that, if any of our readers do not now concur in this opinion, we shall be able to convince them of its correctness before bringing this article to a conclusion. In our narrative, while we shall endeavor to adhere rigidly to facts, we shall not, of course, indulge in that minuteness of detail, which belongs to the historian, and shall consult not only Captain Carleton's work, and the official reports, but the descriptions written at the time by those engaged; to the authors of which we here beg leave to make a general acknowledgment of our indebtedness.

There has been considerable discussion in relation to the *discoverer* of the merits of Buena Vista as a battle-field, the rival claimants to which are a distinguished general officer of the army, and a Captain of Topographical Engineers. We have no disposition to enlist under the banner of either party; the fight, as it stands, is a

very pretty one—on paper, and from the relations previously subsisting between the parties,* it may be considered a family quarrel, and therefore not open to volunteers. Captain Carleton, however, appears to be one of the brotherhood, and, with a proper respect for discipline and subordination, takes up the championship of the senior officer. But the General, though grateful for his evidence,† is of opinion that “no great credit was due on account of the selection,”‡ in which we entirely concur, though he adds, “if great credit is due to any one it belongs to” himself, in which we do not concur at all. We have now before us the private journal of a member of General Wool’s command, and in relation to this same battle-ground, we find, as early as December, 1846, the following observations :

“The position is one of great strength, and many officers, struck with its capabilities for defence, have pronounced it the spot for a battle, should the enemy attack us with large odds. Indeed, almost any one must perceive at once its importance, if there be any way of turning it on the east, which, from the road, seems impracticable.”

In view of these facts, we consider the claims of the general or the captain, to the discovery, to be just as good as, perhaps, fifty others, and no better. The honor is certainly one which Falstaff would have considered a very “trim reckoning,” and one which might have belonged to “him that died o’ Wednesday,” without exciting any extraordinary degree of envy among the survivors. But the folly of these posthumous pretensions is too transparent for serious examination; for of what value was General Wool’s opinion, or Captain Hughes’s, or even that of the entire army, without the approval of Zachary Taylor?

At an early hour in the morning of the 22d of February, the Mexican advance, composed of four light battalions, under General Ampudia, was discovered by the American pickets. Intelligence was at once conveyed to General Taylor, who was at his camp, on the hill overlooking Saltillo from the south, where, for the purpose of making arrangements for the defence of the city, he had repaired on the preceding

day. He immediately moved forward and joined the forces at Buena Vista, at ten o’clock in the morning.

The time and the place, the hour and the man, seemed to promise a glorious celebration of the day. It was the 22d of February, the anniversary of that day on which the God of battles gave to freedom its noblest champion; to patriotism, its purest model; to America, a preserver, and to the world, the nearest realization of human perfection; but panegyric sinks before the name of WASHINGTON. The morning was bright and beautiful. Not a cloud floated athwart the firmament, or dimmed the azure of the sky, and a flood of golden radiance gilded the mountain tops and poured over the valleys, throwing light and shade into a thousand fantastic forms, and exhilarating every heart with the certainty of triumph. A soft breeze swept down from the mountains, rolling into graceful folds the banner of the republic, which was proudly streaming from the flag-staff of the Saltillo redoubt, and from the windows, towers and battlements of the city, in honor of the day.*

In the choice of his position, General Taylor,—and not General Wool, nor Captain Hughes, nor Corporal Trim, as we have shown,—exhibited the same unerring judgment, by which every act of his life has been distinguished. Every faculty, being quickened by the extremity of the peril, he here seems to have surpassed even the comprehensive sagacity and masterly *coup d’œil* which characterized his dispositions at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, and which crowned triumphantly all his operations, amid the blazing lines of Monterey. The mountains rise on either side of an irregular and broken valley, about two miles wide, traversed by a series of rugged ridges, and scarred with broad, deep and winding ravines. The main road between Encantada and Buena Vista follows the course of a little rivulet, the bed of which is so deep as to form an impassable barrier from the south, to cavalry, artillery and infantry; while the other side is bounded by precipitous elevations, stretching perpendicularly towards the mountains, and separated by deep gullies, until they unite at the base of the range of which they are

* Page 177. † Page 183. ‡ Page 184.

* Correspondence of the N. O. Tropic.

spurs. One of these ridges forms a plateau of nearly three hundred yards wide, and about a thousand yards long, which was the scene of the principal operations.

The place was not unworthy the approaching conflict. Nature was there in her grandeur and her power, and far as the eye could reach, the peaks of the Sierra Madre were towering to the skies. If Napoleon could excite enthusiasm from the antiquity of the pyramids, in that burst of sublime eloquence which of itself would render his name and memory immortal, the members of both armies might have here drawn inspiration from a higher source. They were in the presence of the pre-Adamites. Around them were monuments of creation, which had risen when the "morning stars first sang together," and which will crumble into decay only, when "the sun shall slumber in the cloud, for getful of the voice of the morning."

While the American troops were taking their positions, the Mexicans were rapidly advancing. Column after column arrived in view; their immense masses rolling up clouds of dust before them, which hung like a canopy above the road, far beyond Encantada. The presence of the Mexican general-in-chief was first announced by a white flag, which was seen dimly fluttering in the distance, the emblem of peace being appropriately borne by a disciple of the healing art. The messenger was halted by the advance picket, to whom he delivered the following summons from General Santa Anna to General Taylor to surrender:

Camp at Encantada, Feb. 22d, 1847.

You are surrounded by twenty thousand men, and cannot in any human probability avoid suffering a rout, and being cut to pieces with your troops; but as you deserve consideration and particular esteem, I wish to save you from a catastrophe, and for that purpose give you this notice, in order that you may surrender at discretion, under the assurance that you will be treated with the consideration belonging to the Mexican character; to which end you will be granted an hour's time to make up your mind, to commence from the moment when my flag of truce arrives in your camp.

With this view, I assure you of my particular consideration. God and Liberty.

ANTONIO LOPEZ DE SANTA ANNA.

To General Z. Taylor, commanding the forces of the U. S.

To this elegant emblem of benevolent bravado, and characteristic "considera-

tion," deemed by the Mexican General a fit accompaniment to the emblem of peace, General Taylor, from his saddle, dictated the following reply, which in comprehensive brevity, has no parallel in military history, unless in the "*Veni, vidi, vici*," of Julius Cæsar.

Headquarters Army of Occupation, near Buena Vista, Feb. 22d, 1847.

SIR:—In reply to your note of this date, summoning me to surrender my forces at discretion, I beg leave to say that I decline acceding to your request.

With high respect, I am, sir,
Your obedient servant,

Z. TAYLOR,

Maj. Gen. U. S. Army, commanding.
Señor General D. Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, Commander-in-chief, *La Encantada*.

During this epistolary episode, the Mexican troops had arrived on the ground, and General Santa Anna was completing his dispositions. His infantry was formed in two divisions, under Generals Lombardini and Pacheco. A battery of three sixteen-pounders was established on his left, supported by a regiment of engineers, under Colonel Blanco, while two batteries of eight and twelve-pounders of five guns each, were planted near his right, so as to sweep obliquely the American line. The cavalry, commanded by General Juvera, occupied the rear of the batteries, near the main body of which, on his extreme right, was also posted a regiment of hussars, under Colonel Andrele. By an oversight* in the posting of the American troops in the morning, a duty which had been performed by General Wool,† before General Taylor's arrival, a height on the left and a little in front of the American line, was not occupied, and the first act of the Mexican commander, seeing the importance of the point in turning his enemy, was to order General Ampudia, with his light battalions, to take possession of it, and hold it at all hazards.

The array on both sides was now complete. The opposing hosts only awaited the signals from their leaders, to "let slip the dogs of war." But, for the first time in his Mexican campaign, General Taylor was acting on the defensive, and General

* Santa Anna's report.

† Battle of Buena Vista, page 33.

Santa Anna was evidently unwilling to commence the action. His troops had just performed a march of more than forty miles, were of course much fatigued, and required rest. Hours rolled by, without any decisive movement, after the response to the summons to surrender, which, it was thought, would at once introduce the roar of the enemy's artillery. During this pause upon the verge of battle, there was deep sensation within the American lines; each man seemed to feel that the hour for which he had marched so far, and toiled so long, had arrived; enthusiasm was tempered by a just sense of the immense issue involved in the struggle—a great victory or an overwhelming defeat, and the stern silence was broken only by the shouts which ever and anon rose from the volunteers, as some change of position occurred among the Mexican troops. At length a flash is seen, a report is heard, and a shell explodes not far from the American centre. Several discharges from a seven inch howitzer followed at irregular intervals, but did no execution.

It was now nearly sun-set. The Mexican bugles were heard sounding the "retreat," and General Taylor, attended by his staff, rode up the broad platform, from which could then be seen the entire Mexican army. Seldom has the eye rested upon a more imposing or thrilling picture. The serried hosts were all in position. The parting rays of the sun were glancing from the bayonets of thirteen thousand infantry, and the lances of five thousand cavalry; their crimson pennons were fluttering gaily in the breeze, and their blazing standards waving proudly over the magnificent array. Steeds richly caparisoned were moving from one point to another, while the towering plumes and gorgeous uniforms of their riders seemed sporting in mockery with the sun-beams. The twilight falls softly upon their glittering hosts, as the angel of death hovers above both armies, a sentinel for the night, from whose ruthless quiver the shafts of carnage are to fly to-morrow.

Ere the last note of the evening music has died away among the western hills, a sterner echo is startled from an opposite quarter. The Mexican light troops have gained a favorable position upon the heights on their right, and have commenced a rapid fire upon the American

flank, composed of several companies of Arkansas and Kentucky cavalry, dismounted, and a battalion of riflemen from the 2d Indiana regiment, under Major Gorman, the whole commanded by Colonel Marshall. This fire was promptly and steadily returned. The Mexicans continued to advance up the mountain with the evident determination, not only to preserve the advantage of their plunging fire, but to gain the American flank; while their persevering enemy kept climbing with them, under cover of a nearly parallel ridge, until both parties had attained such an eminence, that flash followed flash like shooting stars, and the mountain seemed to belch forth fire and smoke, as if suddenly converted into a blazing volcano.* This skirmishing continued until some time after dark, with no loss to the Americans, save four wounded, while the effect upon the Mexicans, though not precisely stated in General Santa Anna's report, was probably more severe. They remained in possession of the heights.

Convinced that no serious attack would be made until the next day, General Taylor, with a squadron of the 2d dragoons, and the Mississippi regiment, returned to his camp near Saltillo. Both armies bivouacked for the night without fires, and slept upon their arms. A prisoner was taken during the night, but could impart no information, save as to the strength of the Mexican force.

At an early hour on the morning of the 23d, the fire from the enemy's right was renewed, and soon after followed by repeated discharges of artillery from the same quarter, a battery of eight-pounders having been removed during the night to a point which commanded the entire plateau. The riflemen under Colonel Marshall were reinforced by three companies of the 2d Illinois regiment, under Major Trail, and returned the fire with spirit, gallantly maintaining their ground against a greatly superior force, and using their weapons with decisive effect. At the same time the advance of a body of Mexican infantry towards the head of a ravine, near which the Americans were posted was checked by a few shells from a twelve-pound howitzer, under Lieut. O'Brien, 4th artillery.

* Correspondence of the St. Louis Republican.

It was now eight o'clock, and the hour for the ground attack had arrived. The divisions of Generals Lombardini and Pacheco, numbering seven thousand men, advanced by columns on the American centre; Generals Mora y Villamil and Ampudia led a column of attack on the right, while General Juvera, at the head of three thousand lancers, was to turn the left flank of the Americans, by a rapid movement, under cover of the artillery, and the first and second divisions of infantry. In a few minutes the attack became general. Along the entire line, the battle raged with variable intensity, while less than five thousand Americans found themselves arrayed against fifteen thousand of the victims of Mexican oppression, and the myrmidons of Mexican despotism. The lancers dashed forward in unbroken order, and with reckless impetuosity, their banners streaming gaily in the wind, and their plumes waving proud defiance to every foe. The base of the mountain, around which they were winding their way, seemed literally girdled with glittering steel, as their bright lances and polished sabres flashed back the beams of the morning sun. The 2d Indiana regiment, under Colonel Bowles, occupied a position to the left of the American centre, between which and the 2d Illinois regiment, commanded by Colonel Bissell, Lieuts. O'Brien and Bryan, the latter of the topographical engineers, were posted with three pieces of artillery from Washington's battery. Upon these the Mexican columns of infantry, under cover of their artillery, directed their march, and when within two hundred and fifty yards, opened, while still advancing, a most gallant and terrific fire. The American troops were kneeling while awaiting this attack, and kept this position until the Mexicans came within fair point-blank range.* The fire was then returned by both armies with deadly effect; the discharge of almost every musket was the summons of a destroying angel, and the artillery poured into the enemy's ranks showers of case shot, canisters and shells, which were attended with frightful slaughter. Still the enemy moved steadily on, the deep chasms in his ranks being filled up as rapidly as they were created, by the thousands in their rear. There seemed no power in lead or

iron to arrest the progress of that mighty host. The 2d Indiana regiment, after gallantly sustaining itself for a time, gave way, under the ill-timed orders of Colonel Bowles, before the fierce and onward fire of the now victorious columns. O'Brien, thus deprived of support, was forced to fall back, leaving one gun* on the ground, of which the horses and cannoneers were all killed or disabled; and the 2d Illinois regiment was also compelled to retire, which it did in good order, before the overwhelming masses which had thus borne down all opposition. A few minutes more and the battle must have been hopelessly lost. The fate of the day trembled as it were upon a moment, but in that moment General Taylor arrived upon the field. The revulsion of feeling was electrical, and hope and confidence succeeded to despair. McKee's Kentuckians and Harden's Illinois battalion were at once ordered to join the intrepid Bissell, whose gallant regiment cheerfully responded to this support. The line was instantly re-formed, and with Sherman's and Bragg's artillery, now in battery on the plateau, opened once more the American fire. The thunders of the artillery, and the quick and startling volleys of the infantry, swept like the besom of destruction over the advancing legions. The Mexican columns wavered before the storm of balls which hurtled around them. The Americans seized the moment for an appeal to the bayonet. The Mexicans faltered, hesitated, and sullenly retired, with great slaughter, before a charge that seemed as irresistible as the decrees of destiny. The lost ground was regained, while the enemy, amid increasing carnage, and with the loss of two standards, taken by the Illinois regiments, sought safety and shelter in the ravines, into which they were driven.

With the retreat of the Indiana regiment, a portion of which was subsequently rallied in the most gallant manner, by Major Dix, serving on the staff of General Taylor, the American light troops retired before the

* This gun merits a passing remark. It was taken from the Mexicans near San Antonio de Bexar, on the 28th of October, 1835, by the unfortunate Colonel Fannin; attached to Washington's battery, in 1846; recovered by its original owners in 1847, but does appear among those recaptured by the lamented Drum at Churubusco.

† Correspondence of the St. Louis Republican.

* Correspondence of the St. Louis Republican.

large masses of cavalry and infantry, which then poured down from the mountains. Many of these fugitives were not rallied until they arrived at the hacienda of Buena Vista, and a portion took no further part in the action.

The assaulting column on the right was successfully repulsed by Washington's artillery, and Lt. Col. Weatherford's battalion of Illinois volunteers. Horse and foot were mowed down before the destructive fire which was opened upon them; while the battery of sixteen-pounders, which the Mexicans had established to cover the column of attack, and silence the American fire from this quarter, though served with great industry, did no execution.

The Mexicans having turned the American left, myriads of lancers, followed by a large body of infantry, were fast gaining the rear. The Mississippi riflemen, under Colonel Davis, had been posted near the base of the mountain, so as to form a crotchet perpendicular to the main line of battle; and the enemy, animated by the unfortunate retreat which they had just witnessed, pressed forward with a zeal that threatened to bear to the earth the little band that must alone stay their progress. The 3d Indiana regiment, under Colonel Lane, had been ordered forward to its support, but had not yet arrived; Colonel Davis was, therefore, compelled to receive the attack with his single regiment. It was composed of the men of Monterey, and, unawed by the overwhelming masses which had now reached a critical proximity, it marched unflinching forward. When within good range, each rifle sent forth its messenger of death, with certain execution. The sight of broken companies and disordered squadrons which followed, seemed to impart new zeal, and regardless of the odds, the regiment crossed a ravine, by which they were separated from the enemy, with a shout of defiance and of triumph, and again the report of their unerring rifles proved the death-knell of many an Aztec warrior. The Mexicans were thrown into disorder, and compelled to retire to the mountains before a re-organization could be effected.

While the dispersed cavalry of the Mexicans were rallying, Col. Davis was joined by the 3d Indiana regiment, and one piece of artillery under Lieut. Kilburn, and a short time subsequently by Capt. Sherman

with a twelve pound howitzer. The action being renewed was maintained with great warmth and obstinacy at this point, the enemy making several efforts to force the line, and being as often repulsed with considerable loss. The confidence of the Mexicans was indeed of short duration. The panic was now re-acting; and their shouts of triumph at the Indiana retreat, were followed by shrieks of terror and dismay. The concentration of a hot fire of artillery, upon their immense masses along the base of the mountain, and the determined resistance offered by the two regiments of foot, had been productive of fearful havoc, and had created such confusion in their ranks, that many of the two corps attempted to retreat upon their main body. To oppose this movement, Lieut. Rucker, with a squadron of the 1st dragoons, was ordered up a deep ravine, across which the retreating troops were endeavoring to make their way. The order was promptly obeyed, but owing to the brokenness of the ground, could not accomplish the object, and a large portion of the enemy secured their retreat. In the mean time several bodies of lancers were concentrating somewhat to the rear of the American left, with the apparent design of making a descent upon the hacienda of Buena Vista, in the vicinity of which the provision and baggage trains were deposited. Two pieces of artillery from Sherman's battery had previously been ordered thither, under Lieut. Reynolds, supported by regular dragoons and a squadron of Arkansas cavalry, under the warrior poet, Captain Pike. The scattered forces about the hacienda, the accumulation of fugitives from different parts of the field, were soon partially organized under the direction of Major Monroe, of the artillery, assisted by Major Morrison of the volunteer staff, and were posted to defend the position. Before the dragoons and artillery reached the hacienda, the columns of lancers, advancing at a gallop, were met near the Saltillo road, by the Kentucky and Arkansas cavalry under Marshall and Yell, who, after discharging their carbines with but little effect, succeeded in dividing the Mexican columns, one portion of which was driven back to its previous position. The advancing squadrons swept through the hacienda, where the fugitive Americans, from a se-

cure retreat, opened a well-directed and effective fire upon them, while Reynolds' artillery followed fast upon their precipitate course, with a fierce discharge of shot and shells, drove them across the entire valley, and forced them up a steep ascent through a gorge in the opposite range of mountains.

Notwithstanding these repeated repulses, those of the Mexicans who had been driven back from the hacienda, were soon joined by another body of cavalry, and thus reinforced, again advanced, with a view to engage the Indiana and Mississippi troops, which now held a position nearly midway between the base of the mountains and the hacienda. As one regiment was armed with rifles, the formation of a square would have afforded no strength; the two corps were therefore posted so as to form a re-entering angle, the opening towards the enemy, and the vertex resting upon the edge of a deep ravine, and thus awaited the attack. For awhile on came the enemy, with lances in rest, dashing ahead with a haughty confidence and proud contempt for the insignificant numbers opposed to them. But as the distance diminished, their progress gradually became slower and slower, until by a strange fatality, the whole body halted within a hundred yards of the Americans. The movement seemed a mockery, and had they borne charmed lives, they could not have exhibited more indifference to human power. But that halt sealed their destiny. Both lines had followed Warren's instructions at Bunker Hill, and "the whites of the eyes" being now "fairly visible," the arms were levelled, and then gleamed forth a sheet of fire that scattered the foe like chaff, felling many a gallant steed to the earth, and sending scores of riders to the sleep that knows no waking.

The discomfited lancers once more sought safety in the mountains, and having regained their position on the American left, there was yet a formidable body of the enemy in that quarter, towards which the dragoons, and a portion of the Arkansas and Indiana troops under Roane and Gorman, were directed to hold them in check. Their masses were crowded in the narrow gorges and ravines, their own weapons were powerless from position; and upon them the infantry re-opened a

brisk fire, while Sherman, Reynolds and Kilburn, from their artillery, beautifully served, hailed the case-shot and canister with terrible execution.

At this time the entire Mexican force, which had gained the rear of the Americans, was in a critical position. The infantry held it on the left, while the artillery in front was making fearful carnage at every discharge. It was impossible to advance, and a junction with the main body seemed hopeless. In this dire dilemma, the treacherous cunning of his race came to the rescue of the Mexican commander. Four officers from a distant point were suddenly observed galloping at full speed towards the American lines. They were met by several officers of the Kentucky and Illinois regiments, which then occupied an advance position on the plateau, and one of them was conducted by Lieut. Col. Clay to the presence of General Taylor. It then appeared that he bore a verbal interrogatory from General Santa Anna, "to know what General Taylor wanted." This absurd message was at once believed to be a mere *ruse*, but under the sanctity of a white flag, the American commander was not at liberty to regard it as an act of bad faith, and despatched General Wool to meet the Mexican General-in-Chief, at the same moment transmitting orders to cease firing. Before General Wool reached the Mexican lines, however, they had re-commenced their fire, thereby at once exposing the dishonorable stratagem resorted to and avowing the shameless perfidy which had been thus successfully consummated. The flag of peace, prostituted to the purposes of treachery, had accomplished the ends which its wily originator designed; the cessation of the American fire had enabled the extreme right of the enemy to complete its retreat along the base of the mountain, and effect a re-union with the main body of the Mexican army.

The junction of the enemy's forces was effected near the position which the 2d Indiana regiment had occupied in the morning, and elated with the achievement, a portion of them made an effort again to advance. They were met by a blazing fire from the sections of artillery under O'Brien and Thomas, from which they recoiled with precipitation, and returned to the shelter of the hills and ravines. En-

couraged by this repulse, Colonel Hardin determined to charge the Mexican battery near the base of the mountain, which, at various intervals during the day, had given serious annoyance to the troops on the plateau. He advanced at the head of his battalion, with spirit and enthusiasm, but before attaining his object, was arrested by a force, whose existence seemed a miracle.

The craft of General Santa Anna had restored his courage, and the time gained by his strategic negotiation had enabled him to recover a large body of his troops, and to make his dispositions, for what he calls his "final effort." A battery of twenty-four pounder guns, was mounted and posted so as to command a new advance. The column which had attacked the American right, early in the day, led by General Mora y Villamil of the Engineers, was transferred to the other flank, and these joined the reserves under General Perez, and the first, second and third divisions, under Generals Ortega, Guzman and Pacheco, which were stationed at the head of, and covered by a broad and deep ravine. The whole were commanded by General Perez, General Lombardini having been wounded early in the action. It was the last desperate struggle of a desperate man, and made with corresponding energy. And as if to give a still more imposing effect to the crowning effort of a mighty conflict, the lightnings flashed and quivered from clouds that appeared suddenly in the heavens; and the quick, deep, heavy-toned thunders, reverberated with startling distinctness, over valley, plain and mountain, simultaneously with the first volley of heavy artillery, under cover of which the four divisions advanced to the charge. The small band under Hardin was met by a rampart of bayonets, and hurled back as the spray is dashed from the billow. The regiments of Bissell and McKee rushed to the rescue, but could as easily have arrested the lightning flashes about them, as overcome the mighty phalanx which bore down all before it. Manfully they breasted the moving myriads of steel and iron, which were rained upon them from ten thousand sources, but in vain, they only gave themselves up to immolation, victims to the overwhelming legions of the enemy. The carnage on both sides was terrible, wrought by a fire of musket-

ry in which the balls flew faster than the hail-stones were falling around them. The progress of the Mexicans was like an avalanche, and the Americans were driven down the ravines, along which there was a destructive fire of infantry, while the lancers were galloping towards the lower end, to close the only avenue of escape. Their position was that of a scorpion girt with fire; yet as they reached the end of the ravine, the charge of the cavalry was arrested by Washington's artillery, a few rapid and well directed volleys from which, saved from entire destruction the remnants of those brave regiments, which had so long borne the hottest of the fight. But in the mean time the columns were advancing on the plateau, with the majestic march of triumph. The American infantry had gone down before them; nearly every horse with O'Brien's pieces, was killed; he had maintained his position with unrivalled heroism, and abandoned his guns only when the Mexicans had gained the muzzles. Victory, which but a few moments before had seemed within the grasp of the Americans, was torn as if by magic from their standard. The enemy had gained almost the extreme point of the plateau, the last citadel of hope, for there the American General yet held his position, not less a "tower of strength to his friends, than of terror to his enemies." His eagle eye saw the extremity of the crisis, and his mighty will determined to avert it.

"High and inscrutable the old man stood,
Calm in his voice, and calm within his eye,"

though at that moment the result of the battle, the fate of the campaign, the life of every American from Buena Vista to the Rio Grande, depended on Zachary Taylor. How his lofty spirit amid the awful peril of the occasion bore it all nobly up, has already passed into history. The artillery under Thomas was already in position; that of Bragg arrived on the instant, yet both were without support, and the fate of O'Brien's guns seemed inevitably to be theirs. We have said both were without support, but we were in error. It is true there was then neither cavalry nor infantry on which to rely, but there was that which was superior to both; it was the moral power of the presence of the Commanding General, and thus panoplied, those heroes

of Monterey rose with the occasion, and eclipsed even the fame they had previously rendered immortal. They opened at once a fire of canister upon the advancing hosts, while the remainder of Sherman's battery, just arrived, came immediately into action. The ponderous and triumphant columns reeled and quivered like a reed shaken with the wind, and before the showers of iron hail which now assailed them, squadrons and battalions fell like leaves in the storms of autumn. The cannonade on both sides was terrific, while the fire of the infantry seemed to be one continuous discharge. But the Mexicans in vain rushed on to fill the places of their fallen comrades. Their ranks became broken, order could not be restored, and they slowly and sullenly retired, pursued by the fire of the artillery and of the Mississippi and Indiana regiments, which arrived in time to participate in the glory of the last desperate repulse.

The battle had now raged, with the exception of a few brief intervals, for nearly ten hours, and by a sort of mutual consent, both parties appeared willing to pause upon the result. Night fell, and the American General having brought up his fresh troops from Saltillo, slept with his men upon the battle ground, prepared, if necessary, to renew the conflict on the morrow. But ere the sun, which on this continent has shone on few so ghastly, rose again upon the field, the Mexican army had disappeared, leaving behind them hundreds of dead and dying whose bones are to whiten their native hills, and thousands of the wounded, whose moans of anguish were to excite in the bosoms of their enemies that sympathy and compassion which seem to have no place in the heart of the Mexican commander.

We have thus briefly, and we believe faithfully, sketched the leading incidents of the battle of Buena Vista, and the prominent position of the Commanding General has been at all times obvious. We have seen that the battle was in effect lost under General Wool—though that gallant officer rivalled in his efforts the youthful valor that shone at Queenston and Plattsburg—when General Taylor arrived upon the field. His presence at once restored the confidence which had been lost, and by his rapid dispositions he was enabled to recover the advantages which the enemy had gained. Throughout the

day, wherever he moved, doubt and dismay gave way before him. By a sort of magnetic influence, he seemed to impart to every one to whom he was visible the same indomitable spirit and determined energy which animated his own breast. His name was the watchword, his voice the signal note, and his presence the certainty of triumph. When for a moment he left the plateau to appeal to those who were flying or had fled from the field, to return to their colors and to duty, we are credibly informed that he was followed by General Wool to hasten his return, that he might be seen by those who were then contending against the unequal odds opposed to them. And in the darkest hour of that sanguinary day, when the star of hope had almost set in a sea of blood, General Taylor was alone the rallying point of a handful, and in his trumpet tones to Bragg almost giving to the result

"The stamp of fate, the sanction of a god."

Thus at two distinct periods, the American General alone turned the fate of the day, and saved our forces from total destruction. But when the last gun had been fired, and the shadows of night had fallen alike upon the living and the dead, the battle had not yet been won. There is little doubt, and with some there is none at all, that if General Taylor had fallen by that last gun, the sun would have risen upon the two armies flying from each other as fast as their disabled condition would have permitted them. Where then would have been the victory? How soon would the Mexican General have been advised of the fact, retraced his steps, recruited his starving legions with our abundant supplies at Saltillo, and falling upon the retreating Americans with the fury and malignity of a vindictive foe, strong in numbers and smarting under repeated defeats, given up the whole to indiscriminate slaughter! From this frightful catastrophe, General Taylor, under Providence, was the instrument of saving thousands of our countrymen; and by his conduct on the 22d and 23d of February, he has not only associated his name forever with him, who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of the people," but has acquired for himself the second place on the records of immortality, of that country which Washington saved.

WARS BETWEEN THE DANES AND GERMANS,

FOR THE POSSESSION OF SCHLESWIG.

PART FIRST.

On feint d'ignorer que le Slesvig est une ancienne partie intégrante de la Monarchie Danoise dont l'union indissoluble avec la couronne de Danemarck est consacrée par les garanties solennelles des grandes Puissances de l'Europe, et où la langue et la nationalité Danoises existent depuis les temps les plus reculés. On voudrait se cacher à soi-même et au monde entier, qu'une grande partie de la population du Slesvig reste attachée, avec une fidélité inébranlable, aux liens fondamentaux unissant le pays avec le Danemarck, et que cette population a constamment protesté de la manière la plus énergique contre une incorporation dans la confédération Germanique, incorporation qu'on prétend médier moyennant une armée de cinquante mille hommes!—*Semi-official article.*

THE political question with regard to the relations of the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein to the kingdom of Denmark, which at the present time has excited so great a movement in the North, and called the Scandinavian nations to arms in self-defence against Germanic aggression, is not one of a recent date. This dispute has for centuries been the cause of destructive feuds, and during later years the subject of public discussions and violent debates, not only among the parties more immediately interested, but in the public and private assemblies in Germany, and in a flood of publications, all breathing hostility against Denmark, and showing both a want of knowledge as to the points in dispute, and a scornful disregard of the just rights of that injured country. This old quarrel has now, by the general agitation in Europe, suddenly taken its ancient form of a *casus belli*, by the open rebellion of Holstein, and the invasion of Denmark by the army of the Germanic Confederation. The illegality, injustice, and violence of these proceedings are obvious to every observer who, without prejudice, has followed the course of events. And yet have the ambitious authors of the sedition and the attack, attempted to envelope themselves in an outward show of right; the secret springs which moved the whole machinery were left in the back-ground, but still made their appearance now and then amidst the presumptuous confessions and boastful prognostications which, all at once, have intoxicated the forty millions of Germans with hopes of conquest on land and sea, and thus made that pensive and philosoph-

ic nation blind to the evidences of history, faith, and justice.

The Dano-Germanic contest is still going on: Denmark cannot yield; she has already lost so much that she cannot submit to any more losses for the future. The issue of this contest is of vital importance to her; she is already fighting for her existence. Nor will her Northern brethren let her sink, nor Russia, who has pledged her guaranty for the integrity of the Danish monarchy, permit its further dismemberment. On the final settlement of this war may perhaps depend the peace of Europe. And yet it has excited but very little attention and sympathy in this country. The duchy of Schleswig has generally been supposed to stand in the same relation to Denmark as that of Holstein, and its inhabitants to be true-born Germans, who were impatiently waiting for the moment when they might break loose from the small peaceful kingdom in the North, and join the "glorious destinies of the great united German Fatherland." It has been said and repeated that, since the late revolution in France, the voice of the people has become the voice of God,—that it has torn to shreds the worm-eaten scrolls of feudal rights and treaties, and freely permitted the different tribes, German, Slavonic, and Italian, to group, form, and constitute themselves without any regard to kings and cabinets. Let this principle be carried out where foreign governments have imposed oppressive laws upon conquered nations, whose history, development, and prosperity they have disregarded, and whose nationalities they have crushed. Such may,

more or less, have been the conduct of Russia in Poland, and of Austria in Italy. But with regard to Denmark, her relations to the duchies have been entirely different. Her paternal rule had ever truly respected the nationalities and rights of her subjects. Her present liberal-minded monarch, on his succession to the throne, had given a free constitution, and such had been his desire to allow equal privileges to every part of his dominions, that he had proposed to give to Schleswig and Holstein, though the smaller population, the same representation and advantages which he conceded to his Danish people. The concessions freely granted by the enlightened sovereign, from his own conviction, in the midst of profound peace, and without a sign of disorder, had been hailed with universal satisfaction; and afterwards, when violent commotions began to shake all Europe, and the general vertigo reached Holstein, the majority of the people in Schleswig, who had ever been sincerely attached to their mother-country, instantly stood forward, and in the most energetic manner protested against the separation, and the dreaded union with Germany.

Looking from a distance upon the rapid course of events, and the steadfast opposition of all Scandinavia, united, with one heart and hand, against the attacks and pedantic boastings of the German Parliament, we may, through the dim vista of futurity, with confidence proclaim the victory of the righteous side; and in the mean time historically and impartially prove that the cause of the Danes is as good as their swords—that the rebellion in Holstein was brought about, not by the desire of the mass of the people in the duchies, but by the ambition of a few ringleaders, directly supported by Friederich Wilhelm IV., the hare-brained King of Prussia, who by means of kindling the flame of war in the North, and of promising the Germans a flag and a fleet, flattered himself to avert from his own guilty head the revenge of his exasperated subjects for the horrible slaughters in his own capital.

We shall now carry our readers to the shores of the Baltic, and going back to the remote ages of feudalism and chivalry, trace the origin and progress of the protracted struggle between German and Scandinavian nationality, and then terminate this

essay with a picture of the present war, faithfully drawn up from authentic sources, and direct communications both from Denmark and Germany.

The peninsula of Jutland, known by the ancient Romans as the *Chersonesus Cimbrica*, is bounded on the east by the Kattegat, the little Belt, and the Baltic; and on the west by the North Sea. It is divided from Germany by the river Eyder, and extending northward for two hundred and seventy miles, terminates at the low headland of Skagen. Its breadth from east to west is from thirty to ninety miles. The middle part of this low peninsula, nearly in its full length, consists of dreary heaths and moors, intermixed here and there with some patches of arable lands and good pastures for cattle and flocks of sheep and goats. The northwestern coasts are low, sandy, and full of dangerous shoals. The violent west wind, sweeping across that inhospitable region, impedes the growth of forest trees, and renders the climate damp, cold, and disagreeable throughout the year. Farther south, in Schleswig, the western coast consists of meadow lands, (*markland*), which offer rich pastures, and are defended by dikes against the swell of the North Sea. Quite different is the character of the eastern part of the country. The shores of the Baltic and Kattegat are high and often covered with fine forests. They sometimes present romantic and picturesque scenery from the many deep indentations of the sea, called *fjorde*, or friths, which for miles run into the land, where they expand into extensive sheets of water, and are bordered by beautiful oak and beech woods ascending gradually to the tops of the hills. The largest frith is the Liim-Fjord, running across the whole breadth of Jutland from the Kattegat to the North Sea, and making the northern part of it an island.* Its banks are bleak and dreary; the dark forests which in the tenth and eleventh centuries covered that hilly region, now only remain in Salling Land, a small, beau-

* The North Sea broke through the low, sandy coast near Lemvig, a few years ago, and united with the Liim-Fjord by a breach, through which now small vessels can pass.

tiful tract, well cultivated, and inhabited by a rich and laborious yeomanry. The lands on the eastern coast are very fertile for several miles in the interior, and produce an abundance of rye, wheat, barley, oats, beans, pease, rape-seed, and excellent pulse and fruits. In many parts the heaths are broken up and converted into arable lands, agriculture being highly encouraged by the Danish government. Still the raising of cattle and horses supplies the principal revenue of Jutland. The huge oxen are driven to the rich meadowlands of Holstein, where they are fattened and afterwards sold in Hamburg and Berlin. In later years large exportations of oxen are made by sea to France and England. The horses of Jutland and Holstein are strong, large, well-formed, and eminently fitted for war.

Jutland is, by the small rivers Skodborg-aa and Konge-aa, divided into North Jutland, containing 9,500 square miles, and South Jutland, or Schleswig, 2,624 square miles. The latter province is more fertile and better cultivated. Here the *geest* or arable lands from the broken-up heaths amount to 700 square miles, the meadowlands 320, the forests 112, the moors 224, and the barren heaths 450. North Jutland has twelve more or less considerable towns, and 550,000 inhabitants. Schleswig possesses six towns, among which are the beautiful and well-built Schleswig, standing in a pleasant and picturesque situation on the Schley, and the lively commercial town of Flensburg; the province containing 350,000 inhabitants. Schleswig is bounded on the south by the German duchy of Holstein, extending seventy miles from the Baltic to the North Sea, and forty-eight miles from the Eyder on the north, to the Elbe and the duchy of Lauenborg on the south. It contains 2,528 square miles, with 440,000 inhabitants. Holstein is thus of smaller extent than Schleswig, but more productive and better cultivated, and has a larger population. The Jutlander and the Schleswiger are both of Scandinavian origin, and the mass of the people have nearly the same general character, manners, and customs, except the greater liveliness and elasticity, which the Schleswiger has acquired by his intercourse and intermixture with the Germans. The Jutlanders are no longer the bold and daring rovers, who with the

other Northmen, on their prancing sea-horses, made the shores of Germany, France and England tremble at their approach. They are still a brave, but a peaceful and quiet people; they are laborious and persevering, but extremely slow and somewhat awkward in their manners. They are hospitable and cheerful with their countrymen, but cold and retired towards foreigners, with whom they have but little intercourse in their far-off and dreary country. They are more fond of ease than of show; and consequently the people in Jutland are more comfortable than the careless inhabitants of the sunny south. They are accustomed to substantial food, and make five meals a day; they are more economical than industrious, and do not know or regret the refinements of foreign countries. They are judicious observers and profound thinkers. They speak very slowly, with a harsh and inharmonious pronunciation, and are by their countrymen on the Danish islands considered cunning in calculating their own profit; the proverb is, "as sharp as a Jute." They are endowed with imagination, and possess tender and beautiful national songs in their own dialect. Though they are patient and enduring, they can be roused to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. They are strongly attached to their king and country, but care nothing about politics or newspapers, having been for centuries accustomed to the dull calm of an absolute government; and yet they possess an independent feeling of their own, and will not submit to harsh or arbitrary treatment from their superiors. The country people are generally middle-sized, short, fair-haired, of a gentle and agreeable physiognomy; their women are pretty, with blue eyes and rosy cheeks, but as clumsy as their helpmates, clattering along on wooden shoes.

This short sketch gives an idea of the people and country in times past; the eventful movements of late years have of course, in some degree, exerted their influence even as far as the distant shores of the Liim-Fjord.

In South Jutland, both the Danish and Low German (Plat-tydske) dialects are in use. In 1837, Danish was spoken unmixed in 116 parishes, with 113,256 inhabitants; in these districts Danish is the language used not only in common intercourse, but both in the churches and schools. In 36 parishes, with 45,460 in-

habitants, that language is generally spoken, but the German is employed in the churches and schools. Danish is likewise spoken and understood in Tondern, Flensburg, and the dioceses of Gottorp and Bredsted, with 36,000 souls; so that Danish is still the *mother tongue* for 194,700 Schleswigers among the 350,000 which inhabit the duchy, thus forming a decided majority.

Quite different is the deportment and character of the Holsteiner. He is tall and handsome, with auburn hair. He is economical and industrious, like the Hollander; active and dexterous, ambitious and quarrelsome. He is arbitrary and imperious; witty, lively, but proud and overbearing toward his inferiors. He is full of talent and capacity, but boastful, grandiloquent and selfish. The Holstein cultivators own their lands and are a laborious, brave and intelligent people. Their farms are exceedingly well kept, and comfort and wealth are seen everywhere. The Holstein mariner is clever, bold and enduring, and sings his national German songs with the liveliness and spirit of an Italian.

Such is the character of the soil and the inhabitants of these three interesting provinces of the Danish monarchy.

The whole peninsula was in the remotest times of the middle ages inhabited by Jutes, Angles and Saxons. After the maritime expeditions of the two latter tribes to Britain, towards the middle of the fifth century of our era, Jutes and Frisians began to settle in the abandoned districts of Angeln or South Jutland, north of the Eyder; while large swarms of Vendes, Obotrites, and other western tribes of the Slavonic nation, occupied the eastern coasts of Nordalbingia or Holstein, the seat of the Saxons on the Elbe. In the eighth century Denmark did not yet form a united kingdom; different sea-kings ruled on the islands of the Baltic. Godfred, the king of Reit-Gothland or Jutland, advanced on the Eyder, where he erected the celebrated wall or mound of earth and stones called the *Dannevirke* across the peninsula from the bay of the river Schley, (*Ślias-wyk* or Schleswig,) westward to the North Eyder, to protect his Scandinavian dominions from the inroads of the conquering Franks of Charlemagne, at that

time, A. D. 810, occupied in the conversion and subjugation of the Saxons. The Frankish emperor being continually harassed by the fleets and armed bands of the Northmen on the coasts of Friesland, and at the mouth of the Elbe, founded the strong castle of Hamaburg (Hamburg) on its northern bank, and afterwards concluded a treaty with the successor of Godfred, Hemming, according to which the Eyder should form the boundary between Denmark and the Frankish empire, and the Danes abandon all their conquests south of that river.

Towards the close of the ninth century the Danish king, Gorm the Old, at last succeeded in uniting the small independent states of the islands, and the main land of Jutland and Scania, (*Skaane*), in Southern Sweden, into a powerful kingdom. He crossed the Eyder; but entering into Nordalbingia, then a province of the duchy of Saxony, his career of conquest was arrested. The German king, Henry I. the Fowler, with his German chivalry, defeated the wild Northmen and established the *march* or margraviate of Schleswig, between the Eyder and the Schley—the *limes Danicus*, as it is called by the chroniclers, which now for nearly a century remained the battle-ground of the hostile Danish and Saxon borderers during their continual devastating forays.* But Canute the Great, during his interview with the German emperor Conrad the Salian, in Rome, in the year 1027, obtained the cession of this district, and thus the limits of Denmark were restored such as they had been in the time of Charlemagne.† The Saxon march, once more

* This German settlement beyond the Eyder is very doubtful. Some chroniclers ascribe it to Charlemagne; others with more probability to the Saxon Henry the Fowler (919—936.) Harald Klak, a petty king of South Jutland, had been converted to Christianity so early as A. D. 826. The intrepid missionary of the North, Ansharius, built the first church in Schleswig at that time, and sowed the first seed of Christian piety and love among the wild worshippers of Odin and Freya.

† The existence of this treaty between the Roman Emperor and the King of Denmark is confirmed by a very ancient inscription: *Eidora Romani terminus imperii*, which for centuries stood over the Old Holstein Gate of Rendsborg. This town was at that time the border fortress of Denmark, who possessed all the tolls and duties

incorporated with the rest of South Jutland, remained in immediate dependence upon the crown of Denmark. In this whole period we find that the South Jutes or Schleswigers had their language, laws, and customs in common with their northern brethren, the Islanders and the Skoningers or Danish inhabitants of Scania. The ancient division of the provinces into districts or shires, called *Herreder* and *Sysler*, and the genuine Scandinavian names of towns, villages and natural scenery, down to the very banks of the Eyder, give the most evident proof of the Danish nationality of the South Jutes.

Yet the wars with the Slavonic and Germanic tribes, rendered it necessary for the kings of Denmark to place a powerful commander in the border province, who, possessed of more independence and a strong army, might better secure the Danish frontiers towards Saxony. The noble-minded Knud Lavard, the son of King Erik the Good, was thus proclaimed the first duke (*dux* or *Hertug*) of South Jutland in 1102, and took up his residence in Hedeby (Schleswig) on the Schley, which had been erected into an episcopal see. Crossing the Eyder, Duke Knud, in many arduous expeditions, vanquished and converted the heathen Vagrians, Obotrites, and Vendes; he extended his conquests as far as Pomerania, and forced the German Dukes of Saxony and Holstein to recognize his rights over Vendland.

Holzatia (*woody Saxony*) formed a part of the duchy of Saxony, belonging to the warlike house of Billungen, and consisted of Holstein Proper, Stormarn and the western district of the Ditmarskers. In the year 1106, after the extinction of that family, the Emperor Lothaire erected Holstein into a county, with which he invested Count Adolph of Schauenborg, a castle on the Weser, as a fief dependent on the German Empire. The Holstein counts now assisted Knud Lavard in the reduction of the wild Slavonic tribes on the eastern coast; new settlers from Germany and

Holland were invited into the country, a bishopric was established in Lübeck, and the brave duke proclaimed king of the Obotrites. Yet this sudden accession of power kindled the jealousy of King Niels of Denmark, who considered the enterprising duke of the border province a dangerous competitor for the crown. He ordered Knud Lavard to his court at Roeskilde in Zealand, where that excellent and unsuspecting chief was waylaid in a wood by Magnus, the prince royal, and assassinated, in the year 1129.

During the following reigns of Valdemar I., the son of Knud Lavard, and Knud VI., the Danish power became formidable and threatening to all their neighbors. King Valdemar II., the Victorious, conquered the county of Holstein, which by a treaty, in 1214, with the German Emperor Frederick II., of Hohenstaufen, was incorporated with Denmark. He extended his feudal possessions in Pomerania, and even attacked the distant Esthonia, where the Danish crusaders, with the cross and the sword, introduced Christianity among the Slavonians, and swept the Baltic with their numerous fleets. During this period of seventy years (1157-1227) of victories and conquests, the external dominion of Denmark was raised to a higher splendor than it had ever attained since the reign of Canute the Great. The Danes were the ruling nation of the North; but their chivalrous conquests were soon to be lost by one of those sudden turns of fortune which are characteristic of those turbulent times of the middle ages. King Valdemar, while hunting with his son on the island of Lyøe, was taken prisoner by his vassal, Count Henry of Schwerin, and confined in a castle in Mecklenburg, until he by treaty ceded all the conquered territories between the Elbe and the Eyder, including the county of Holstein, Vagrien, and the whole duchy of Pomerania. The king, on his return to Denmark, immediately assembled a large army and crossed the Eyder. But a powerful confederacy had been formed against him, between the counts of Holstein and Schwerin, the free cities of Hamburg and Lübeck, and the primate of Bremen. In the bloody battle, at Bornhöved, near Segeberg in Holstein, on the 22d of June, 1227, King Valdemar suffered a total defeat, and was forced to

on the river. In the fourteenth century, Rendsborg was ceded to the Counts of Schauenborg. The Latin inscription was taken down from the gate in 1506, on the dissolution of the German Empire, and is now deposited in the Royal Artillery Arsenal of the fortress.

give up all his pretensions to the countries south of the Eyder.

Valdemar II. died 1241, and the subsequent civil war, which broke out among the pretenders to the crown, brought Denmark to the very brink of destruction. This principal cause of such a rapid decline, was not only to be ascribed to the haughty bearing and dangerous influence of the rich and proud Catholic clergy and feudal nobility, mostly of German origin, who had received fiefs in the kingdom, but particularly to the pernicious practice at that time, of investing the royal princes, or other relatives of the kings, with the duchy of South Jutland, (*ducatus Futiæ*), as a fief dependent on the Danish crown. Abel, the younger son of Valdemar, who had been invested with the duchy of Schleswig, laid claim to this province, as a free and independent patrimonial inheritance against his elder brother, King Erich Ploughpenning. Abel was defeated, and forced to receive the investiture of the duchy as a personal fief, not hereditary; but he took revenge against his brother, by the assassination of the latter on the Schley in 1250. The civil dissensions between the Kings of Denmark and their powerful vassals, the Dukes of South Jutland, who contended either for independent dominion or hereditary tenure, continued nearly without interruption; but though they often received aid from the German counts of Holstein, beyond the Eyder, they never succeeded in accomplishing their object.

The most distinguished of all the Holstein counts, Gerhard the Great, of Rendsborg, assumed, on the death of Duke Erich of South Jutland, the guardianship of his young son Valdemar, in opposition to the demands of his uncle, King Christopher II. of Denmark, who laid claim to that right. The king, at the head of a brilliant feudal army, entered the duchy and occupied the castle of Schleswig; but he shortly afterward suffered a signal defeat by the Holstein count on the Hesteborg; in consequence of which the Danes evacuated the duchy and retreated to North Jutland. The nobility of the kingdom, being disgusted with Christopher, expelled him from the country, and, yielding to the intrigues of Count Gerhard, called his ward, the young Valdemar Erikson, to the throne, and elected the

ambitious Holsteiner administrator of the kingdom, during the minority of the prince. In return for these good offices of his powerful uncle, Valdemar, who, at that time, (1326,) was only twelve years of age, bestowed the whole duchy of South Jutland upon Count Gerhard as a hereditary fief, and, according to the Holstein historians, signed an important act in Lübeck, by which he declared Schleswig and Holstein to be eternally united, and bound himself never to reclaim the duchy, or reunite it with the crown of Denmark.

Thus we have arrived at the first union of these two provinces, in the year 1326. But it is fully evident from whatsoever point we view the subject, that this act was without legality, and did not create those rights, which the haughty counts of Holstein inferred from it. The guardian could not lawfully accept a grant of his own ward under age, the validity of which he had to confirm himself. Nor could a prince, chosen by a party of dissatisfied nobles, dispose of an integral part of the kingdom, quite contrary to the capitulation of rights (*Haandfæstning*) which his guardian had signed in his name, and without consent of the general elective Diet of the kingdom—the *Dannehof*. Duke Valdemar was never crowned king of Denmark; he is not numbered among the monarchs of that country, and was shortly afterwards forced to give up all his pretensions and retire to Schleswig.

The Holstein historians pretend that this document—this *magna charta* of "Schleswig-Holstein," which they call the *Constitutio Valdemariana*, forms the very basis in the dispute between the kings of Denmark and their German subjects in the duchies, by the guaranty which it is supposed to give to the inseparability of the two provinces. But it is a highly remarkable fact that the existence of this document never has been proved; no copy of it has ever been found, and it may, therefore, with good ground, be considered as altogether apocryphal. No mention whatever is made of it in the original capitulation of Prince Valdemar, nor in the letter of feoffment, which Count Gerhard received in 1326, by which the Danish Council of State (*Rigsraad*) confirmed the investiture of South Jutland as a simple banner-fief (*Fanelehn*) of the Danish crown. Suppos-

ing even that such a document had existed, yet it remained without any influence on the relations of the kingdom; no reference was ever made to it by the Holstein Counts during their disputes with Denmark at that time, and the dukes of South Jutland continued to recognize the kings of Denmark as their lawful liege-lords. Yet we shall presently see an attempt of the Holsteiners to re-establish this imaginary constitution of Valdemar the Minor, in the concessions of Count Christian of Oldenburg, to his uncle, Count Adolph of Holstein, in 1448, on which they, at the present day, build all their pretensions to their right of a "Schleswig-Holstein union."

Christopher II., in the mean time, returned from his retreat in Mecklenburg, and the Danes flocked round him with hopes to escape from German oppression. He regained his crown, and young Valdemar Erikson, renouncing his ephemeral dignity, returned to his duchy of South Jutland, which Count Gerhard surrendered to him. But the weak and despicable Christopher II., encompassed by enemies on all sides, not only recognized the succession of the Counts of Schauenborg to the Danish banner-fief of South Jutland, in case of the death of Valdemar without male heirs, but, in his pecuniary distress, mortgaged the whole of North Jutland to Count Gerhard for a sum of money, and the islands to Count John of Itzehoe. These chieftains immediately occupied the Danish provinces thus surrendered to them, with their wild bands of German hirelings and adventurers. Poor, distracted Denmark had never found herself in greater distress. Her prelates and nobles fawned on the high-plumed foreigners; her industrious citizens and brave yeomanry were alike oppressed by their countrymen and enemies, and treated as if they were serfs. Her nationality seemed on the point of perishing beneath that of the Germans; her political power was on the eve of a total dissolution. King Christopher died broken-hearted on the Island of Falster in 1333; the province of Scania rose in arms, slaughtered the German *condottieri*, and united with Sweden. Yet the Holsteiners, with their active and ambitious chief, Count Gerhard, one of the greatest warriors of the age, still possessed all the mainland. Attempts at insurrection were made, but the Danes were

routed in every battle. Otho, the prince royal, defeated near Viborg, was carried a prisoner to the gloomy castle of Segeberg in Holstein. Valdemar, his younger brother, lived an exile at the court of Brandenburg. The cruelty and exactions of the foreign soldiery now became insupportable; even the good-natured Jutes at last were roused to resistance, when Count Gerhard, at the head of ten thousand Germans, began devastating that unhappy country with fire and sword. But the hour of retribution had arrived. The Danish knight, Niels Ebbesen of Nörreriis, on the 18th of March, 1340, with sixty daring followers, entered the castle of Randers, and slew the count in the midst of his numerous mercenaries. Prince Valdemar Christopherson now returned from Germany, and succeeded by his prudence, perseverance, and eminent political talents, in redeeming nearly all the alienated and mortgaged provinces of the kingdom. He was less successful in his exertions to recover South Jutland. The male line of Abel's descendants became extinct in 1375. The old wary King Valdemar III. had foreseen this important event, and a Danish army immediately entered the duchy and occupied its principal towns. But the Holstein Count, Iron-Henry, the chivalrous son of the great Gerhard, was still more prompt. He took possession of the castle of Gottorp and was attacking the Danes, when the news of the death of King Valdemar, at Vordingborg in Zealand, again suspended the war. His noble-minded daughter, Margaretha, the Semiramis of the North, governed the kingdoms of Denmark and Norway in the name of her son Oluf Hakonson, and being pressed by a disastrous war with the overbearing Hanseatic confederation, and desiring the aid of the Counts of Holstein, she, at an assembly of the Danish nobility, at Nyborg, in 1386, bestowed upon the Count Gerhard of Rendsborg, the son of Iron-Henry, the much disputed duchy of South Jutland, as a banner-fief of the Danish crown, to remain indivisible in the hands of only one of the counts, who, as a Danish vassal, had to perform the usual feudal military service to his liege-lord. The act did not expressly state whether the fief was personal or hereditary; and the Danish kings demanded the repetition of the oath of allegiance at every succession.

This sacrifice of the most beautiful province of the kingdom had been forced on the queen by the internal distraction and political weakness of Denmark; and although she afterwards succeeded in placing the crowns of the three Scandinavian nations on her head by the celebrated Calmari union in 1396, yet the favorite scheme of her life was the reunion of the duchy of South Jutland with the kingdom of Denmark. Circumstances seemed in her favor. The warlike Duke Gerhard, the first who assumed the title of Duke of Schleswig, had perished in battle against the Ditmarskers, in 1404. His sons Henry, Adolph and Gerhard, were minors, and the youngest still unborn.

Queen Margaretha, by her consummate skill in employing persuasion and force alternately, might perhaps have seen her exertions crowned with success; but her death in 1412, and the violence and indiscretion of her unworthy nephew, Erik of Pomerania, who inherited her triple crown, kindled a most bloody and untoward twenty years' war with the young dukes, which fill the most disgraceful pages in the annals of Denmark. Though Erik disposed of the united armies and fleets of the whole north, that dastard and indolent king was foiled in every attempt to repossess himself of Schleswig. In 1420, a Danish army of nearly a hundred thousand men suffered a terrible defeat at Immervad; and Flensburg, the only city still occupied by the king, was on the point of surrendering to the gallant Duke Henry, and his Hanseatic allies, when both the contending parties were invited to appear before the throne of the German Emperor Sigismund, who offered himself as umpire in this odious dispute. King Erik at once accepted the invitation, and departed for Germany. The young Counts of Holstein, on the contrary, preferred the prosecution of the war, until at last Henry, yielding to the exhortations of the clergy, presented himself at the Imperial Court at Buda in Hungary, in 1424. Here he found a splendid assembly of German princes and Magyar magnates, as assessors, attending on the decision of the emperor. King Erik and his Danish nobles, sure of gaining their cause, had already left Hungary, and undertaken a pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

It is very interesting to observe the same uncertainty about the relations between the duchies and Denmark, in the writings of the historians of the fifteenth century, as among the diplomatists and politicians of the present day. It appears, nevertheless, that the principal point in dispute on the part of the vassals at that time was their refusal to render feudal homage and military aid to their liege-lord. However this might have been, certain it is, that when the imperial umpire demanded the production of all the former documents and acts of feoffment, setting forth the claims of the Counts of Holstein to the duchy, Henry of Schauenborg could only refer to the vague expressions of the act of 1386 and point to his good sword for the rest of the evidence. The imperial sentence was pronounced on the 28th of June, 1424, according to which the emperor, as the chosen umpire of both parties, having consulted the prelates, knights, professors and lawyers of the Roman Empire, resolved: "that the whole of South Jutland with the city of Schleswig, the castle of Gottorp and other towns, the Danish wood (*Dänisch Wold*), the island of Als, and the coast district of the Friesians, with all rights and privileges, had ever belonged to the king and kingdom of Denmark; likewise that the Counts Henry, Adolph and Gerhard, neither had possessed nor did possess any hereditary right to the duchy." By that sentence, the constitution of Duke Valdemar of 1326, if ever it had existed, was then declared invalid, and Schleswig was pronounced an appurtenance of the Danish realm. Henry, indignant at the apparent injustice of the imperial decision, solemnly protested, and appealed to the Pope. But Martin V., feeling himself in a difficult position between the council of Constance and the Emperor, and intimidated by a missive from the latter, in which he advised him to confine his attention to ecclesiastical affairs, contented himself with exhorting the Counts of Holstein to pious submission, and to peace with Denmark.

Both parties then returned to the north, and the war in Schleswig was carried on with renewed strength. In 1427, Count Henry fell before Flensburg; but his warlike brother Adolph continued the contest with extraordinary energy and success. Ham-

burg, Lübeck and other powerful Hanseatic cities, supporting Holstein with their fleets, desolated the coasts of Denmark, and ruined her commerce. The greatest dissatisfaction with the incapacity of the king prevailed throughout the kingdoms of the Calmorian union. Erik was deposed, and the first act of his successor, Christopher the Bavarian, was the recognition of the hereditary rights of the house of Schauenborg to the duchy of Schleswig. At the Danish diet in Colding, in 1439, the Duke Adolph, kneeling down before his liege-lord, on his throne, surrounded by the court and nobility, took the oath of allegiance, and received from the hand of the king the banner of investiture.

The Calmorian union still existed, but it had become a mere phantom; the arrogance of the prelates and nobles, the subjection of the people, and the total want of political liberty and public opinion in that age of ignorance and oppression, did not permit the development of a confederacy among the Scandinavian nations, which otherwise would have promoted their civilization, happiness, and power. Denmark had not gained by her doubtful union with Sweden; she felt the more deeply her recent loss, and all her efforts tended towards the recovery of her alienated possessions on the main land. The Danish nobility, in compliance with this feeling, after the sudden death of King Christopher the Bavarian, in 1448, sent a deputation to Duke Adolph of Schleswig-Holstein, to offer him the crown of Denmark. The Duke was at the time only forty-five years of age; but being without children, and preferring the quiet retirement of his present position, to the cares and vicissitudes awaiting him on the throne of the warring kingdoms, he declined the proffered honor, but directed the attention of the Danes to his young sister's son, Count Christian of Oldenburg, whom he himself had educated and tenderly loved. Count Christian accepted the crown, and became the founder of the present dynasty of Denmark, in the year 1448.

Eleven years after this event, 1459, Adolph of Schleswig-Holstein died. His elder brother, Henry, had lived unmarried, and perished in his thirtieth year; the younger, Gerhard, died suddenly on the Rhine, in 1433, without legitimate issue. Thus the house of the Counts of Schau-

enborg-Rendsborg became extinct, and the duchy of Schleswig of course escheated to the crown of Denmark, which the king ought immediately to have taken possession of. The county of Holstein, on the contrary, being a German fief, apparently devolved on the nearest *agnate* heirs of the lateral line of Schauenborg-Pinneberg, who already, in the year 1396, by a treaty, had secured its succession. The princes of the family of Oldenburg, however, were more nearly related to the defunct Count of Holstein than the house of Schauenborg-Pinneberg, but only as *cognates*. Some historians, in defence of such *direct rights* of King Christian to the succession of Holstein, mention that several instances were on record in the German states of that time, where the merely cognate heirs inherited. Thus a contemporary chronicler of Lübeck, who continues the chronicle of Detmar from 1401 to 1472, and whose work, even by the historians of Holstein themselves, is pronounced to be of the highest authority, says, "that the nobles of Holstein rejected altogether this plea of a family compact between the two lines of the house of Schauenborg, as the council of the land had never sanctioned or confirmed it; and with regard to the inheritance of the Holstein fief, they recognized that King Christian and his brothers were *nearer* in respect to the succession, than the more distant Westphalian branch of the house of Schauenborg-Pinneberg, as they were sister's children of Count Adolph, and in their land, the female line (Spindle-side) might inherit as well as the male line (Sword-side)." A distinction seems thus to have existed in the succession between the great or banner-fiefs, (*feuda vexilli, Fanelehn*), and the minor fiefs of the German Empire; inasmuch as in the former the inheritance was limited to *male heirs*, while in the latter the *female line* partook of the same right. Holstein, being originally a dependent fief of the duchy of Saxony, and not a *feudum vexilli* of the Empire, the *direct right* of King Christian to the succession of this duchy might have been justly insisted upon at the time; which goes directly against the late assertion of Prussia with regard to both duchies, "that only the agnates were admitted to the inheritance."

The great question, however, as to whether Schleswig, an ancient and important

province of Denmark, should be at last incorporated with the kingdom and separated from Holstein, or again become united with the latter, by a new investiture of the king, was now to be determined. But a new difficulty had unexpectedly been created by the fact that the Duke Adolph, moved perhaps by his old rancor towards Denmark, against whom he had spent his youth in hard fighting, and still more by his natural desire to preserve the close union of his two beautiful states, had persuaded his young nephew, Christian of Oldenburg, when the crown of Denmark was offered to him in 1448, to renounce his right to Schleswig, and to promise that, according to the *constitutio Valdemariana*, the duchy of Schleswig and the kingdom of Denmark never should be united again under the same sceptre, and that the duchy of Schleswig-Holstein should remain forever and ever undivided—*ewich tosammend ungedelt*.

This curious Low German document of Count Christian of Oldenburg is dated 28th of June, 1448, more than a year before his coronation at Copenhagen as King of Denmark on the 28th October, 1449. It had no validity, because Count Christian could not give away any territory or rights of the kingdom of Denmark, the crown of which he did not wear; nay, he could not even do so after he had been crowned king, except with the consent of the states in a general *dannehof* or diet. This renunciation and promise of the young Count may therefore be considered null and void.

We said that Christian, as a cognate heir, had no right to the succession in Holstein in 1459. His ambition however incited him to go any length in order to acquire both the estates, Holstein as well as Schleswig, and to unite both with the kingdom in spite of his own renunciation of 1448. Instead, therefore, of drawing in the escheated fief of Schleswig, and incorporating it with Denmark, he did not enforce that right, but simply offered himself as a candidate for the free election of the Schleswig and Holstein nobility. Thus he placed himself on a level with the indigent counts of Schauenborg-Pinneberg, well knowing that the large sums he had by underhand means distributed among the avaricious prelates and nobles, and the powerful influence of the family of Rantzau, would procure him the majority of

the votes. In this manner King Christian gained his object, but not without great sacrifices, which through his whole reign pressed hard on the kingdom of Denmark. He settled his patrimonial counties of Oldenburg and Delmenhorst on his younger brother, with forty thousand florins. The Counts of Schauenborg received an indemnification of four hundred and thirty thousand florins, the county of Pinneberg, and several other possessions. The prelates and nobles secured their most extensive privileges, throwing all the burdens of the commonwealth on the more numerous and industrious classes of the citizens and peasants. On his actual election to the duchies he declared by a charter of rights (*Haandfæstning*) dated the 5th of March, 1460, which the Holstein historians consider as a renewal of the Valdemarian Constitution, that the estates of Schleswig and Holstein were to remain inseparable; that they had of their own free will, without any regard to his being King of Denmark, chosen him for their Duke and Count, that they likewise after his death were entitled to elect his successor from among his children, or in case of his having no issue, from among his lawful heirs, and that if he should leave but one son to succeed him on the throne of Denmark, the estates should have the right to choose some other chief, provided only he were of the kin and lineage of the deceased.

The future position of Schleswig for several centuries was now decided. A few years later, in 1474, Holstein was erected into a duchy, and though Schleswig remained a Danish fief, which did not belong to the empire, it now entered by its relation to Holstein into a more intimate intercourse with Germany. The mass of the people still spoke Danish, as they do to this day, but the all-powerful nobility, by intermarriages in the sister duchy, and the clergy, by the great spiritual movement in the south, became more and more Germanized. Within half a century, the diet in Schleswig began to be held in the Low-German dialect. In the times of the Reformation, the Lutheran translation of the Bible in the High-German language was still nearly unintelligible to the great majority of the common people, both in Holstein and Schleswig, yet by the mighty influence of the German civilization from the south, and the indifference of the Oldenburg kings, who

themselves spoke the German at the court of Copenhagen, the Danish lost ground, and the High-German at last gaining the victory, became the language of the pulpit, of the bar, and of the national assemblies. The university of Kiel was erected in 1665, and the young Schleswigers as well as the Holsteiners, having received their education at that institution, extended their travels to Germany, in order to finish their studies and bring German literature and science back to their native countries. Nor were the commercial relations with the Hanseatic confederation less influential in alienating the Schleswigers from their Danish brethren. The naval establishments (*Styrishavne*) of the victorious Valdemars, who with their Danish fleets subjected all the southern coasts of the Baltic, and extended their feudal dominion over Esthonia, Pomerania and Rügen, had gone to ruin during the civil wars of the fourteenth century. The eighty-five cities of the rich and powerful Hansa had for nearly two centuries possessed the entire commerce of the Baltic and northern seas, and by their exclusive rights and privileges, kept the Scandinavian kings in the most abject bondage to a commercial aristocracy. No wonder, then, that Hamburg, Lübeck, and Bremen had become the schools and places of general resort of the active mariners of Schleswig and Holstein.

King Christian I. of Oldenburg, having thus, in 1460, been elected Duke of Schleswig and Holstein, it might have been supposed that the great question about the duchies had at last been solved; but most unhappily for the tranquillity and welfare of the Danish monarchy, new divisions followed thirty years later (1490) which at different periods, for nearly two centuries and a half, were the causes of dynastic dissensions, foreign invasions, and incalculable distress and misery in the whole monarchy. Although the crown of Denmark continued elective for two hundred years (1460—1660) after the accession of Christian I., it descended nevertheless as regularly from father to son, as if it had been hereditary. But in the duchies, where the nobility (*Ritterschaft*) alone formed the states, this oligarchy simultaneously elected different descendants of the house of Oldenburg, and the lands thus became divisible and subdivisible among distinct lines of the

dynasty, quite contrary to the spirit of the principle of unity expressed in the act of 1460, which in this manner was abolished *de facto* by the Schleswig and Holstein states themselves.

Christian I. died in 1441, and left two sons by his Queen Dorothea—Hans, who was elected King of Denmark, and Frederik, at that time only ten years of age. The ambitious queen dowager, desiring her younger son, Prince Frederik, to be elected in the duchies, succeeded by her intrigues in delaying the final decision of the states for nine years, when at last, in 1490, both the royal brothers were elected, and a very remarkable division of the two provinces took place. Instead of declaring King Hans of Denmark Duke of Schleswig, and his brother Frederik Duke of Holstein and vassal of the Germanic Empire, the states now divided *both* duchies between *both* the princes. King Hans obtained the northern district of Hadersleben, the city of Flensburg, the island of Als, as belonging to Schleswig, and the western and southern parts of Holstein, with Rendsborg, Glückstad, Itzehoe, Segeberg, Oldesloe and the promontory of Heiligenhafen,—which all formed the possessions of the Royal or Segeberg line of succession. His younger brother Frederik united the Schleswig districts of Gottorp, Tondern and Apenrade, with Kiel, the eastern parts of Holstein and the island of Femern, and thus established the Ducal or Gottorp line. In this manner the Segeberg line possessed *six* different districts of both duchies inclosed or intermingled with the four portions belonging to that of Gottorp! This most untoward subdivision of the two Danish and German fiefs, afterwards gave rise to the fatal denomination of "*a duchy of Schleswig-Holstein*," which, although a *political nullity*, has nevertheless been the cause of interminable complications and dissensions, and mainly contributed to the present unjust and iniquitous invasion of Denmark by the Germanic confederation. Disputes soon arose between the brothers; the ambitious Frederik laid claims to the investiture of fiefs in Denmark and Norway, which were refused by the diet, who declared that Denmark was a free and indivisible elective kingdom. Such a refusal exasperated the duke in the highest degree. He united with the Hanseatic cities

against his brother, and taking advantage of the unruly spirit of the Swedes, he even attempted by flattery and promises to be elected their king. A civil war would no doubt have broken out with King Hans, if a feud against the Ditmarskers in Holstein had not caused the brothers to unite their forces against the common enemy.

The Ditmarskers, a people of Saxon descent inhabiting a small fertile district between the Elbe and the Eyder, in that part of Holstein which faces the Western ocean, had during several centuries lived in perfect independence. They formed a commonwealth, which was governed by bailiffs and aldermen, and united by the love of freedom, they had maintained themselves in this situation against all aggression. At the conquest of Holstein by King Valdemar the Victorious, they followed the Danish banner; but during the bloody battle of Bornhöved in 1227, they, by treacherously attacking the Danes in their rear, caused their total overthrow. This treachery was rewarded by the counts of Holstein with perfect independence, and although Count Gerhard afterwards attempted to subdue them, they defeated and slew him, foiled all subsequent invasions, and obtained from the German Emperor the privilege of being placed beneath the protection of the archiepiscopal see of Bremen. Nor would those poor and brave herdsmen and fishermen have been disturbed in their tranquillity, if they had not, like the Swiss on the Alps, relying on their victories, become troublesome aggressors on their neighbors. King Christian I. had already resolved their reduction, and having represented them to the Emperor Friederich III. as a set of lawless and unruly rovers, he received permission to make the conquest of their territory. But he died, and his sons would perhaps have left the Ditmarskers to themselves, if they had not taken an active part in the dispute between Duke Fredorik and the Hanseatic cities of Lübeck and Hamburg, and destroyed the ducal dépôts and custom-houses on the island of Helgoland. The king and the duke now resolved the war. The brilliant feudal array of Denmark and the duchies assembled in Holstein during the winter of 1500, and was strengthened by six thousand mercenary Saxon lance-knechts, commanded by the haughty *condottiere* Junker Slents, who

promised the king that he would take Ditmarsk even if it was chained to heaven itself. Thus the best appointed army Denmark had ever sent forth, consisting of thirty thousand combatants, advanced through the low marshes against the six thousand armed herdsmen, who in vain had demanded the aid of the cities on the Elbe. On the 13th of February, the Danes occupied the open town of Meldorf, which had been abandoned, and only the aged and the defenceless fell victims to the wild soldiery of the time. But their cruelty and presumption met with the justest chastisement. Animated by despair, and resolved to perish in the cause of their liberty, this handful of people, led on by the heroic Wolf Isebrand, occupied a small fort situated on an eminence between Meldorf and Hemingsted. The royal army had to pass on a narrow and swampy road, hemmed in on both sides by ditches and marshes. While the Saxon infantry advanced, they were received by a destructive fire from the batteries on the hill. They lost their commander, and falling back in disorder upon the Danish chivalry, they were furiously attacked on all sides by the light-armed Ditmarskers, who, on their long spears, with dexterity jumped over the ditches and began an indiscriminate slaughter on the defenceless flanks of the crowded column. Three hundred and sixty nobles of the most distinguished families in Denmark and the duchies, and more than fifteen thousand troops, perished on the battle-field. The king himself escaped with difficulty. The old Dannebrog, the Danish banner from the times of the Valdemars, was lost together with all the cannon, arms, and an immense baggage. The Ditmarskers, pursuing the retreating army, made devastating incursions into Holstein, which forced the king, by the mediation of the Hanseatic cities, to recognize their independence.

King Hans died in 1513, and was succeeded by his spirited, but violent and cruel son, Christian II., who immediately on his accession called together the states of Schleswig and Holstein to a general diet in Flensburg, in order to be elected duke of the royal share in the duchies. The states assembled; but before they swore allegiance to the king, they demanded the confirmation of all their privileges and rights, and certain restitutions to Duke

Frederik, which King Hans, in 1503, had engaged to make to his brother. The young king, nourishing a deep-rooted hatred against the powerful nobility, whom he, as a crown prince, had already with the axe and the sword almost annihilated in Norway, and whose exorbitant privileges he intended to circumscribe in Denmark, refused the demands of the states. Serious discussions now arose; and both prelates and nobles declared that if the king did not confirm all their rights and claims, they would immediately elect his uncle Frederik as their only sovereign duke. Christian II., knowing the ambition of that prince, and fearing the general dissatisfaction in Sweden, yielded at the time; he deferred his intended reforms, acknowledged the rights of the oligarchy, and received their homage as Duke of Schleswig and Holstein. Yet the enmity between the two princes continued, and was fomented by the disloyal and treacherous conduct of Christian towards his uncle. The horrible slaughter of the Swedish nobility in Stockholm on the 8th of November, 1520, and the subsequent rebellion of the Danish nobles in 1523, decided the fate of Christian the Tyrant. He fled to Germany, and Frederik, being called to the Danish throne, immediately took possession of all the royal castles in the duchies, which thus were united a second time. They remained undivided till the year 1544; during which period King Christian III., the son of Frederik I., had governed them in the name of his younger brothers, Hans, Adolph, and Frederik. Another favorable opportunity had thus presented itself to the Danish Council for reclaiming the ancient Danish province of South Jutland, and by uniting it with Denmark, to establish anew the old Scandinavian frontier of the Eyder—or at least, by adopting the advice of the distinguished general, John de Rantzau, at once to declare the right of *primogeniture* in the duchies. This principle had at that time already been introduced with success into Bavaria and Mark-Brandenburg. But the Danish oligarchs, says a native historian, were more intent upon fortifying their castles and extending their farms, on buying and selling their poor serfs, who were no better than slaves, than on securing the welfare of their king and country. The Council consented to another still more

disastrous division. The king, and his brothers Hans and Adolph, received different districts both of Schleswig and Holstein, with their castles, convents and towns, which were denominated after the principal residences. The king's share was called that of Sonderborg. Duke Hans obtained Hadersleben, and Adolph, Gottorp. The younger brother Frederik became bishop of Hildersheim in 1551. The ducal claims to the possession of Hamburg and the territory of the Ditmarskers, and many privileges and taxes, remained in common; for every one of the dukes possessed the full sovereignty in his own principality, though he recognized the emperor as his liege-lord for Holstein. Yet the royal brothers, on their presenting their homage to the king, refused to perform the usual military service for Schleswig as a Danish banner-fief; acting upon the illegal pretension of the old dukes of South Jutland, that the duchy was a frank-fee exempted from every feodary duty. Years passed on in violent disputes, and at last, when the ceremony of investiture was to take place at the general assembly at Colding, in 1547, in the presence of the king, the dukes on a sudden refused; a tumult arose, the ceremony was suspended, and the princes, mounting their horses, hurried off in disgust. But King Christian did not yield, and though he lived nearly in the same dissensions with his brothers as the unhappy Erik Plough-penning had done, three hundred years before, he still vindicated the right of the Danish crown.

Adolph of Holstein-Gottorp, a prince of a hot and impetuous temper, again turned his arms against the courageous Ditmarskers, who, ever since the terrible defeat of King Hans, had enjoyed uninterrupted possession of their independence. Christian III., however, who wished to rule in tranquillity over his dominions, succeeded in preserving peace till his death in 1559. But his son and successor, Frederik II., was more willing to enter into the designs of his uncle, being afraid of his conquering the whole territory and keeping it to himself. The king, with his Danish army, therefore joined the duke's, and better care was now taken to insure success. The conflict was long and bloody; but the intrepidity of the Ditmarskers could not prevail against the military knowledge and

discipline of their enemies. The Danes were commanded by the old Count John Rantzau, the head of one of the noblest families of Holstein, to whose military talents the house of Oldenburg was highly indebted for its victories and grandeur. Adolph too was a prince of uncommon bravery and skill, who fought in the hottest of the battle, and thrice rallied his troops, whom the desperate valor of the enemy had forced to give ground. After a violent struggle the victory declared for the Danes; it was as complete and decisive as they could wish. All the towns and forts surrendered; the vanquished sued for peace, which was granted them. They paid homage to the King of Denmark as their lawful sovereign, and took the oath of perpetual fidelity to him and his successors. They paid the expenses of the war, and delivered up the standards and military trophies taken from King Hans.

Though the victors in apparent concord divided the conquered territory, yet the dispute about the investiture of Schleswig still continued. As no party would yield, the decision of that odious question was referred to the Elector of Saxony, the Landgrave of Hesse, and the Duke of Mecklenburg, as umpires. In May, 1579, the sentence was given at the Congress of Odensee. Schleswig was to be considered as a hereditary military fief of Denmark, with which the king was bound to invest the dukes of the Oldenburg family. The king was to consult the dukes about questions of war and peace, and they then pledged themselves to render him military service as their liege-lord, with *forty* knights and *eighty* foot-soldiers! This ridiculous act was then signed by the plenipotentiaries of the foreign princes, the vassals, and the sagacious Council of Denmark. The states in the duchies showed far more resolution and perseverance in the maintenance of their rights. They refused in 1563 to recognize the sovereignty of the Duke Hans, the younger brother of King Frederik II., on whom he settled the principality of Sonderborg, on the island of Als, nor did the descendants of this line ever succeed in obtaining the recognition of that dignity to this day.*

* The present Duke of Sonderborg-Augustenburg, and his brother Prince Noer, who have taken arms against their cousin, King Frederik VII. of Denmark, are the direct offspring of that family.

The decision of Odensee, though not satisfactory to Denmark, did at least settle two important points: the obligation on the part of the dukes to renew the investiture, and the recognition of the military service, which though in itself insignificant, still formed the strong link between the duchy of Schleswig and the kingdom. The ceremony took place on the 3d of May, 1580, on the large square of Odensee, where the royal throne had been erected. The three dukes at the same time laid their hands on the banner of Dannebrog, and swore the usual allegiance to their liege-lord as faithful vassals. A few months later, the Hadersleben line became extinct by the death of Duke Hans the elder. All the possessions were now equally divided between Duke Adolph of Holstein-Gottorp and the King, while the subdivisions which entailed so many evils on the duchies were put a stop to, in 1608, when the right of primogeniture was established in the ducal part, and, in 1650, extended to the royal province.

Christian IV. reigned with a strong hand, and taught the dukes to respect the feudal rights of Denmark; but tremendous events were forthcoming, which once more overturned the old relations, and at last subjected them to the decision of the sword. In 1618 the terrible thirty years' war broke out between the Protestant and Catholic parties in Germany, and King Christian IV., as chief of the Low-Saxon circle, entered Germany with his Danish army. By the treachery of his Saxon allies he was defeated in the bloody battle of Lutter am Barenberg, in 1626, and the imperial General Wallenstein, pursuing the retreating king, overran the duchies and all the mainland of Denmark with his wild bands. The Duke of Holstein-Gottorp then broke his allegiance and declared against the king, and though he lost all his possessions in the course of the war, they were restored to him by the treaty of Lübeck, in 1629, between the Emperor and the King of Denmark. The hatred between the reigning lines had become inveterate. The Duke again united with Sweden, and Carl Gustav, crossing the belt on the ice, during the winter, 1658, forced Frederik III., the son and successor of Christian IV., in the treaties of Roeskilde and Copenhagen, the same year, to concede to the Duke and

his descendants the sovereignty and *supreme dominion* of the Gottorp division of Schleswig. The feudal dependence on Denmark was thus abolished in the Holstein-Gottorp dynasty, but continued with its military service and other duties in the lateral lines of Sonderborg, and the introduction of a hereditary succession in Denmark, in 1660, strengthened the ties between the larger or royal part of the duchy and the kingdom.

The revolution of 1660 forms a new period in the history of Denmark. It overturned the old elective constitution, with its powerful oligarchical council of state, (*Rigsraad*) and the extravagant privileges of the nobility. The king, according to the new *lex regia*, (*Kongelov*), became the most absolute monarch in Europe, and the succession of the crown was settled both on the male and female descendants of the Oldenburg dynasty. The duchies did not subscribe the new act of sovereignty, or renew their oath of allegiance, nor did they directly take any part in those transactions; the *lex regia*, however, distinctly expresses the leading principles, which remain as the guiding rule for the question about the relations of Schleswig to the kingdom. In its 19th article it enjoins the king to secure, entire and undivided, under the Danish crown, not only the realms of Denmark and Norway, with all the provinces and islands belonging to them, but moreover all possessions which may be acquired by the sword, or other legal titles, and thus expresses the indivisibility of the kingdoms and all other possessions which belonged to Denmark in 1665. The grand-son of King Frederik III. at last found an opportunity to realize this principle by uniting and incorporating the whole duchy of Schleswig in 1720. The hostile relations between the house of Holstein-Gottorp and the crown of Denmark continued during the remainder of the seventeenth century, and on the breaking out of the great northern war between Sweden, Russia, Brandenburg and Denmark, Duke Charles Frederik of Holstein-Gottorp, who had taken side with Charles XII. of Sweden, lost all his possessions in Schleswig. They were conquered by King Frederik IV. and his Danish army in 1713, and at the general peace that followed the death of Charles XII. in Norway, 1718, Denmark, giving up all her other con-

quests, secured the duchy of Schleswig as a permanent and inalienable possession by the strongest guaranty of Sweden, England and France.*

By letter patent of the 22d of August, 1721, the inhabitants of the conquered territory were called upon to do homage to Frederik IV. as their lawful sovereign, and the two districts of Apenrade and Gottorp were incorporated with that part of the duchy, which previously had belonged to the Danish crown. The estates of Schleswig took the oath of allegiance to the king and his hereditary successors, according to the *lex regia*, at the castle of Gottorp, on the 4th of September, 1721. The junior branches of the house of Oldenburg, the Dukes of Augustenborg and Glücksborg, who did not possess any sovereign rights, gave their oath in writing. In the letter patent and the formulary for the oath of allegiance, the king expressly mentions Schleswig as an integral part of the crown of Denmark, from which it had been torn away in disastrous times, and declares it henceforth eternally to be incorporated as a part of the kingdom. This declaration is definite, but it was not completely executed. King Frederik IV. did not realize his first intention of incorporating Schleswig as a province. It remained a separate hereditary duchy, enjoying its ancient privileges, but by its participating in the regulations of the *lex regia* of 1665, it now followed the cognate succession of Denmark. In accordance with the new relations into which Schleswig thus entered in 1721 with the kingdom, the arms of the duchy were quartered with those of Denmark Proper; "and so," says the excellent historian, Professor Christian Molbech, "after a partial separation this fertile and important province again became an organic and indivisible part of the state."

And yet was the possession of Schleswig far from being undisturbed. Den-

* "His Britannic Majesty agrees to guaranty and to maintain and to continue in peaceful possession that part of the duchy of Schleswig which his Danish Majesty has in his hands, and to defend the same in the best manner possible, against all and every one who may endeavor to disturb him therein, either directly or indirectly." Treaty between Denmark and Great Britain of the 26th of July, 1720. The treaty with Sweden is dated June the 14th, and that with France August 18th, the same year.

mark had to carry on the contest for more than fifty years. The threatening storm came no longer from Sweden—which, vanquished and weakened during the disastrous wars of Charles XII., had now for a time retreated from the great political theatre—but from the more dangerous Russian Empire. The duke Charles Frederik had taken his residence in Kiel, in Holstein, where he strenuously protested against the cession of Schleswig. He soon after married Anne Petrowna, the daughter of Peter the Great, and became thus, supported by Russia, a formidable enemy to Denmark. Yet the prudent Christian VI., the son and successor of Frederik IV., found the means to frustrate the warlike schemes of the duke, without any rupture with that power. More imminent seemed the war in 1762, when, on the death of the Empress Elizabeth, Peter III., the son of Charles Frederick, succeeded her on the throne of Russia. The first act of his reign was a declaration of war against Frederik V. of Denmark. As the head of the house of Holstein-Gottorp, he renewed his claims to the ceded part of Schleswig. Immense armaments were undertaken in Denmark; a fine fleet of sixty men-of-war was sent cruising in the Baltic, and an army of seventy thousand combatants was advancing upon the Russians in the environs of Wismar, when the news of the revolution at St. Petersburg, the violent abdication and murder of Peter, put a sudden stop to the military demonstrations. Catherine II., his successor, did not prosecute the quarrel of her hot-headed husband.* She recalled the Russian troops from Mecklenburg and concluded a treaty with Denmark, which was confirmed by her son, the Emperor Paul, in 1773, in accordance with which, the house of Holstein-Gottorp forever renounced all claims upon Schleswig, and by a second treaty of the same date, exchanged its possessions and rights in the duchy of Holstein for the counties of Oldenburg and Delmenhorst,

ceded to it in return by the King of Denmark. The completeness of the cession of Schleswig on the part of Russia is still more evident, when compared with her exchange of the counties of Delmenhorst and Oldenburg for the Gottorp share of Holstein. According to the former treaty, Schleswig is ceded to the King of Denmark and his royal successors, while the latter mentions only King Christian VII. and his brother, Prince Frederik, with *their male* heirs; thus declaring that Russia reserved her rights to Holstein on the extinction of the male descendants of the reigning dynasty.*

By these treaties and later settlements with the lateral lines of Augustenborg and Beck, the house of Oldenburg came at last into undisputed possession both of Schleswig and Holstein. The latter duchy, though a German fief, was incorporated with the kingdom of Denmark in 1806, on the dissolution of the German empire, in consequence of the victories and conquests of the Emperor Napoleon. But at the Congress of Vienna in 1815, Holstein again entered into connection with the Germanic confederation. King Frederik VI., as duke of Holstein, obtained a vote in the diet of Frankfort, and bound himself to join the federal army with a contingent of three thousand five hundred troops.

At the general peace in 1815, all the different nations, which formed the coalition against France, had been the gainers. Denmark alone, as the faithful ally of the Emperor Napoleon, had been almost crushed under the weight of accumulated disasters, and from a flourishing kingdom of the second rank, with a numerous army, a gallant navy and extensive commerce, she had then, in her isolated position, dwindled down to a small state, of a third or fourth rank among the victorious nations around her. Her capital had been burnt; her fleet carried off; her colonies, credit and commerce nearly destroyed—and to crown all, Norway had been surrendered to the Swedes, who at that time were still her enemies. Norway, which for nearly four centuries and a half had been united to her,

* Mr. D'Israeli, M. P., said in his speech on the 19th of April last, in the House of Commons: "When Russia was about to invade Denmark, and the latter having applied to this country, England signified her intention to carry out the provisions of her guaranty, and in consequence of that notification, Russia did not invade Schleswig."

* This important fact demonstrates that the Russian emperor, as a direct descendant of the Dukes of Holstein-Gottorp, has a nearer claim to the duchy of Holstein, than the Duke and Prince of Augustenborg.

and whose people bore in origin, language, history and manners, the closest affinity to the Danes, was now violently severed from her sister kingdom. Denmark received, by way of compensation, another small slice of German territory, cut away with the large pruning-hook of the imbecile soul-venders at Vienna, from the newly liberated bulk of Germany. What injustice and blunders were committed by the selfish and short-sighted diplomatists of the Holy Alliance at Vienna! Poland, Italy, Belgium, Norway and Lauenburg dismembered and shuffled about at the mere whim and caprice of gambling politicians! And now—in 1848—they have either freed themselves with the sword, or are still fighting and bleeding for their freedom. Lauenburg alone must now, by the German Parliament at Frankfort, be *forced* to renounce an alliance, which Denmark so unwillingly acceded to in 1815. The circumstances which brought that German duchy under the Danish crown are very remarkable. When King Frederik VI. was obliged by the treaty of Kiel, in 1814, to cede the kingdom of Norway to the crown of Sweden, the king of that country, on his part, offered as an indemnity to the King of Denmark and his successors, the duchy of Swedish Pomerania and the principality of Rügen, with seventy-five and a half German square miles and 160,000 inhabitants.

Prussia now stood forward and demanded the cession of these maritime provinces, proposing to give Denmark an equivalent territory, which it did not possess. But in order to fulfil its promise, Prussia then persuaded the King of Hanover—George III. of Great Britain—to cede the duchy of Saxe-Lauenburg, with nineteen German square

miles and 45,000 inhabitants. The poor Lauenburgers remained six days Prussian subjects, and were then, on the 4th of June, 1815—“*à perpétuité et en toute souveraineté et propriété*”—transmitted to the King of Denmark. The Frankfort deputy Weleker, has lately had the most hopeless difficulty in persuading the quiet and industrious Lauenburgers that these treaties are null and void, and that they, as Germans, belonging to the common glorious fatherland, were to take up arms against their former Danish liege lord.

Such were the relations between Denmark and the duchies of Schleswig, Holstein and Lauenburg in 1815. There did not at that time exist any party spirit, any Schleswig-Holstein separatistic tendencies, which might have prognosticated any hostile conflict between the two different nationalities of the monarchy.

That movement began later, and originated not with the people, but with the nobility—the *Ritterschaft*—and the swarm of German employees, forming a bureaucracy, who by the ambitious intrigues of the princes of Augustenborg, were led to hope that by a final rupture with Denmark, they might deprive her both of Schleswig and Lauenburg, and thus form an independent state of their own, which by its important maritime position on the Baltic and the North Sea, might, as they said, become the handle of the sword, which Germany was to throw into the scales of fate on the Northern Seas.

A second article on this imperfectly understood, but interesting subject, will relate these movements in the duchies, and the events of the civil war they have occasioned.

THE WAR OF CHIOZZA.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 410.]

XV. WHILE they were laboring with such admirable diligence to augment the republic's means of resistance, four warriors were making head against the enemy with the small forces they had been able to assemble. Every day that they should gain would change the situation of affairs for their benefit. They had dispatched light vessels in every direction, to recall Carlo Zeno to the assistance of Venice, he having been detached at the commencement of the pending campaign, with a squadron of eight galleys, to which he had been able to rally several others in the ports of the Levant; but from him, for some time, no news had been received, his dispatches having been intercepted. His assistance was uncertain, and would only be received late. In the meantime, Pisani occupied himself in pressing the new armament, and in preventing the progress of the enemy. Taddeo Justiniani, who commanded the galleys already armed, would under no pretext compromise a squadron which was the only hope of the Venetian marine. The flotilla risked itself more readily, because it had a sure retreat in the shallow waters, to which the Genoese galleys could not pursue it. This force, which was almost always engaged in unprofitable enterprises, was at last enabled to seize on a favorable occasion offered by fortune.

Barbadigo, at the head of a detachment of fifty boats, surprised one evening, at low water, a galley and two other vessels of the enemy, stationed before the port of Montalbano, occupied by the troops of Padua. The galley could not manœuvre, and was, with the other vessels, carried by boarding. The flotilla bore away for Venice, with the full force of oars, towing the two small vessels they had captured; while the flames that rose from the galley announced from afar to the Venetians that last their arms had achieved an opening

triumph. Suddenly, all the city was in a state of enthusiastic excitement; and when the boats arrived with their prizes, and five hundred prisoners, every one demanded to be led against the enemy. Pisani was careful not to give way to so imprudent a confidence. The fleet however was reinforced. The month of September passed away, and they already had the certainty of being able to present a fleet of more than thirty sail towards the middle of October. The whole of October was passed in unimportant operations, as the Genoese admiral had been compelled to send twenty-four of his galleys to the eastern shore of the Adriatic, in search of provisions. The fleet and army that held Chiozza experienced all the privations to which they had condemned the Venetians.

The Doge publicly announced, that as soon as the galleys should be ready, he should embark with a portion of the senate, in order to take the command in person, resolved to avenge his country, or to perish at the head of its defenders. This example, given by the prince of the republic, an old man of more than seventy years, redoubled emulation. The occurrence of some small successes increased their hopes. The flotilla captured a convoy of provisions sent from Padua to Chiozza. Cavalli compelled the Genoese to evacuate Malamoreo, which they destroyed before abandoning it. The Venetian galleys continually performed their evolutions, but returned every night to the Grand Canal. As yet, no intelligence had been received from Carlo Zeno.

Of all the possessions of the republic, there remained to it only a small fort in the midst of the salt marshes on the coast of Italy. Three Genoese galleys were seen to prepare to attack it. Pisani went against these galleys with a detachment of the flotilla, forced them to fly, and pursued them even to the waters of Chiozza.

He had even arrived by a more direct route before they reached the town, and hoped to cut off their retreat, and to place himself between them and the port; but, assailed on two sides by a cannonade, to which he had nothing to oppose, he was compelled to seek safety across the shallow waters, which he was not able to do until some of his boats had been destroyed by the enemy. Antonio Gradnigo, of a ducal family, was among those who perished in this expedition.

It was now towards the close of the year 1379. The Genoese fleet, which had kept the sea for a long time, had not been able to recruit on the shore of Chiozza, where for four months it had experienced all manner of privations. It was necessary to bring twenty of the vessels into port, either to repair them, or to afford their crews some repose. The twenty-four galleys which had been detached, had returned and discharged the provisions with which they had been laden. Three others were so posted as to defend the pass. The allies expected a fleet from Genoa, which must soon bring them reinforcements. It was not without astonishment, mingled with alarm, that they saw thirty-four galleys in the waters of Venice; but they were far from believing that this fleet was in fighting condition, and that the Venetians had so far recovered confidence as to become the aggressors in their turn.

XVI. On the 21st of December, after a solemn mass, the Doge left St. Mark's, with the standard of the republic in his hand, and went on board of the ducal galley, followed by the greater part of the senators. Pisani had conceived the project of compelling the Genoese fleet to surrender; but in order to succeed, it was necessary to avoid fighting, since that fleet was superior in number, and incomparably better armed. It was necessary to surprise it in the port where it had had the imprudence to place itself. But they could not close even that port. The town of Chiozza is situated on a group of small islands amid the lagunes. It communicates by a bridge, as we have previously seen, with the neighboring island. Therefore it is separated from the sea by that strip of land which to the north leaves a

trina, which is called the pass of Chiozza. To the north, another communication is opened with the sea, by the interval which separates the island from the continent, and is called the pass of Brondolo. It will be seen that when one is in the port of Chiozza, and wishes to regain the sea, it is necessary to go out by one of these passes, or to ascend the lagunes by the canal of Lombardy, and go in search of the passes of Malamoreo, of the Lido, or of San Erasmo. It therefore entered into the plan of the Venetian admiral to shut up the enemy in the lagunes, by opposing to him at each of the three issues of Chiozza, of Brondolo, and of the canal of Lombardy, not precisely an armed resistance—for they were the stronger party—but an inert and insurmountable obstacle. It was necessary to carry, conduct, and establish these obstacles in each of the channels, and to prevent the Genoese from destroying them. Finally, it was necessary to place the Venetian fleet outside of the issues, so that it should not itself be shut up among the lagunes, exposed to sustain an unequal combat, and in order that it might be enabled to disperse the new fleet which was coming to reinforce the allies, and which had perhaps already sailed from Genoa.

This very complicated operation was at the same time a daring conception. We shall see what the difficulties were which presented themselves to its execution.

The thirty-four Venetian galleys, accompanied by sixty armed barks, and by several hundred boats, left the port in the night between the 21st and 22d of December, and directed themselves in silence towards Chiozza, across the lagunes. Pisani and Justiniani, who had taken the command of the advanced guard, towed two large vessels, destined to be sunk in the passes, in order to close them. They avoided approaching the port where the Genoese fleet lay, and before day-break they arrived in the channel of Chiozza, which is between the island of Palestrina and that of Brondolo. One shore of this pass had belonged to them since the Genoese had evacuated Malamoreo. Pisani made his flotilla immediately advance, and throw four or five thousand men on the opposite shore, with orders to carry the extremity of Brondolo, so that the fleet should have less difficulty in closing that

pass; but the island of Brondolo was covered with troops, who fell upon the Venetians and compelled them to disembark in disorder, and with considerable loss. Pisani, however, had brought up one of his great hulks, which he intended to sink in the middle of the channel. The presence of the enemy's troops on the shore rendered this a very perilous operation. Seven Genoese galleys, which had had time to prepare themselves, hastened up before it was terminated, and attacked the hulk together, and set it on fire. It was sunk in the passage. The Genoese galleys were dispersed by the remainder of the Venetian fleet, and immediately a multitude of boats, laden with stores, came up, filled the hulk, and made of it a dike that obstructed the channel. As a portion of the Genoese fleet was disarmed at the time, they could not oppose to the Venetians a force sufficient to compel them to remove. The next day, Pisani completed the closing of this channel, by sinking other vessels there, and by joining them together with a strong stockade, which was protected by a battery placed on the southern extremity of the island of Palestrina.

This operation finished, it remained to do as much in the pass of Brondolo; but they could not do that on a sudden, and the enemy occupied both shores of the pass. This arm of the sea is not more than four paces in breadth, and there is little water in the middle of it. It is navigable for vessels only close to its banks. It was, therefore, necessary to come under the fire of the enemy in order to bring up the small vessels to be used in closing the pass.

Pisani confided this operation to Federico Cornaro, whom he detached with four galleys. Fourteen Genoese galleys came to oppose the undertaking. Pisani advanced with ten of his own in order to sustain his people. The combat was terrible in this contracted field of battle; but, finally, in spite of the attack of the enemy's vessels, and of the fire of all the batteries on the shore, the channel was closed, as that of Chiozza had been the preceding day. But the work was not yet completed. It was necessary to complete the hastily made stockades, to place them in a defensible state against the tempests, and

to protect them against the efforts of the enemy, who would lose no time in endeavoring to destroy them. The admiral, leaving his flotilla in the lagunes, ascended the canal of Lombardy with his galleys, in which canal he sank large vessels, left the lagunes by the passage of the Lido, sailed along the islands, and placed himself outside of the channels on the sea-shore.

Henceforth, the Genoese had no means of issue. It was necessary to overthrow these barriers in order to save themselves from being compelled to surrender. The Venetians posted themselves before the passes in order to cut off from their enemy all hope of escape. This was a perilous position, as a squall might drive them away, render all their labors useless, and raise the blockade. It was particularly difficult to maintain possession of the channel of Brondolo, under the continual fire of the batteries erected on both shores. Sixteen galleys were detailed to guard the stockade there, before which they regularly relieved each other, only two remaining at once in the channel. The enemy did not cease to attempt the removal of these obstacles. So severe a service began to dishearten the crews of Pisani's ships. The Doge, in order to inspire them with resolution, swore not to return to Venice until after the capture of the enemy's fleet. Nevertheless, Venetian constancy was exhausted: the seamen declared that it was sheer obstinacy to wish to keep the galleys in the passes, where they every instant ran the risk of foundering, and which lost a portion of their crews every day—that it was exacting more than could be expected of human power. The admiral did his best to exhort them, and to encourage them by his example. He explained to them the importance of the port, which, if given up, they could never hope to regain. All that he could obtain was a delay; and he solemnly promised them to leave the ground on the first of January, that is, in forty-eight hours, if on that day the fleet of Zeno should not arrive.

That fleet was expected with no less impatience by the generals than by the soldiers. The army was giving way to discouragement. All that had been accomplished would turn out a complete loss. The enemy, already superior in number, and soon to be reinforced, would re-

gain all his advantages. The blockade would be raised. If he should accept battle, he was sure of beating the Venetian fleet; if he avoided it, of taking Venice almost without resistance. To complete their misery, there remained no asylum for the Venetian fleet; in other ports, it would find only enemies; in its own, only famine.

Amid intense anxiety, all awaited the termination of that period which Pisani had so venturously fixed. One portion saw in it only an end to perils above their courage to endure; the other, the ruin of a great project, and the inevitable loss of the country. All eyes were continually fixed upon the sea, when, on the first of January, they perceived eighteen sail in the distance. It might be the Genoese squadron that was coming to the assistance of Doria. Twenty light vessels were sent to reconnoitre it. They returned, under full sail, their signals announcing that the squadron which was approaching was that of Carlo Zeno.

XVII. The arrival of Zeno revived all hopes. Not only did his return render the Venetians numerically superior, but his crews, composed of experienced mariners, were capable of surmounting difficulties before which the inexperienced sailors of Pisani must have succumbed. Zeno, on arriving, went on board the ducal galley to render an account to the chiefs of the republic of all that had happened to him since his departure from Venice.

With his squadron of eight galleys, he had at first cruised on the coast of Sicily, where he had taken and burnt a great number of Genoese merchantmen. During the winter he had presented himself before Naples, in order to attempt a negotiation with Queen Joan, hoping to bring her to a change of party, and to enter into an alliance with Venice. This negotiation had procured for him the advantage of passing a portion of the bad season in port; but the news of the battle of Pola had overthrown all his hopes of reconciling the queen with the republic, and he determined to carry the war to the coast of Genoa, in order to retain there the disposable forces of the republic. During the whole summer he ravaged the Ligurian shores, attacking all weakly fortified points, pursuing the Genoese squadrons,

and desolating their commerce. His name became the terror of that sea.

His instructions recommending him to protect the merchant fleets which the Venetians had in the Syrian ports, he set sail towards the Archipelago, rallying to his squadron some galleys which were in those latitudes, and aided the Emperor Calojohannes to subdue his son. He went to Bèyrout to take charge of a convoy destined for Venice, and it was while he was there that he received intelligence of the danger of the capital. The squadron and the convoy made all haste in order to arrive there. Off Rhodes, they had fallen in with a great Genoese galley, the largest in the world, and which they immediately attacked with four galleys. The combat was unequal, but this vessel, which was of much stronger build than the Venetian galleys, making a vigorous resistance, it had been necessary to take her by boarding. In this action, Zeno had received two severe wounds—one in the eye, and the other in the foot. Arrived in the Adriatic, and beaten by a tempest which had engulfed one of his galleys, he had thrown his convoy into the port of Panuzo, and had hastened to the assistance of his country.

XVIII. Although not yet recovered from his wounds, Zeno desired, on the day of his arrival, to take part in new dangers; and his courage was honored with the most perilous post. He was ordered to take position with his squadron in the pass of Brondolo, where, for eight days, the other galleys had suffered so much. The next day a violent tempest assailed the fleet. The galleys were torn from their anchors, and were dispersed. The Genoese, seeing the station abandoned, hastened to the shore in order to attack the works of the Venetians. Zeno could bring forward only three galleys, the terrible fire of which compelled the enemy to remove. The following day, in spite of the wind, which blew more furiously than before, he obstinately kept firm before the Genoese batteries. The combat lasted all day. One Venetian galley was so badly treated that she was compelled to surrender. That which Zeno was on board of, was dragged by the currents and thrown by the tempest on shore, at the foot of a tower occupied by the enemy. It was

night; the stranded galley was fired upon from all sides. The bravest saw no hope of escape. The admiral imposed silence on those who dared to speak of surrender. He prevailed upon a sailor, who was a good swimmer, to jump into the sea with a rope, which he bore to some Venetian vessels that were not far off. When the cable was made fast, they threw overboard the armament of the galley, which was thus made to float; and, under the fire of the enemy, she was slowly towed off from that shore on which, a moment before, she appeared to be lost.

At this moment, Zeno received a wound in the throat from an arrow. He broke the shaft, without losing time in drawing the iron from the wound, and, traversing the deck with his usual vivacity, he continued to give his orders. In the obscurity, he fell through the hatchway into the hold, and was believed to be lost. A sailor, who came to his assistance, drew the iron from his wound, and the blood gushed forth impetuously. In order not to be suffocated, the admiral ordered himself to be placed on his stomach, and it was in that position that he arrived at the place where his fleet was stationed. The surgeons believed the wound to be mortal, and declared that he ought to be carried on shore; but the admiral refused to quit his ship, saying that if death were inevitable, it was there he should wish to meet it. Fortunately, nature baffled the sinister predictions of art, and, after a short interval, this hero was restored to his country.

XIX. On the 6th of January, Pisani obtained a considerable advantage over the troops that guarded the island of Brondolo. Some days after, he established on the shore batteries armed with those enormous cannon called bombardars, which were proofs rather of the infancy of the art than of its power. In all new inventions, the first object is to augment effects by over-doing the means. Perfection consists in obtaining certain and well-calculated results with the least possible means. We are told that Pisani's bombardars launched balls of marble of the weight of one hundred and forty and two hundred pounds. It was not then known that the quantity of powder necessary to send such balls could not be ignited at

once, and that consequently it was only a feeble portion of the charge that acted on the projectile, which considerably diminished the effect, at the same time that the expense was considerably augmented. These pieces also could be fired only once a day, and then the result was always very uncertain. However, one of the balls sent from them at hazard, killed the Genoese admiral. On the 22d of January, while visiting the works of Brondolo, Pietro Doria was crushed by a wall that was overthrown by an enormous bullet; happy, perhaps, in escaping by such a death from the reproaches that he could not have avoided for not having raised the blockade of Chiozza. Napoleon Grimaldi took the command. As he saw that the Venetians were closing up his forces more firmly with each succeeding day, he came to the great resolution of intersecting the island with a canal, and thus to open up a passage for his ships to the sea.

The Lord of Padua had succeeded in throwing into the place a reinforcement of eight hundred lancers and three hundred infantry. The shore of the island of Brondolo was about to become the scene of new combats. It was to Zeno that the republic still confided the command of its land troops. Unfortunately they were composed of adventurers of different nations, all equally insubordinate and avaricious. In spite of the example of their general, who, in the public distress, would share only in its dangers, this host of foreigners loudly demanded a gratuity, for the payment of which the treasury could furnish only five hundred ducats. Zeno, from his own means, doubled this sum, and appeased the tumult for the time.

The little army which the Venetians had collected at Palestrina, amounted to only eight thousand men. That of the Genoese was reduced to thirteen thousand, of which a portion occupied the town of Chiozza, and the remainder the island of Brondolo, which was joined to that place by a bridge. In order to prevent the Genoese from cutting a passage to the sea across Brondolo, it was necessary to drive them from that island, and to compel them to shut themselves up in Chiozza.

XX. On the 18th of January Zeno

crossed the channel which separates Palustrina from Brondolo. The Genoese who were in the last island stood firm in their intrenchments. The Venetian general, feigning to be disheartened at a fruitless attack, retired with some precipitation. The enemy ran out to pursue him; whereupon he charged them with his small cavalry force, the possession of which gave him a great advantage; and when he saw that the garrison of the place had made a sortie in order to assist them, he rushed upon it with his reserve, and, while a portion of it was still upon the bridge, overthrew it, made a great carnage in its ranks, and forced it to return. He hoped to press the pursuit so vigorously as to be able to enter the town *pêle mêle* with the fugitives. But on the bridge, obstructed as it was by those who were running from Chiozza, and by those who were flying from the island, the disorder was such that the planks bent under the dense crowd; an arch gave way, and many of the Genoese were drowned. Those who remained in the island found themselves without any communication with the town. In this desperate situation they threw themselves into boats in order to gain Chiozza, and some of their number fled even beyond the lagunes. The Venetians attacked ten Genoese galleys which had been stationed near to the shore of Brondolo, under the protection of the intrenchments they had carried. Some of them were set on fire. The Genoese, not being able to save them, endeavored to burn them. Pisani, when he saw the flames, came up with his flotilla, and all that escaped from burning fell into his hands.

This battle cost the Genoese three thousand men, besides six hundred prisoners. The alarm extended itself to Chiozza. Many of their soldiers seized small vessels in which to desert, and to throw themselves on the Paduan shore. Some of their number were so frightened as to attempt to cross the lagunes by swimming. It was a winter night, and they were found dead the next day. This decisive victory rendered the Venetians masters of the island of Brondolo, and shut up the Genoese in the town of Chiozza, where they could still defend themselves, but from whence escape was henceforth impossible, unless by assistance from the sea.

It is easy to understand that such assistance was impatiently expected. The government of Genoa had been informed for more than a month of the difficult position in which its army was placed. On the 18th of January, a fleet of twenty galleys, commanded by Matteo Maruffo, had left Genoa to raise the blockade of Chiozza; and Gasparo Spinola had arrived by land at Padua in order to throw a convoy into that place, of which he was to take the command.

XXI. While the Venetians, transported at their victory, were celebrating it by rejoicings, the soldiers of Zeno, always the more exacting in proportion as they saw their services more necessary, signified to him that they wished for a pay double that which they had agreed to serve for; declaring, that if their demand were not at once complied with they should immediately retire from the service of the republic. The treasury of St. Mark was far from being able to supply this demand. The general, although they had authorized him to promise that which was so imperiously exacted, wished to be prodigal only of his own fortune; and it was from his own means that he purchased the submission of the principal chiefs, who in return imposed silence on the exorbitant pretensions of the others.

This difficulty was not the only one he had to surmount. After having appeased these murmurs, he found it necessary to silence those of the patricians whom the example of the Doge had compelled to serve on board the fleet, but who, little accustomed to maritime war, began to find lengthy a campaign which had lasted for two months. They found themselves retained in the galleys by the oath that Contarini had taken not to return to Venice until after the conquest of Chiozza. They declared that military operations were conducted with too much circumspection. Their disapprobation was particularly manifested when Pisani and Zeno determined upon blockading the place. It might be succored, said the discontented; not to attack with vigor would be tempting the inconstancy of fortune, and an imitation of the fault committed by Doria, to which Venice owed her safety. They said that the two generals were not sufficiently prodigal of their lives. The latter,

however, persisted in their opinion, and made it prevail. It was not the least proof that they gave of their courage, the taking upon themselves the reproach of an event of which the issue might prove contrary to all their hopes. Already some symptoms had shown themselves in the naval force. Taddeo Justiniani believed that he had a right to be jealous of Pisani, and in order to put an end to the unhappy effects of discord, he was detached with twelve vessels. He was ordered to convoy vessels laden with grain, which were expected from Istria and Apulia.

XXII. The blockade being determined upon, they applied themselves to rendering it complete. The fleet of the besieged found itself considerably reduced. Five of their galleys, surprised by the flotilla of Barbadiago, surrendered without fighting. But the greatest inconvenience experienced by the Genoese from their situation, arose from their want of food. Resolved to prolong their defence, they forced all the inhabitants of Chiozza to leave the town. The besiegers could not have the inhumanity to drive back their fellow-citizens into a starving place. They sent them to Venice, where bread was still selling at quadruple its ordinary price. The country of Ferrara, however, furnished some assistance to the capital; but the convoys which came by the lagunes were compelled to pass so near to Chiozza that one of them was captured by the besieged.

This success of the Genoese was followed by another, much more considerable. Gasparo Spinola had been sent from Genoa to Padua to attempt to revictual Chiozza. He threw himself into the place during the night between the 14th and 15th of April, and brought a considerable convoy, which, during two or three months, did more for the defence than the courage of the defenders; and that courage was directed by their new commander, one of the most skilful officers of his age.

In the meanwhile there arrived at Venice a portion of the vessels loaded with corn, which they had expected from the Istrian ports. These vessels, however, had sailed without convoy, and they entered one after another. People were surprised at not seeing the squadron which had been sent to escort them. They reported that Tad-

deo Justiniani had ordered them to Venice at once, and that he was no longer on the Istrian coast, having sailed with his twelve galleys for Apulia, and that he proposed to return with another convoy; and that at the end of the preceding month a portion of that squadron, detached by Justiniani, under the orders of Enrico Dandolo, had surprised the town of Grado, then occupied by the troops of the Patriarch of Aquileia. This convoy was known to be on its way; nevertheless, it did not arrive; and, finally, some ships appeared which announced that the fleet of which they had formed a part, had been dispersed by a tempest. Six galleys had thrown themselves into the port of Ficulano; Justiniani, with the other portion of his squadron, had gained Manfredonia. There he was seen by the Genoese fleet, twenty galleys strong, which had that moment entered the gulf on its way to the relief of Chiozza. The Venetian admiral, wishing to avoid so unequal a combat, ran his galleys ashore, discharged the transports, and placed his crews on land in some hastily-erected intrenchments. But the enemy carried them; Justiniani was made prisoner, and those Venetians who escaped from the combat were compelled to traverse the whole of Italy in order to regain their country. At Ficulano two galleys had been taken, and the other four had fled.

XXIII. This event left no doubt that the fleet of Matteo Maruffo would soon appear; and, in the beginning of May, they saw the Genoese force, which had been reinforced by some galleys from Zara. It presented itself successively before all the passes, without finding one of them accessible. Maruffo sought, by all possible provocations, to draw the Venetians into battle; but the latter, determined not to make the fate of the war depend on the hazard of a battle, remained insensible to all insults, and firm in the port where they confined the besieged, and braved the Genoese admiral. Pisani, however, believed it necessary to remove from the shore, on the 26th of May, with twenty-five galleys; but it appeared that he wished only to scatter the enemy, without fighting, as nothing came of the manœuvre, and some days after, the Venetian fleet resumed its first station. They sailed round Chiozza every day, with various

success; but the magazines of the place were nearly exhausted. Carrara had prepared a convoy of eighty barks, which would have revictualled the town for some time. They were intercepted by the flotilla of Venice. Reduced to the last extremity by the want of food, the besieged, from the tops of their towers, saw, at the mouth of the Brenta, the convoys which were to supply them with abundance, and on the sea the fleet which had come to deliver them; but neither the fleet of Maruffo nor the Paduan boats could reach them. By the aid of signals, however, they communicated with the admiral; and as their industry was equal to their courage, they conceived the project of delivering themselves and gaining the fleet. To do that, it would be necessary to destroy the stockade which closed the pass of Brondolo; but the piles driven in the waters that surround the city would not permit them to go out in their galleys. The Genoese demolished the houses of Chiozza, and with the wood thus obtained they constructed boats, in which, after having removed the piles, they were to attempt to force the pass, attacking it from the side of the lagunes, whilst Maruffo, with his galleys, was to advance from the sea to second and receive them.

XXIV. But while they continued to rely upon their own efforts, they did not disdain to attempt to negotiate. Spinola proposed to return Chiozza to the Doge, on condition that the Genoese fleet and army should be allowed to depart freely. The offer was rejected, the Venetians requiring that the besieged should surrender at discretion; and it only remained for the latter to attempt to make their way through the besieging troops. They had had no difficulty in keeping up intelligence with the foreign soldiers composing the blockading army under Zeno. The demand for double pay was renewed by that soldiery. The general did his best to engage the mercenaries to desist from it. On the 15th of June, he was in the midst of his camp, then in a tumult, exhorting some, reprimanding others, menacing and persuading alternately, when he saw, with extreme surprise, one hundred boats leave Chiozza, row towards the pass of Brondolo, and attempt to remove the piles. He immediately showed to his seditious soldiers that

the enemy was escaping from them, carrying with them all the plunder on which they had counted. He ordered them to form and attack, and advanced himself into the shallows, where the water was up to his shoulders, thus dragging them forward by his example. The lagunes then presented the singular spectacle of an army hazarding itself on board of boats constructed of the remains of houses, and which they were compelled to lift over the piles; the Genoese now in the water, and now in their boats, and the infantry of Zeno advancing into the marshes to charge them. Maruffo presented himself at the same moment to destroy the stockade; but Pisani went to meet him with his flotilla, placed several galleys across the pass in order to prevent access to it, thundered upon the fragile barks that were endeavoring to escape, took twenty-one of them, sank several others, and forced the remainder to return to Chiozza.

The bad success of this attempt left the Genoese without hope. Deprived of drinkable water, after having eaten all the animals in the town, they were compelled to make a broth of old leather and brackish water, their last and only nourishment. Spinola, whose talents and courage were not to be questioned, retired and gained the continent, and left to his lieutenant authority to capitulate. The deputation went on board the flag-ship of the Doge, which was stationed near the town; there they represented that they had often combated the Venetians, but not without having observed the laws of war and of humanity; that they had wished to take away their power, but not their lives; that, for ten months, they had, like courageous men, used every exertion to defend Chiozza, and expected to receive, therefore, the gratitude of their countrymen and the esteem of their enemies; that compelled by famine to put an end to their resistance, they hoped to find in the Venetians that generosity so natural to a valiant nation, and that moderation to which all must be disposed who have proved the inconstancy of fortune. Their property and their ships they did not expect to keep, but to abandon them to the conquerors; but they had deserved not to be despoiled of their arms, and they demanded their lives and liberty. The answer was, that they must surrender

at discretion, and that the question of their life or death would be afterwards deliberated upon.

XXV. This negotiation led to new incidents. The report was spread among the mercenaries that the Venetians were about to receive the enemy to capitulation, and that the town would not be abandoned to pillage. Nothing more was necessary to rekindle the fire of revolt. Zeno and several senators made fruitless efforts to appease the sedition. They promised them an augmentation of pay, but without effect. One captain, named Roberto di Recanati, insulted the general by the boldness of his discourse. The soldiers took their arms, and ran towards the town with the intention of joining the Genoese. Zeno, sword in hand, precipitated himself before them; his energy and exhortations stopped the greater portion of their number, but some of them threw themselves into Chiozza. It was necessary that the signory should formally promise to the rebels a month's double pay, and three days' pillage of a place belonging to the republic. Nor did the matter end here. A plot was formed against the life of Zeno. The following night, the general, advised of this odious conspiracy, assembled the officers, and revealed to them the secret he had learned, and which concerned not less their honor than his life. Several of the captains were brigands, but all men have naturally a horror of assassination. They swore that they had no knowledge of the plot, and loudly demanded the name of the culprit, that they might punish him. Zeno then had Roberto di Recanati arrested, accused him, convicted him of his perfidy, and loading him with irons, sent him on board the flag-ship, where he was the next day hung. This arrest of Roberto occasioned a new rebellion. The soldiers surrounded the tent of the general, and demanded their captain. Zeno, who boldly presented himself before them, was assailed, and owed his life only to his helmet, which turned a blow aimed at him with a sabre. The officers hastened to his assistance, and rescued him. With the aid of some better disciplined companies, they dispersed and punished the rebels. Such was the deplorable condition of a general compelled to command mercenaries, surrounded by more dangers in the midst of his own

camp than in battle, and expecting every minute to witness the escape of that prey which he had kept surrounded for six months. However, on the 24th of June, the besieged raised the signal of distress. They surrendered at discretion, and having opened their gates, Zeno entered the place, which was delivered up to pillage. Nineteen galleys, and 4170 Genoese prisoners, without counting the foreigners, were the fruits of this conquest. Such were the sad remains of that formidable army which had caused Venice to tremble.

XXVI. But the fleet of Maruffo was much stronger than when it entered the Adriatic. It had been increased to thirty-nine galleys, and, in the interval between the 26th of June and the 1st of August, it had taken Trieste and destroyed its citadel, and Arbo, Polo and Cefiro d'Istria. On the 8th of July it appeared before Venice. In that city they were still indulging in the joyful transports excited by the conquest of Chiozza. They praised the magnanimity of the old prince of the republic, who had supported, with an immovable constancy, the perils and fatigues of a campaign of seven months. All this they were suddenly compelled to put an end to. On the 27th, Pisani received orders to sail with twenty galleys, to give chase to the Genoese fleet; but, on the 13th of August, that great man, more commendable even because of his civil actions than for his military exploits, died on board of his flag-ship, after a short illness. The galley which had carried his body to Venice, left that city on the 2d of September, leaving Zeno, his worthy successor, in the command on board. When he had joined the fleet, he conducted it before Zara. He saw in that port the fleet of Maruffo, without being able, in spite of all manner of provocations, to make it come out and accept battle. The place was newly fortified, and the garrison, reinforced by the crews of so large a fleet, was in a condition to sustain a long siege. Zeno established his cruising ground in sight of the port. Unfortunately, the fleet, which had hurriedly left port, was not sufficiently supplied with provisions. Although they had had time to embark food, it was not to be had in Venice, which was exhausted by a famine of ten months. This year had been very

unproductive throughout all Italy. The Venetian fleet, cruising off an enemy's coast, had obtained its supply of provisions by means of transports that went and came between the kingdom of Naples and roads of Zara. But this year, signalized by so many calamities, was still more so by tempests. Several of these convoys were dispersed, some were swallowed up by the waves, and almost all were retarded. The crews suffered the greatest privations; they were compelled, for a fortnight, to live on salted meat, without bread. The storms made the station doubly painful; and the murmurs of the sailors became so loud, that it was not possible to doubt the neighborhood of a mutiny.

XXVII. Zeno, after consulting with his principal officers, wrote to ask permission to return with his fleet to Venice. All the answer he received was an order to lay siege to Marano. This place was situated amid the marshes formed by the mouths of the Tagliamento. Removed almost two leagues from the sea, it communicates with it only by a canal which the reflux of the tide leaves dry. They wished to capture it because it was an offensive position against the states of the Patriarch of Aquileia. Zeno did not hesitate to present himself before it, but he knew the impossibility of the undertaking; and that impossibility was so evident, that the whole force broke out into murmurs against an order which denoted so absolute an ignorance of the localities. With one voice they demanded that sail should be made for Venice, without waiting for authority. The admiral, who would not accede to the demand of his men, determined to do so from his own conviction, preferring rather to encounter the indignation of the senate than to deserve the reproach of having left that fleet to perish which had been confided to his care.

The Venetian government was not accustomed to so much temerity in its generals. As soon as the fleet was seen, two senators went on board of it to forbid Zeno from entering the port, under pain of death. "My life," he replied, "belongs to the republic, and I will devote myself, if it is necessary, willingly incurring disgrace in order to save the fleet. But what then? Have they already forgotten our

last misfortunes? To what were they owing? To the disaster of Pola. And that defeat? To the little regard that was paid to the counsels of the unfortunate Pisani. A winter campaign cost him three-fourths of his crews. We are now in the month of December; we have kept the sea for a long time; tempests have worn out the fleet; the crews are exhausted by privations; they have been a fortnight without bread. I know that it is scarce in Venice, but is it not natural that the army should be admitted to a share of that which can be had? Is it just, in order to get rid of it, to order it on an impracticable enterprise? I am convinced that that expedition will cost you your fleet, and I ask that it be received into port." Three days were passed in messages and deliberations. The senate, much irritated against the admiral, menaced him with its full vengeance; but the murmurs of the sailors gave those senators who visited the fleet to understand, that it would not be safe to insist upon its removal. The people declared in favor of the sailors, and the fleet was finally authorized to enter Venice.

Zeno and his officers were introduced into the senate, in order to give an account there of their conduct. The admiral expressed himself with wisdom, and even moderation; but one of his captains, who could not, like him, listen in silence to the harsh reprimand which was addressed to them, protested against the tyranny of a government which thus outraged its most illustrious defenders, and which obstinately compromised the safety of the country, rather than revoke orders inconsiderately given. This want of respect excited the indignation of the whole assembly. They made Zeno and his captains leave the room, and commenced deliberating on their punishment. Almost all voices were united in support of a proposition to throw them into prison; but the people and the sailors tumultuously surrounded the palace, and announced by their cries their resolution to defend a general who was dear to them.

Zeno re-entered the senate hall without being called there, which bold act was a new crime; they treated him as a rebel. "You have," he said, "an army which has been for a long time victorious, but which

is now exhausted by fatigue and privations. See how indignant you are against it! You loudly accuse it because it has expressed its wants, perhaps demanded its rights. 'Let it perish,' say you, 'provided authority be preserved.' In fact, that authority will be all the more imposing in the eyes of the people and of foreigners, when you shall be stripped of all force. Ah! if such pride would permit it to be, the army would dare to believe that its interest could not be separated from that of the country. As the price of all the blood it has shed, it asks of you only the forgetfulness of fatal passions; it implores you not to compromise the country. If there is any one here with more wounds, let him rise, and proclaim himself to be a better citizen."

Saying these words, he left the hall, in spite of all commands to remain, descended to the piazzetta, passed through the crowds of people, who saluted him with acclamations, entered the church of St. Mark, where he performed his devotions, and retired to his own house.

The favor of the people was so decidedly pronounced, that it was not possible to either punish Zeno or to send away the fleet. The senate deliberated for several days. Finally, in order to reconcile the maintenance of its orders with circumstances, it was decided that the attack on Marano should be renewed; but in place of employing the fleet, they made use of boats, more proper to make the approaches to the place, and Zeno gave a proof of his submission by setting out immediately to direct the enterprise.

He made such remarks on this project as were suggested by his experience, and then he departed with one hundred and fifty barks to attack Marano. He was grievously wounded, yet continued his attacks. Repulsed with loss, he regained his boats only with much difficulty and danger, and was recalled to Venice to be afterwards sent at the head of a fleet to the Grecian seas, where nothing of importance took place.

XXVIII. The Genoese had been compelled to surrender Chiozza; but they had still a numerous fleet in the Adriatic. On the continent, the affairs of the allies were in a much more advanced state, since, for a year, the war in the lagunes had de-

manded all the efforts of the Venetians; nevertheless, Treviso, their principal place, was blockaded, and a prey to famine. During the winter they had proposed negotiations, without any result. The Venetians showed their willingness to make sacrifices, but their concessions had no other effect than to increase the pretensions of their enemies. The signory recalled its ministers, and commenced preparing for a new campaign. Determined to reunite all its means for the increase of its naval force, and believing that it could not preserve the Trevisano, the resolution was taken to abandon it, after a possession of forty-three years. But Venice feared to cede it to so odious a neighbor as the Lord of Padua; and, fearful of aggrandizing him, she offered the province to a still more powerful prince, the Duke of Austria. It was undoubtedly inconvenient to call into her vicinity so redoubtable a sovereign; but his other states were remote, and it would be difficult for him to establish himself solidly in Italy. Besides, it was a point of consequence to withdraw him from that formidable league against which the republic had struggled for three years. The treaty of cession was signed on the 2d of May, 1381. An Austrian army, six thousand strong, immediately entered the province, and gave a just cause for disquiet and vexation to the Lord of Padua. He was compelled to give up the places which he had taken. He put in operation at once all the arts of the weak—false promises, corruption, etc.—to prevent the Duke of Austria from establishing himself in the Trevisano; and he finally succeeded in his design.

A revolution, which, a short time before, had precipitated Joan of Naples from her throne, had drawn the attention of the King of Hungary to that quarter, as the vacant crown had been offered to his nephew, Charles, by the Pope, Urban VI.

The Count of Savoy and the republic of Florence chose this moment to offer themselves as mediators between the signory and its enemies. A congress was assembled. The Venetian ambassadors had not apparently received instructions to procrastinate the negotiations, for the treaty was signed on the 8th of August.

The republic was reduced to its lagunes, having already abandoned Dalmatia and

the Trevisano, and therefore had no cession to make; nor was it in a condition to exact anything. The conditions of peace were: 1. That the Lord of Padua should restore Cavarzeto and Maranzano to the republic, and demolish all the forts he had erected on the borders of the lagunes; that the limits between the principality of Padua and the possessions of the signory should be defined by arbitrators; and, finally, that Carrara should cease to pay all the contributions and taxes that had formerly been exacted from him. 2. That with respect to the Patriarch of Aquileia, all things should remain on the footing which they had occupied previous to the war. 3. That the King of Hungary should abandon his pretensions to the island of Pago, in the gulf of Fiume, agree to close his ports against all corsairs, and renounce salt-making on his coasts. For these concessions, the republic agreed to pay seven thousand ducats during several years, for historians differ as to the duration of this tribute. 4. Finally, relative to the Genoese, it was stipulated that both nations should renounce their commerce at the mouth of the Tanais, in order to avoid all subjects of discord; that each party should retain its conquests; that the island of Tenedos should be evacuated by the Venetians, in order to be held by the Count of Savoy, and that its fortifications should be demolished in two years; that at the end of that time its ultimate destination should be fixed, and that the sum of five hundred thousand ducats should be deposited by each party in the hands of the Florentines, as a security for the execution of the terms of the treaty.

When prisoners were exchanged, the Venetians, who had made 7,200, had only 3,380 to return: 4,000 had perished in the dungeons of Venice. The Genoese, on the contrary, returned almost all theirs.

This peace put an end to the ravages which Zeno had for some time been inflicting on the Ligurian coast; but it was on the point of being broken by the obstinacy of the Venetian governor of Tenedos, who, not being able to persuade himself that the republic had really and sincerely renounced possession of that island, obstinately refused to give it up to the commissioners of the Count of Savoy. It was necessary to menace him, to treat him as a rebel, to put

a price on his head, to send an army to reduce him, to besiege him in form, and at last to admit him to a capitulation. They restored to him all his goods, and indemnified him for his losses. Houses and lands in Candia were assigned to those inhabitants of Tenedos who wished to transport themselves there; to others, who wished to leave the island, and settle at Constantinople, or elsewhere, they paid the value of their personal property. Tenedos was fatal to the Venetians; it had cost them more to surrender it, than it had to capture it. It remained for the government to discharge the debt due to those citizens who had manifested the most devotion to the republic during its dangers.

XXIX. Thirty heads of families were admitted to the great Council. As there can be no purer origin of nobility, I shall mention their names, some of which have since become illustrious. At their head was Giacomo Cavalli, the Veronese general, who during the siege of Chiozza, had commanded the land troops. The others were,—Marco Storlato, artisan; Paolo Trivisano, citizen; Giovanni Garzoni; Giacomo Candolmiere, merchant; Marco Urso, artisan; Francisco Girardo, citizen; Marco Cicogna, apothecary; Antonio Arduino, wine merchant; Raffaini di Carresini, grand chancellor; Marco Paschaligo, citizen; Nicolo Paulo; Pietro Zeukary, grocer; Giacomo Trivisano, citizen; Nicolo Longo, artisan; Giovanni Negro, grocer; Andrea Vendramini, banker; Giovanni Arduino; Nicolo Tagliapietra, artisan; Giacomo Pizzamani, Candiot noble; Nicolo Garzoni; Pietro Penzino, artisan; Giorgio Calerge, Candiot noble; Nicolo Reynieri, artisan; Bartolomo Paruta, furrier; Luigi di Fornese; Pietro Lippomano, citizen; Donato di Porto, artisan; Paolo Nani, grocer; Francisco di Mezzo, artisan; Andrea Zusto, citizen.

When this promotion to the patriciate had been made, there were two descriptions of nobles in Venice. All those who had existed anterior to this decree, formed a class by themselves. Nevertheless, they distinguished among the latter the heroes which, by common consent, ascended to the time of the origin of the republic, and which were known by the name of tribunitian families.

On the 5th of June, 1382, Venice lost Andrea Contarini, who died, exhausted by

age and by the fatigues of a long campaign by sea, of which he had shared all the perils. He was the first doge over whom a funeral oration was pronounced. Contarini, Pisani, and Zeno had had the good fortune, amid the great calamities of their country, to merit her everlasting gratitude. Zeno alone survived this disastrous war. When the question of giving a successor to Contarini came up, the public voice designated Zeno. His name was repeated and invoked by the people. The conclave of electors was formed. Two candidates were presented,—the one was Zeno, and the other was that Micheli Morosini, who during the war had tripled his fortune by his speculations. The suffrages of the electors were united on the latter. He was proclaimed Doge on the 10th of June, 1382, and reigned only four months.

Such was the "War of Chiozza," in the course of which were displayed all those high qualities for which the Italian race has long been renowned. The patriotism exhibited by the Venetians may be advantageously compared with that of the Athenians during the invasion of the Persians, though its consequences were less important to mankind, there being no comparison between Venice, however great as a commercial state, and however much she exceeded transalpine Europe in civilization, and that Ionic community which bore in its bosom that light which was to ulti-

mately illumine the whole earth. Those persons who are continually reading history for the purpose of hunting up proofs of popular ingratitude towards national heroes and deliverers, would do well to read, in the way of corrective, the above chapter from the annals of Venice; for on no occasion has the vice of ingratitude been more signally displayed than in the treatment of Pisani and Zeno. To these men Venice owed her existence. The first, her government disfranchised and imprisoned, because of a disaster that happened as a consequence of its own folly, and restored him to freedom only when impelled so to do by the people's demands. The second may be regarded as the saviour of the republic, and certainly he had the highest merits in every way; yet the oligarchs passed him by, in spite of—perhaps because of—his being the choice of the people and the soldiery, and placed the ducal crown on the head of a base miser, who had seen, in the apparent approaching ruin of his country, only the means of increasing his wealth. Had the American people rejected Washington, and conferred the Presidency on some contractor attached to the revolutionary army, they would have acted in the spirit of the aristocratical electors of Venice. The rejection of Zeno, and the promotion of Morosini, may be placed as an offset to the fine of Miltiades and the banishment of Cimon.—TRANSLATOR.

C. C. H.

THE VENGEANCE OF EROS.

IMITATED FROM THEOCRITUS.

A WOOER very passionate once loved a cruel May—
 Her form was fair beyond compare, but bitter was her way;
 She hated him that loved her, and was unkind for aye,
 Nor did she know how great the god, how perilous his bow,
 How bitter are the shafts he sends on her that is his foe.
 Whene'er they met, whene'er they spoke, immovable was she,
 And gave him not a gleam of hope to soothe his misery.
 No smile her proud lip had for him, no pleasant glance her eye;
 Her tongue would find no word for him, her hand his hand deny.

But as a forest-dwelling beast far from the hunter flies,
 So did she ever treat the wretch : dire scorn was in her eyes ;
 Her lips were firmly set at him, her face transformed with ire,
 And anger paled her haughty brow that used to glow like fire.
 Yet even so to look on she was fairer than before,
 And by her very haughtiness inflamed her lover more ;
 Until so great a blaze of love he could no longer bear,
 But went before her cruel door and wept his sorrows there,
 And kissed the stubborn threshold, and cried in his despair—
 “ O savage girl and hateful ! of no human birth art thou !
 Stone-hearted girl, unworthy love ! I come before thee now
 To offer thee my latest gift—my death—for ne’er again
 Would I incense thee, maiden, more, nor give thee any pain.
 But whither thou hast sentenced me, I go, for there, they say,
 For lovers is forgetfulness, a cure, a common way ;
 Yet not e’en that, the cure of all, my longing can abate.
 I bid these doors of thine farewell, but well I know thy fate.
 The rose like thee is beautiful—in time, it fades away ;
 And beautiful Spring’s violet which withers in a day :
 The lily is exceeding fair ; it falls and wastes anon :
 The snow is white ; it hardens first, and then is quickly gone ;
 And lovely is the bloom of youth, but short-lived is its prime.
 And thou shalt love as I have loved—’twill surely come—that time,
 When thou shalt look within thyself and weep in bitter woe.
 But grant me, love, this last request—one kindness now bestow :
 When thou hast found me hanging dead before thy portal here,
 O pass not by my wretched corse, but stand and drop a tear,
 And loose the cord, and wrap me up in garments of thine own,
 And give one kiss, the first and last that e’er I shall have known.
 And do not fear to kiss the dead—the dead lips will not move ;
 I cannot change to life again, though thou shouldst change to love.
 And hollow out a tomb for me, my hopeless love to hide ;
 Nor go away till thou three times ‘ Farewell, my friend,’ hast cried.
 And if thou wilt, say also this, ‘ My friend was good and brave ;’
 And what I write upon thy wall write thou upon my grave !
 ‘ Love slew the man that lieth here ; wayfarer pass not by,
 But stop and say, A cruel May hath caused him here to lie.’ ”

* * * * *
 The heartless fair came forth at morn, and there her lover hung.
 She nothing said, nor wept a tear that he had died so young.
 Her careless garments brushed the corse that hung before her path ;
 The wonted fountain tempted her, she sought the pleasant bath,
 And braved the god whom she had spurned ; for at that very place,
 A marble Cupid tipped the wave high o’er a marble base.
 The conscious statue toppled prone ; the stream with blood was dyed ;
 The cruel girl’s departing voice came floating on the tide.
 Rejoice and triumph, ye that love ! The god his wronger slew.
 And love, all ye that are beloved ! the god will have his due.

CARL BENSON.

LOUIS XIV. AND HIS COURT.

MISS PARDOE is not unknown in the literary world. First making her *début* as a novelist, then gracefully descending from the realms of romance to lead her readers through the enchanted domains of eastern travel, and now bending over the tomes of history that the silent past may rise in the freshness of present life under the power of her pen, if she has not achieved a permanent renown, at least, like the woman of sacred story, she hath done what she could.

As a novelist, Miss Pardoe's success was below her expectation. As a traveller, she did better, and with the lively powers of observation, the acute perceptions, the nice discrimination and ready wit of her sex, she unfolded to the Christian world more of the hidden mysteries of the social life of Mohammedism, than any writer has done since the days of Mary Wortley Montague. Beyond this, we wish that the series of our praise could be ascending, and that we could add, that as a historian our fair authoress had surpassed all that she had done before. Alas for our gallantry, that we cannot do this. In the scenic splendors of the court of the *grand monarque*; in the personal descriptions of fair women and brave men who revolved for nearly half a century around the most illustrious throne of Europe; in the gorgeous paraphernalia which attracted the attention of the world, blinding the eyes and stupefying the hearts of Christendom to the rottenness beneath; in the brilliant wit, the cultivated taste, the chivalrous demeanor, the haughty bearing, and the high self-esteem which sunk the nation in the court, and the court, as Louis himself styled it, in himself—*L'état, c'est moi!*—no one can enter with more earnestness and eloquence than does Miss Pardoe. But this is not history. To represent the relations in which man exists and the influences to which he is subject with truth and clearness; to give facts, but to give them with all their attendant circumstances, showing both the causes from which they sprung

and the consequences to which they gave rise; to embrace at one view the field to be explored and to give to each point as well its relation to the whole as its own individual worth; is the great object and scope of historical writing. Endowed with the power of the artist, Miss Pardoe can conceive and paint the character of great men and great periods, but she lacks that soundness of judgment which can detect truth through the clouds of falsehood and prejudice. Ready to perceive and prompt to avail herself of prominent points in the characters she delineates, she yet fails to detect the *motives* of conduct, and finds in all semblances what seem to her to be the true exponents of the heart. Extensive in her reading without being thorough, quick to perceive facts but tardy in drawing from them correct conclusions, clear in her vision of what men did, but blind to the reasons which prompted them, vivid in her descriptions but misty in her narrative, acute but never deep, learned but never philosophical, Miss Pardoe's history is always biography, and her biography barely the lineaments of a single expression of the character.

The reign of the fourteenth Louis is still the court wonder of the world. Impoverished under the reign of his predecessor, so that its taste, wealth, and arms had become a bye-word in the world; scarcely resuscitating under the regency of Anne of Austria, who, governed by the astute and wily Mazarin, cared little for any glory to her people, save that which should first illustrate the greatness of her own cabal and perpetuate its power; France under the statesmanship of Louis XIV. rose to a summit of renown with a suddenness, a lustre, and an apparently inextinguishable life, unsurpassed in all ancient history, unequalled in all modern time. How far this is to be attributed to the wisdom of the ruler, how far to the energy of the people, must always remain matter of question. So much only is certain, that the measures of Louis XIV., from the time

when, banishing all usurpants of the first power from his councils, after the death of Mazarin, and wielding his sceptre under the government of his own will alone, to the hour when the nation arrived at the acme of its glory, sanctioned and enforced as they were by the energy and loyalty of an undivided public sentiment, contributed directly and constantly to the elevation and glory of his reign, and to the dignity and power of his people. We do not propose to consider the philosophy of those measures, nor the results which followed them. A brief sketch of the times of the great king and of the principal events which happened at the French court during his reign, is all we can attempt in the present article.

The life of Louis XIV. is easily divided into three epochs. Governed during the first by his mother, during the second by his mistresses, and during the third by Madame de Maintenon, there seems never to have been a time through his whole life, when he was not a passive subject to the whims and caprices, or an earnest believer in the intelligence and policy, of the female sex. He wept with the bitterness of childhood when he first found himself at variance with his mother, though at the time he was nearly arrived at the maturity of manhood. He shut himself within his room, refusing all consolation, and resigning himself to the deepest melancholy, because his passion for Mademoiselle d'Hendecourt had not been returned with equal ardor. Passionately fond of jewels, for the possession of which he deemed no sacrifice too great, he submitted almost without a word to be defrauded of a crown of diamonds, lest the honor of a favorite mistress should be compromised in the robbery. And in his old age, when his unbroken will had acquired an iron strength by long years of success, and his haughty spirit would brook neither hindrance nor restraint from his ablest ministers, he daily sought the advice of Madame de Maintenon, listened to her counsels, and transacted no important business except in her presence, and when she was ill, in her bed-chamber. It is but justice to his character to add to this, that, strongly bent as were all his predilections for the society, conversation and advice of the gentler sex, there was never a time, when, upon all bu-

siness of state, he did not entertain an independent opinion of his own, nor an occasion when he did not openly avow and earnestly enforce it.

Louis XIV. was born on the sixth day of September, 1638. For twenty-two years the beautiful Anne of Austria, his mother, had been the wife of Louis XIII., without issue. For this cause, and from the bitter jealousy with which the King had regarded her successive attachments to Monsieur, his brother, to Richelieu, and above all, to the gay and accomplished Buckingham, during his brief visit at the French court—attachments which seem to have been merely the sentimental flirtations common in that day—there had been no friendly intercourse between them for many years. They lived in separate palaces, held separate courts, and created around themselves separate attachments and interests. On the evening of the 5th of December, 1637, while returning from a visit to his old favorite, Mademoiselle de la Fayette, who had recently retired to a convent and assumed the name of sister Angelica, being overtaken by a sudden storm, Louis XIII. ordered his coachman to drive to the Louvre, where he immediately ushered himself into the presence of the Queen. He was received with undisguised astonishment and gratification, and, from that time until the death of Louis XIII. in 1643, Anne of Austria became alike the wife of the king and the queen of the nation.

The childhood of Louis XIV. was much of it passed in the midst of domestic dissension. The wars of the Fronde, commencing soon after the death of his father, and continuing through many years of the regency of Anne of Austria, desolated the fairest portions of the country. Mazarin, odious to the people from his foreign birth, and still more odious from his sordid avarice and oppressive taxation, attempting to incarcerate those members of parliament who were foremost in refusing to register the edicts of the regent, excited against himself a storm of civil commotion. In the shiftings of that body, vacillating between court influence and popular favor, François de Bachaumont, the epigrammist of the day, remarked in his place, that the parliament was like the schoolboys playing on the Boulevards with slings, (*fronde*;)

they dispersed at the sight of a police officer, but collected again as soon as he was out of sight. The comparison pleased, and the enemies of Mazarin thenceforth adopted hat cords in the form of a fronde, and were therefore called Frondeurs. Headed by Cardinal de Retz, one of the most remarkable men of his day, supported by princes of the blood, and claiming among its leaders the first noblemen of the realm, with the parliament to advise on the one hand and the people to approve on the other, the wars of the Fronde deluged France in blood, driving her husbandmen to the sword, and turning into a desert her most fertile champagnes.

The education of Louis XIV. and his brother, the Duke d'Anjou, was committed to Archbishop Pérefixe, under the supervision of Mazarin. The natural disposition of the two brothers was altogether dissimilar, and the wily cardinal developed their hereditary traits with studious care. Louis was vigorous, firm, resolute, quick in his sensibilities, jealous of his rights, eager in his attachments, inflexible in his purposes, and violent in his resentments. His boyhood was, in short, the epitome of his after manhood. The Duke d'Anjou, on the contrary, was mild, effeminate, yielding; gentle in his disposition, forgiving in his temper, vacillating in his purposes, and weak in his understanding. The education of the two boys served to develop their natural traits, Louis was taught to command; the Duke d'Anjou to obey. Louis was encouraged in all manly sports; the Duke d'Anjou in those that were effeminate. Louis played with the drum, the sword, the musket, and the epaulette; the Duke d'Anjou with the toys of girls. In their little dramas, Louis enacted the man; no matter how many other characters might be required in the play, the Duke d'Anjou assumed a woman's part. "He was," says Mademoiselle de Montpensier, "the prettiest child in the world, gentle and quiet in his sports, while Louis delighted in handling arms, and drumming upon the windows and tables." As a specimen of his early character, Miss Pardee relates the following story:

"The king and children of honor were in the habit of exchanging trifling presents, and De Lomenie having on one occasion delighted

his royal play-fellow by some gift, and being desirous to amuse himself with a cross-bow which was just then in favor with Louis, the latter consented in return to lend him the coveted plaything; but, anxious to repurchase it, eventually held out his hand to take it back, when Madame de Senecy observed: 'Sire, kings give what they lend.' Upon which, Louis, desiring his young companion to approach, said calmly: 'Keep the cross-bow, De Lomenie. I wish that it were something of more importance, but such as it is, I give it you with all my heart.'"

Louis learned little from books of his teacher, the policy of Mazarin not admitting the mental progression of his young sovereign. In all that related to his physical development he was zealous; nor was he less willing to encourage the incipient vanity which betrayed itself in the actions and bearing of Louis; his haughtiness and his egotism met with no rebuke: it was the intellect, not the passions or the bodily strength of the prince which he desired to cripple; he was willing he should mount the triumphal car, provided the reins remained in his own hands, and to insure this, it was necessary that he should be incapable of grasping them. Louis, however, ignorant of literature as he was in early life, learned much from observation. The quick shifting scenes of the war of the Fronde, the stirring events which it produced, the various characters it brought into action, and the rise and fall of individuals with whom he was often brought into contact, made a deep impression upon his mind, so that at the age of thirteen years, when he ascended the throne, though ignorant of much that a king ought to know, he was already a shrewd observer of character, and skilled beyond his years in a knowledge of mankind.

From the year 1651, until his death in 1661, Mazarin held the reins of government. Though nominally king of the realm, Louis never adventured upon the supreme power, which he ever afterwards asserted, until the decease of the cardinal. During these ten years, no one, not even his mother, suspected the strongest elements of his character, which after circumstances developed. Precocious in his fondness for the female sex, vain of his personal appearance, and frivolous in his objects of pursuit, his whole time was spent in new

and ever-varying pleasures, into which the new court was plunged. As one new fancy chased another in this round of voluptuous enjoyment, and as each fair face and graceful form received in its turn the homage of the young ruler, the most acute observer could have detected little in the court, that augured of future greatness, either to the crown or the people.

During this period Corneille was at the height of his fame, and Molière just presenting his comedy entitled *Etourdi* upon the stage at Lyons. Attracted by the praises which were resounding to his talents as a new dramatist, Louis invited the parvenu comedian to Paris. Wearied with being a mere spectator of these public exhibitions, Louis began to cause them to be composed for the express purpose of being enacted by himself, his brother, and the principal ladies and nobles of the court. Exulting in the applause which he gained, in which the Duke d'Anjou, who from his extreme beauty invariably represented a female character, shared equally with himself, and unchecked by his mother or the minister, each of whom, bent upon their own schemes of personal aggrandizement, cared little to divert the attention of the king from the frivolous pursuits he was following, Louis devoted almost his whole time to committing his parts and enacting them before the court. To those who are acquainted with the French drama of that day, the mingled absurdity and labor of this employment will be most apparent. Sometimes assuming the character of a Mars or an Apollo, sometimes descending to enact the part of a Driad or a Fury, the young king came near being shipwrecked upon the shoals of a miserable folly, or a more miserable buffoonery. He had within himself, however, a sense of native dignity and a sensibility to ridicule, which saved him. In the play of *Britannicus*, hearing the verse in which it is said of Nero as a reproach, *Il excelle à se donner lui-même en spectacle aux Romains*, he declared he would never again dance in public, and he kept his word.

Among the bevy of court beauties who surrounded the throne, was Olympia de Mancini, a niece of Cardinal Mazarin. Already had the minister obtained for two of his nieces the most desirable matches

in the kingdom, and this, the third, more beautiful than either of her sisters, was no mean aspirant for the honors of a new matrimonial alliance. Accomplished beyond her years, gentle, pious, and affectionate to the queen-mother, but full of life, coquetry and repartee with the young noblemen of the court, she had become a universal favorite in the palace. Louis, then eighteen years old, full of susceptibility to the charms of the sex, and ardent in his attachments, had shown the fair Italian for many months pointed and constant attentions, and being the observed of all observers, had excited thereby the remark of all the court. Whether the heart of Olympia de Mancini was really touched by the admiration of the king, or her vanity only pleased, it is certain that she discarded all other admirers, and gave her whole powers of pleasing to the benefit of her royal lover. Her dream of future greatness was destined to be suddenly broken. The decease of her mother, whom she tenderly loved, had filled the hearts of the whole Mancini family with mourning. During the first burst of her sorrow, the young king had essayed in the tenderest manner to assuage her grief, and had even shut himself within his rooms, in token of deep mourning. But with the morrow came the love of excitement and pleasure; the king left his rooms for a hunt in the forest in the morning, and a dance in the ballet at evening. The belief in the love of one who could so soon forget her in her grief was quickly lost, and before the days of her mourning were ended, Olympia de Mancini had accepted the hand of the Count de Soissons.

The nuptial ceremonies followed soon after in great magnificence. At the wedding, another niece of the cardinal appeared upon the stage, Mary de Mancini, a younger sister of the bride, just emerged from a convent, where she had received her education. During the performance of a piece of music by an Italian choir, who were then singing for the first time in the palace, the notice of Louis was attracted towards the young girl, standing by herself apart from the rest, listening, entranced by rich sounds of melody, such as she had never before heard. Seeking an immediate presentation to the fair novice, who shrank timidly from the presence

of the handsome king, he was delighted with the charms of her conversation, and the brilliancy of her powers of repartee. In fact, Mary de Mancini was one of the most remarkable women who ever graced a court. With a face attractive to all without being beautiful; a person which, even then, gave its early promise of what its maturity was to be; an eye of such liquid lustre that it revealed beyond words the emotions of the heart; a bearing which was the result of a nature guided by grace, and a voice capable of such clear and soft expression that it enchanted all listeners; Mary de Mancini possessed in addition a genius, great, substantial and extensive, subjected to thorough discipline, and capable of the grandest conceptions. She conversed with great ease and elegance; wrote readily and correctly in prose or verse; discussed with equal zeal and intelligence a work of romance or a state dispatch; sustained an argument or related an anecdote with equal piquancy; was equalled in the causticity of her wit only by the kindness of her disposition, and informed herself upon all matters with an apparent intuition, which it cost others the severest labor to acquire. Unlike all of her sex in the style of her beauty as well as in the powers of her mind, whom he had hitherto known, and immeasurably their superior in qualities of character and heart, Louis, at first attracted by curiosity, soon conceived a respect for the young Italian he had never before felt for his favorites. As the intimacy increased, the young girl, conscious of her mental superiority, conversed with the king in a manner more free and open than others had ever dared to do. From her lips he learned his deficiencies and repaired them; from the stores of wisdom which she possessed, he found his own ignorance, and was impelled to overcome it. Charmed with the powers of her mind, grateful for her never-ceasing interest in his improvement, and filled with profound respect for the virtues of a mind and heart, which, though emulated by all, could never be excelled, for the first time in his life Louis sincerely and earnestly loved. So great an influence had the pure-minded girl obtained over him, that he could not bear to be out of her presence, and during her temporary absences from the palace, was un-

easy and melancholy until she returned. In the morning hunt, his horse was ever by the side of hers, while the courtiers were scattered through the forest in pursuit of the game. In the presence-chamber, after the presentation ceremonies; at the ballet; in the royal games; at the dinner-table; during the sojourns of the court from the capital, Mary de Mancini was the acknowledged and unrivalled favorite of the young sovereign, stimulating him forward in his purposes of good, and listening with a full heart to his impassioned eloquence of love.

Meanwhile, Anne of Austria could not suppress her alarm on perceiving that no amusement, however novel or exciting, could for an instant divert the affections of the king from Mary de Mancini; and while she resolved to conceal her uneasiness upon the subject from the cardinal, she nevertheless continued to urge him to greater exertions in the negotiations for the royal marriage; and was painfully startled upon one occasion, when she had been expressing her anxiety for the establishment of her son, to hear him allude with a laugh to the report which had been promulgated, that Louis XIV. contemplated a marriage with his niece, who he declared must be weak indeed, should she place any faith in the pledges of a sovereign of twenty years of age; but he nevertheless jested at the idea in a tone which, to the excited fears of the queen, appeared rather meant to elicit her own sentiments than to condemn the ambition of Mary; and she accordingly hastened to reply coldly and haughtily that she could not believe the king would be capable of so unbecoming an act; but that, were it possible he could entertain such a thought, she warned his eminence that the whole of France would revolt against both him and his minister, while she would herself head the rebellion and induce the Duke d'Anjou to imitate her.

Meanwhile the king was attacked with the scarlet fever so violently, as to cause considerable apprehension for his life. In this emergency Louis gained the soothing conviction that a portion at least of the homage he received came from the hearts of those who tendered it. The queen at once announced her intention of retiring to Val-de-Grâce in the event of his death;

and his brother refused to leave his bedside, although assured that the disease was contagious; while Mary de Mancini, who was refused the entrance of his chamber, spent hours of anguish which were only solaced by the messages that passed between the royal invalid and herself through the medium of a confidential attendant. The Count de Guiche and the Prince de Marsillac were his constant companions; and, encouraged by their devotion, the young sovereign exerted himself to contend against the suffering by which he was prostrated alike in body and in mind.

This sympathy was, however, by no means general. Individual interests were involved in his danger, which proved more powerful than attachment to his person; and the example of worldly prudence was set by the cardinal himself, who, on the tenth day after the king's attack, aware that he had nothing to hope from the Duke d'Anjou, dismantled his apartments of all their precious contents, and during the night dispatched his statues, his paintings, and his money to Vincennes, with an order that they should be deposited in one of the vaults of the fortress; after which he made advances to the Marshal Duplessis, the governor of the prince, and to the Count de Guiche, his favorite, in the hope of making better terms with *Monsieur*, should the evil which was anticipated indeed take place.

During this time, the saloon that joined the sick-chamber, which only a day or two previously scarce sufficed to contain the throng of courtiers by which it was crowded, became almost deserted. The hourly bulletin, which was posted over the fire-place, attracted from time to time the anxious eye of a noble, but the visit was a brief one; for the atmosphere breathed of contagion, and there were, as we have shown, few at court who were willing to subject themselves to its influence.

Meanwhile, all was dismay and despair in the sick-chamber of the young king; the sacraments had been administered to him without eliciting one token of consciousness; and the priests, superseding the courtiers in his private apartments, were chanting the funeral anthems in saloons from which the decorations of the last festival had not yet been removed.

His final recovery is, indeed, attributed to an empiric, who, learning that the court physicians had renounced all hope of saving his life, was furtively introduced to his bedside by Mary de Mancini and his nurse; and who, after having examined him with great attention, seated himself familiarly on the bed, exclaiming, "The lad is very ill, but he will not die of it."

"The prediction was verified; the directions of this singular physician were scrupulously obeyed; and the young king, who had been about to exchange the brilliant throne of the Louvre for the sombre vaults of St. Denis, rapidly progressed towards convalescence; and so soon as it was ascertained beyond all doubt that the danger was at an end, the queen directed the Prince de Marsillac to wait upon the Duc d'Anjou and communicate the joyful intelligence. Couriers were immediately dispatched to Paris and into all the provinces, to announce the happy event, and meanwhile Louis, prostrated by the voluptuous languor which so constantly succeeds violent and dangerous illness, found his best and most welcome resource in the conversation and care of Mary de Mancini, who seized so favorable an opportunity of introducing him to the literature of France and Italy, the delights of poetry, and the engrossing study of history. 'He amused himself by reading entertaining books during that period of leisure,' says the author of *Siècle de Louis XIV.*, 'and particularly in reading them with Mary de Mancini, who, like her sisters, was full of intellect. He was partial to verses and romances, which, depicting gallantry and heroism, secretly flattered his propensities.'

Alarmed by these increasing demonstrations of love, the queen-mother continually urged upon Mazarin the necessity of hastening the negotiations for the marriage of the king. Disappointed in his hopes of obtaining an alliance for Louis with the Spanish crown, the cardinal had made proposals to the Princess Marguerite of Savoy, and the royal family removed to Lyons for the purpose of bringing Louis into contact with the bride elect. The preliminaries, however, had scarcely been settled, when a courier arrived from the King of Spain, proposing new terms of alliance between the crowns. Mazarin's policy had been successful: the existing negotiations with Marguerite were broken up; and Maria Theresa, the daughter of Philip IV., became the queen expectant of the King of France. From this time until the following spring, active preparations were made for the royal marriage. At

the appointed time, the two courts met at a small town upon the borders of the two kingdoms, to witness the marriage ceremony, and seal the bond of amity between the rival crowns.

It is not possible, within the bounds of a single article, to dwell upon the lofty etiquette and gorgeous ceremony of the royal nuptials. Maria Theresa, now the queen of France, possessed many qualities of head and heart which rendered her worthy of the throne she shared. Mild, gentle, lovely, uncontaminated by morals such as she found in the new court to which she came, and full of love to her royal husband, she deserved the scriptural honor of a virtuous woman, "that the heart of her husband should fully trust in her." Nor was she wanting in personal attractions. "The Infanta," says Madame de Motteville, "is short, but well made; we admired the extreme fairness of her complexion; her blue eyes appeared to us to be fine, and charmed us by their softness and brilliancy; we celebrated the beauty of her mouth, and of her somewhat full and roseate lips. To speak the truth, with more height and handsome teeth, she would deserve to be estimated as one of the most beautiful persons in Europe."

The novelty of the ceremonies appeared for a time to absorb the heart of Louis. Elevated by the renown which now first filled his soul with the love of kingly power; gratified by the splendor which accompanied the nuptial ceremonies; and proud of an alliance which shadowed forth the future greatness of his reign; Louis found enough in the first possession of his royal bride, to please his fancy and satisfy his ambition. Anne of Austria, relieved of her fears lest her son should tarnish the lustre of his crown by an ignoble marriage, rejoiced in the possession of a daughter whose blood boasted as noble descent as her own. Mazarin, fortunate beyond his utmost hopes, in securing provinces to the crown and peace to the nation, by the consummation of the Spanish alliance, felt himself more than ever securely seated in power, and sure of favor from the king and the kingdom.

In the midst of the plaudits of the people, welcomed by every demonstration of satisfaction and gladness, Louis, attended

by his courtiers, returned to Paris, and led his blooming bride into the presence-room of the palace. Beauty and wealth and royal splendor united to do him honor. As he passed around the room, receiving the smiles of loveliness and the homage of noble blood, he met Mary de Mancini, compelled against her will, by the place she occupied, to be present at the ceremony. As her name was mentioned, the king bowed without one vestige of emotion, or sign of recognition, and with a condescending indifference, that told a thousand fold more than words could do, passed on to salute other ladies who stood around the queen.

"On the morrow, pale, cold and tearless, Mademoiselle de Mancini drove to Vincennes, where she announced to the cardinal that she was ready to give her hand to the Prince Colonne, provided the marriage took place immediately, and he wrote without an hour's delay, to ask the consent of the king. Mazarin, delighted thus to have carried his point after having despaired of success, at once promised to comply with her wishes; and Mary returned to Paris, as self-sustained as she had left it, although perhaps not without a latent hope that her resolution would awaken some return of affection in the breast of Louis—induce some remonstrance—elicit some token of remembrance.

"Again, however, she was the victim of her own hope. The royal consent was granted without a single comment, accompanied by valuable presents which she dared not decline; and Mary walked to the altar as she would have walked to the scaffold, carrying with her an annual dower of a hundred thousand livres, and perjuring herself by vows which she could not fulfil.

"Her after career we dare not trace. Suffice it, that the ardent and enthusiastic spirit which would, had she been fated to happiness, have made her memory a triumph for her sex, embittered by falsehood, wrong and treachery, involved her in errors over which both charity and propriety oblige us to draw a veil; and if all Europe rang with the enormity of her excesses, much of their origin may surely be traced to those who, after wringing her heart, trampled it in the dust beneath their feet."

During the year 1661, within less than a twelvemonth after the marriage of the king, Mazarin the prime minister died. He was a man of pre-eminent abilities, of sagacious forecast, of great learning, and unequalled in his age for his wonderful powers of diplomacy. History, however,

has branded him as an ambitious statesman and a dishonest man. The fact that, during a period of thirty-one years, from 1630, when he first emerged from obscurity, to 1661, at his death, he had amassed a fortune of more than two hundred millions of livres, and that only through his control over the public treasury, is of no mean significance. In fact the extent of his wealth was never known, Colbert, his secretary, having revealed to the king shortly after his death places of concealment of more than fifteen millions of ready money, which he had not specified in his will.

The death of Mazarin became the turning point in the character of Louis XIV. Instead of opening new avenues to distinction for the ministers and chief men of the realm, it abolished the office which he had held, and made each subordinate responsible to the king alone. To the president of the ecclesiastical assembly, who immediately waited upon his Majesty to ascertain to whom he should address himself in future upon questions of public business, Louis promptly replied, "*To myself.*" He was now twenty-three years of age, apparently absorbed in the pleasures of court life, earnest in his pursuit of the baubles which surround a throne, careless of the good of his people, and the slave of his own passions; and yet from that day forth, the handsomest man in Europe, who had grown up in perfect ignorance, with a heart full of romantic gallantry, devoted eight hours of each day sedulously to business and the acquisition of information. In the outset, the courtiers doubted, the ministers gravely shook their heads, the beauties of the court, who had long known where the weakness of Louis lay, laughed scornfully, and the chefs de bureaux, plodding over long columns of figures, looked incredulous and smiled; but the event proved them all to be mistaken. The first age of Louis the Fourteenth had passed, and the boy had become a monarch and a man.

But though the habits of Louis were changed, it would be a great error to suppose that his character had changed with them. *That* neither the morals of the age nor his own principles demanded. Regular and even strict in the performance of his duties, punctilious to a nicety

in demanding in matters of business all that from others which he required from himself; devout, methodical, accurate; accessible to his ministers, and, at stated times, to the people; master of his own household and the realm; seeking for purity in the administration of justice, honesty in the control of the public purse, and diligence in the discharge of civil business; the love of romantic gallantry, that grand characteristic of the age, had never lost its power over his heart. For a short space only had the quiet charms of Maria Theresa satisfied the monarch. The opera, the soirée, and the evening ballets, where bevy of fair women vied in displaying charms to which homage was never wanting, better pleased him after the laborious cares of the day, than the quiet boudoir of the queen. The manners of the time sanctioned the *liaisons* which obtained among the gentry and nobility all over the nation, and there were few among the loveliest of the court ladies, who would not have preferred a splendid and scarce doubtful reputation of intrigue with the handsome king, than whom none better knew the avenues to a woman's heart, to the ridicule with which prudery and even virtue was assailed wherever it was met. The taste of Louis was faultless. The reputation of his court for elegance and grace was unrivalled throughout Europe. He loved with enthusiasm, and expressed his sentiments of affection with tenderness and dignity. And much as we may deprecate the morals of an age, which exalted seduction to a virtue, and branded chastity as a crime, we must not forget, that the culture of these very sentiments of gallantry did more to soften the manners, elevate the opinions, purify the affections, and refine the taste of a gross and barbarous age, than all other causes combined. It may have been the small seed of good, vivifying and growing in the midst of thorns of evil; it may have been—when is it not?—the overruling providence of Omnipotence making the wickedness of man conducive to general weal—

"From seeming evil still educing good."

But it is none the less true, that, looking no farther than second causes, beyond which human sagacity goes not, the gal-

lantry of the court of Louis XIV. produced the civilization of Western Europe.

The four years succeeding the death of Mazarin were among the most splendid of the reign of Louis XIV. France, at peace with all the world, started into the growth of healthy and vigorous youth. Her people, rising from the crushing influence of domestic dissensions and foreign broils, spread themselves over her wasted fields, enriching the meadows with joyous labor, and gladdening the hill-sides with gardens and vineyards. Her handicraft sped in the workshop and at the loom. The hum of earnest toil came up from the artisans of her hamlets and cities. Her products found remuneration in the most distant lands, and the ships of her commerce began again to return laden from foreign seas. The throne seemed for once to rest upon the affections of the people, and everything around it united to give it splendor. The civil wars had called forth men of talent and energy, who made the national glory and the splendor of the king, the object of their exertions. Statesmen and generals, savans and ecclesiastics gave vigor and taste to the public mind, and added new lustre to the throne.

During these years, prompt and regular at his routine of business, with which nothing was allowed to interfere, the young king devoted his leisure wholly to a career of pleasure. The queen, naturally taciturn, and averse to the frivolities of a court life, resolutely refused to become a sharer in his amusements. Rigid in the performance of her religious duties, between which and the queen-mother she divided most of her waking hours, and more retiring in her habits than was consistent with her rank, the loss of the illusion which rendered the period of her marriage a proud and triumphant dream, was mourned with bitter tears. Though the difference in their habits had undoubtedly produced the increasing coldness of the king, yet the truth that he had never loved her, and that his heart was constantly bestowed upon other and less deserving objects, began to break upon her mind, and to embitter her existence. The birth of a dauphin did indeed for a time reclaim the king from his mad pursuit of pleasure, and turn his affections towards herself; but the interval was brief as it was bright, and ever after-

wards, for a period of more than twenty years, until the time of her death, the proud daughter of Philip IV., forsaken by her husband, pined in solitude over the delusive dreams and broken vows of her unhappy marriage.

Chief among those upon whom the affections of Louis were lavished during the early years of his married life, and who, in fact, despite her unfortunate career, possessed many virtues of character and life, loving the king with her whole heart, and faithful to his interests in every trial, was Louise Françoise de la Baume de Blanc, daughter of Marquis de la Valière, a man of rank and reputation. A young and inexperienced girl, introduced to the palace as maid of honor, and regarding the king almost as an object of idolatry, there can be no wonder that she yielded to the temptations which surrounded her. The attentions of the king seem to have been, in the outset, nothing more than the gratification of a passing fancy for one, whom he chanced to have overheard expressing herself to her companions in terms of exaggerated eulogium upon his merits; but, as the acquaintance increased, finding within her deep resources of love and feeling, for which he sought in vain among the more splendid beauties of the court, his affections were awakened, until at last he lavished upon her the whole wealth of his heart.

For more than five years, Mademoiselle de Valière was the favorite of the king. This unusual constancy is to be attributed doubtless more to the opposition which the *liason* excited among the members of the royal household, than to any other cause.

Miss Pardoe relates the following incident, which we copy in illustration of this:

"Shortly after this event, the unfortunate La Valière sacrificed her reputation to her ardent passion for the king; but her remorse was so great, that, far from parading her disgrace, as most of those around her would have done, she was so prostrated by shame, as to absent herself, so far as her court duties would permit, from all society; and the agony of her repentance was so violent as to occasion much embarrassment to her royal lover; while the reproaches of the queen-mother, and the deep melancholy of Maria Theresa, added to his annoyance. The young queen had reluctantly admitted the conviction of this new misfortune

but two incidents soon occurred which robbed her even of the equivocal happiness of doubt.

"A young valet-de-chambre of the king, named Valloc, had invented a species of interlude, consisting of dialogues, interspersed with dances, which obtained great favor at court, where they were enacted by all the principal persons of the royal circle, including Louis himself. On a particular occasion one of these interludes, of which the king had prompted the subject, was represented in the queen's apartments; and the boldness with which it shadowed forth the love of the monarch for La Valière was so great that, long ere its conclusion, a score of whispers had identified the characters, and she herself retired to her chamber, trembling at its probable effect upon those whom it was so well calculated to wound.

"A few days only passed over ere she was summoned to the presence of the queen-mother, and the circumstance was so unusual that Louise hesitated whether she should obey without previously consulting the king. A second messenger, however, urging her to hasten, left her no alternative; and with a sinking heart she was ushered into the apartment of Anne of Austria, whom she found closeted with *Madame*. There was an expression of triumph playing about the lip of the princess, which at once convinced *Mademoiselle de la Valière* that she was summoned on no indifferent subject, and one glance at the clouded brow of the queen-mother confirmed her in her conviction. Her fears had not outrun the truth. Coldly, haughtily, and peremptorily, Anne of Austria declared her dismissal from the court, adding that she was immediately to return whence she came, and that *Madame de Choisy* would conduct her to her house.

"The unhappy girl staggered back to her room almost unconsciously. A full conviction of the disgrace she had brought upon herself bowed her to the dust. She was about to be ignominiously driven from the court, to meet her mother as a guilty and condemned wretch, to whom the whole world was now only one wide desolation; while, at intervals, the idea that she was to be forever separated from the king dried her tears with the scorching fever of despair. No one intruded upon her solitude throughout the day, and she gave a free course to the anguish by which she was oppressed; but with the twilight Louis entered her apartment, and, finding her exhausted with weeping, insisted on learning the cause of her distress. Anxious though she was that he should know all, she shrank from exciting the storm which she was well aware must follow, and she persisted in withholding her secret, despite the entreaties, reproaches, and even threats of the king, who, eventually, displeased by her pertinacity, rose from her side, and without uttering another word, left the room.

"As he disappeared, *Mademoiselle de Valière*

sank back tearless and hopeless. She was now, indeed, alone; for even he for whom she had suffered had abandoned her, and hours went by before she again ventured to lift her head. After a time, however, she remembered that a compact had once been made between herself and her royal lover, that in the event of any misunderstanding, a night should not be suffered to elapse without a reconciliation. Her heart again beat more freely. He would not fail her; he could not forget his promise; he would write to tell her that his anger against her was at an end. And so she waited and watched, and counted every hour as it was proclaimed by the belfry of the palace; but she waited and watched in vain; and when, at length, after this long and weary night, the daylight streamed through the silken curtains of her chamber, she threw herself upon her knees, and praying that God would not cast away the victim who was thus rejected by the world, she hastened with a burning cheek and tearless eye to collect a few necessary articles of clothing, and throwing on her veil and mantle, rushed down a private stair-case and escaped into the street. In this distracted state of mind, she pursued her way to Chaillot, and reached the convent of the sisters of St. Mary, where she was detained a considerable time in the parlor; but at length the grating was opened, and a portress appeared, who, on her request to be admitted to the abbess, informed her that all the community were at their devotions, and could not be seen by any one.

"It was in vain that the poor fugitive entreated, and asserted her intention of taking the vows; she could extort no other answer; and the portress withdrew, leaving her sitting upon a wooden bench, desolate and heart-struck. For two hours she remained motionless, with her eyes fixed upon the grating, but it continued closed; even the dreary refuge of this poor and obscure convent was denied to her—even the house of religion had barred its doors against her. She could bear up no longer; from the previous morning she had not tasted food; and the fatigue of body and anguish of mind she had undergone, combined with this unaccustomed fast, had exhausted her slight remains of strength; a sullen torpor gradually overcame her faculties, and eventually she fell upon the paved floor, cold and insensible.

"Early in the morning the king was informed of the disappearance of *Mademoiselle de Valière*; and he had no sooner learned the fact than he hastened to the Tuilleries to question *Madame*, who either was, or affected to be, utterly ignorant of her fate. Nor was he more fortunate in his inquiries of the queen-mother, who, while she declared her inability to give him the information that he sought, reproached him with his want of self-command, remarking that he had no mastery over himself.

"It may be so," he exclaimed, goaded by

her words; 'but if I cannot control myself, I shall at least know how to control those who outrage me.'

"As yet he had obtained no clue to the retreat of his mistress; but Louis was not to be discouraged, and he adopted such efficient measures as, ere long, led him to a knowledge of the convent to which the unhappy fugitive had been seen to bend her steps. In another instant he was on horseback, and followed by a single page, galloped off in the direction of Chaillot, where, as no warning had been given of his approach, the grating remained inhospitably closed, and he found the wretched girl still stretched upon the pavement.

"It was long ere Louise was aware whose tears were falling fast upon her face, and whose hands had clasped her own. After a time, however, she recognized the king, and at length was enabled to confide to him the secret of her flight, and to implore him to leave her free to fulfil the resolution she had formed; but Louis was deaf to her entreaties, and finally succeeded in inducing her to pardon the past, and to return. It was not without compunction that she suffered herself to be persuaded, but her passion for the king ultimately triumphed over her scruples; and the page was dispatched for a carriage.

"It was with considerable difficulty that the king prevailed on *Madame* to restore Valière to her place in the household; but he was firm in his determination; and eventually, although with a reluctance which she made no attempt to disguise, she consented to his wishes; when, regardless of the manner of the concession, Louis thanked her for her compliance, and hastened to inform the anxious maid of honor of the success of his suit."

Through many troubles, *Mademoiselle de Valière* thenceforth remained an inmate of the palace. Publicly recognized after this as the favorite of the king; created at length a duchess; her children legitimized by an act of parliament and taken under the special superintendence of the king; and with princely wealth lavished upon her family for many years, *La Valière* found no cause of complaint against anything beyond her own heart. But such a state of things was destined to change. Long before he would permit her to leave the palace, she became convinced that her power over the affections of her royal lover was fast diminishing, and that another and happier beauty was profiting by the change. After years of neglect and suffering, the hour of departure at length came. She bade farewell to Louis, after the performance of grand

mass, her countenance pale as death, her gait unsteady and infirm from her violent emotion.

"The weakness, however, was not contagious. The eye of Louis was dry and his voice firm as he bade her farewell, and expressed a hope that she would be happy in her cloister; after which he stood composedly to see her enter her carriage, with a tottering step, and drive away. Not a sign of emotion escaped him, and the equipage had no sooner disappeared, than he entered into conversation with those about his person, as calmly as though he had never loved the unhappy woman, whose life was to be thenceforward one of trial and privation."

In the year 1665, the peace under which France had so eminently flourished, was broken by the death of Philip IV. Upon the news of his decease, Louis, by reviving the obsolete law of *devolution*, as it was called, laid claim to the Spanish Netherlands. After protracted and tedious negotiations, in the course of which it became evident that Louis, was determined to accomplish by force what he could not obtain by diplomacy, a triple alliance was formed between England, Sweden, and Holland, to oppose the aggressions of France. In the campaigns which followed, the forces of Louis, led by the most distinguished generals of the time, were uniformly successful, and the achievements of the army through a succession of years shed a brilliant lustre upon the military renown of the kingdom. At the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, the policy of Colbert, his chief minister after the death of Mazarin, achieved much for France. Compelled to abandon his intentions at the commencement of the war, which, unjust as they were, the wily statesman urged as good and sufficient to demand compensation for their withdrawal, Louis succeeded in retaining in his possession all the places which he had taken in the Netherlands.

Still pursuing his plans of aggrandizement, having succeeded in detaching England and Sweden from their connection with Holland and uniting them to himself, Louis resolved on a retaliatory war against the republic. All the nobility had been convoked; every appeal to national pride had been made to the people; every castle had furnished its chief and vassals; and partisans of every character, followed by numerous retainers in hope of rich plun-

der, swelled the number of the army to an immense force; Condé, Turenne and Luxembourg, names highest in the military annals of the day, led on the legions to the assault. One hundred and eighteen thousand men, all told, were mustered in the ranks; a hundred pieces of ordnance were provided, at that day an unprecedented number; fifty millions of money had been expended in preparations; a hundred and thirty-five ships of war had been added to the fleet, while the body guards, cadets, gendarmes, light-horse, musketeers, and Swiss, composing the household of the king, completed the magnificent undertaking. It is not possible to follow the history of this and succeeding campaigns in the limits of a single article. Let it suffice, that from this time to 1683, the triumphs of Louis XIV. added strength to his kingdom and glory to his reign.

Meanwhile, whether at home or abroad, Louis still followed his career of pleasure. Young, inexperienced and ignorant, his passion for Mary de Mancini had first awakened a love for intellectual cultivation. Timid, abashed, and sincerely loving in the first age of his manhood, La Valière had taught him the real value of a devoted heart. Haughty, self-confident and vain in middle life, the passion he now avowed for the Duchess de Montespan, was destined to show him the power of a proud and imperious woman. Past the age of sexual love, he was yet to reap what he had sown in early years, in subjection to the ambition of a woman, who never loved him, and whose influence over his actions rent from him the affections of his people, and commended to his lips the bitterness of an unloved and desolate old age.

Madame de Montespan was the very counterpart of La Valière. Louis was now in the first prime of manhood, when something more than the beautiful face or the tranquil and unobtrusive love of woman, was needed to hold fast his admiration. Madame de Montespan had seen this even before her marriage, and though, until that event, there is no reason to suppose that the king had ever proffered to her the homage of his heart, she had resolved to profit by it long before she accomplished her purpose.

"Thus were things situated, when the subtle

beauty was compelled by her family to accept the hand of the Marquis de Montespan, having, as she herself acknowledged, already bestowed her affections elsewhere.

"During the first months of their union, the Marquis expressed considerable satisfaction at her high station and extreme popularity at court; but, by his violent and unconcealed disgust at the attachment existing between the king and La Valière, forewarned her of the little indulgence she might expect at his hands, should she be betrayed into any levity likely to dishonor his name. It is probable, however, that ere long he became weary of seeing his wife devoted to vanity and pleasure, and of the restraint imposed by her official duties; for, on succeeding to an inheritance in Provence, he urged her strongly to obtain leave to accompany him when he went to take possession of the property.

"Madame de Montespan, however, young, beautiful, and admired, and, moreover, not sufficiently attached to her husband to make any sacrifice to his wishes, when they interfered so fatally with her own private views, instantly made a pretext of her position, and pleaded with great earnestness the duty which she owed to her royal mistress; suggesting that he should dispose of the estate to some member of his family, and reside entirely in the neighborhood of the court. It is a strange proof of the perverted feeling and accommodating morality of the time, that although, upon the evidence of his guilty wife, M. de Montespan had left no measure untried to reclaim her, there is, nevertheless, not one historian of the century, who does not seek to cast upon the forsaken husband the odium of this revolting intrigue.

"The favor of the new mistress became more assured from day to day; the fascinations of her wit, the gorgeousness of her beauty, and even the exactions of her capricious vanity, all rendered her triumph more complete. Among her other expensive tastes, the new favorite had a most inordinate passion for jewels. While yet a girl, she had delighted in diamonds and precious stones; and the generosity of the king upon this point was so unmeasured, that, after her disgrace, she herself declared that she possessed a collection worthy of an Asiatic prince, and that even were she to be deprived of the whole of her fortune, save her pearls and diamonds, she could still command opulence.

"This taste was shared by Louis XIV., who, in his private cabinet, had two immense pedestals of rose-wood, fitted in the interior with shifting shelves, in which he kept the most precious of the crown-jewels, in order that he might examine and admire them at his ease, an occupation in which he took great delight; nor did he ever hear of a gem of price, either in Asia or Europe, without making strenuous efforts to secure the prize.

"His most costly possession was, however,

the crown of Agrippina, a work of consummate art, composed of eight tiers of immense brilliants in a transparent setting; and after having overwhelmed the insatiable marchioness with pearls, diamonds, sapphires, emeralds, and rubies, he one day permitted her to carry to her apartment this priceless coronet, where it remained for so long a period unreclaimed, that she at length began to feel convinced that it had been a gift; and fearful of accident, should she leave it in the slight casket which it then occupied, she ordered another to be made more suited to its value. This done, and the imperial crown safely deposited in its new case, and secured by several minute locks, she deposited her treasure in the chest which contained her other jewels, where she visited it from time to time, and always with increased admiration.

"When the Princess of Modena passed through France on her way to England, where she was about to become the wife of the Duke of York, Louis gave her a magnificent reception; and as she was young and handsome, nothing was left unattempted to gratify and amuse her during her brief sojourn at the court.

"It chanced that upon one occasion the conversation of the king's circle turned upon regal decorations, and particularly upon the various forms and fashions of crowns, when the Marquis de Dangeau, who prided himself upon his antiquarian knowledge, observed that it was in the time of Nero the imperial crown was first arched; to which the monarch replied that he had not been aware of the fact, but that the crown of his mother was entirely open; adding, that he possessed one himself which was authentic, and which the Marchioness de Montespan would give them the opportunity of examining.

"Thus summoned to drag her hidden treasure into light, the disconcerted favorite found herself compelled to go in search of the glittering circlet; and after an absence of a few minutes she placed it upon a small table, where it excited universal astonishment and enthusiasm. The Italian Princess, M. de Dangeau, and the other courtiers who were present, lost themselves in hyperbole on the brilliant water, equal size, and rare perfection of the matchless diamonds; but when the king, raising it in his hands, obtained a closer and more perfect view of the jewels, he immediately fixed his eyes sternly upon the marchioness, exclaiming, 'How is this, madame? This is no longer my crown of Agrippina; all the stones have been changed.' Madame de Montespan turned pale and trembled; but having in her turn examined the coronet closely, she found herself compelled to admit that such was indeed the fact. The setting was still intact, but the antique brilliants had been replaced by paste.

"On arriving at this conviction, the appalled favorite had nearly fallen to the ground, and it required all the expostulations of those by whom she was surrounded, to enable her to preserve herself from fainting; while the king at once declared that, let the substitution have been made as it might, no one could for a moment attach any suspicion to herself; and she then felt compelled to explain the circumstance of the new casket, which she had caused to be made for the greater security of the coronet, in doing which, as was afterwards learned, the theft had been committed."

For nearly fifteen years, Madame de Montespan held undisputed sway over the affections of the king. Her children legitimized and ennobled; herself the acknowledged mistress of the court; her wealth almost without limit; her honors abundant, and her power well nigh absolute; she was envied by younger aspirants for the honors of the crowned head, and accounted happy by all. But the wages of sin are never withheld, though the day of payment be never so long delayed. Satiated with a love which needed perpetual homage for its sustenance; wearied with an imperious temper and proud spirit, which passing years served only to strengthen; and finding, in the increase of age, a love of quiet pleasure which Madame de Montespan could never gratify; Louis gradually withdrew his attentions from the reigning favorite. In vain did she exert all the art and prowess of woman to avoid the catastrophe. The hour of her trial came, and though momentarily delayed by pandering to the worst appetites of the monarch, Madame de Montespan, banished from the palace, deprived of the presence of her children, accused by her family, and branded infamous by all the good, found in the very prime of her life a premature old age and a wretched death.

Meanwhile an event of tragical importance, heralding what afterwards became the darkest feature in the morals of the age, had occurred within the royal circle.

"Thus were things circumstanced, when on the 29th of June, 1669, Madame rose at an early hour and visited Monsieur in his apartment; after which she conversed for a considerable time with Madame de la Fayette, to whom she declared herself to be in admirable health. On her return from the mass, the Princess went to the room of Mademoiselle d'Orleans, her daughter, who was then sitting for her

picture, when she talked of her late visit to England, and enlivened the whole circle by her joyous spirits; and, on entering her own apartments, she asked for a cup of succory water, which she drank, and afterwards dined as usual.

"The party then adjourned to the saloon of *Monsieur*, whose picture also was in progress; and, during the sitting, *Madame*, as she was frequently in the habit of doing, laid down upon the cushions and fell asleep.

"During her slumber her face became so livid and ghastly, that *Madame de la Fayette*, who was standing by her, was struck by so extreme a change, and was just in the act of asking herself if the mere absence of expression could work so complete an alteration in the countenance, when the Princess suddenly awoke in such agony that even *Monsieur* became surprised and alarmed.

"As she was retiring to her own room, *Madame* stopped a moment, in the outer apartment, to converse with the treasurer of the duke, while *Monsieur* was preparing to go to Paris. On the stair-case, he, however, encountered the Duchess de Mecklenburg, and returned with her to the saloon; upon which *Madame*, leaving M. de Boisfranc, hastened to receive her illustrious guest. At that moment *Madame de Gamache* approached with a salver, containing another draught of succory water, in the enamelled cup from which the Princess was accustomed to drink, and a second glass for *Madame de la Fayette*, which were respectively presented to them by Mrs. Gordon, the waiting-woman of *Madame*; but, as the Princess still held the cup in one hand, she pressed the other to her side, exclaiming that she had so violent a spasm that she could scarcely draw her breath. She flushed painfully for an instant, and then turned very pale, exclaiming with a painful effort, 'Take me away! take me away! I can support myself no longer!'

"Terrified and bewildered, *Madame de la Fayette* and *Madame de Gamache* upheld the princess, who with considerable difficulty reached her chamber, where she threw herself upon the bed, writhing like a person in convulsions. Her physician was summoned; but he treated the attack lightly, declaring that, although painful, it was utterly without importance, while *Madame* continued to gasp out her conviction that she was dying, and to entreat that her confessor might be sent for.

"While all around her were in tears, she suddenly raised herself upon her elbow, and declared her conviction that she had been poisoned by the succory water which she had drank during the day; that probably some mistake had been made; but that she felt she had taken poison, and if they did not wish to see her die, they must administer an antidote.

"Oil and other antidotes were then admin-

istered to her, which served only to excite fearful sickness, without, in any degree, alleviating the original symptoms; and the princess became more and more anxious for the assistance of a priest, although her physician still maintained that her life was not in the slightest danger.

"At length the king arrived, accompanied by the queen and the Countess de Soissons, and Louis was powerfully affected by the change which had taken place in the countenance of *Madame*; while for the first time the physicians declared that the unfavorable symptoms were rapidly increasing. The appearance of the dying princess was fearful. Her complexion was livid, her eyes burned with fever, her nose and lips had shrunk, and a cold dew covered her skin. Louis occupied a seat on one side of her bed, and *Monsieur* stood on the other, weeping bitterly; all the attendants were drowned in tears, but were so bewildered that although the agonized invalid continually entreated them to apply other remedies which might at least mitigate her sufferings, they remained terror-stricken and helpless. It was in vain that both the king and *Monsieur* appealed to the physicians; they remained equally supine, but at length declared that the failure of the pulse and the coldness of the extremities announced the presence of gangrene, and that it was time to summon the viaticum.

"While things were in this state the English ambassador was announced, and he had scarcely entered the death-chamber when the princess beckoned him to her side, and by great exertion conversed with him a considerable time in English. This done, she declared herself ready to receive the viaticum; after which she took leave of her illustrious relatives, and recalled *Monsieur* to give him her last embrace.

"The extreme unction was then administered, and during the ceremony M. de Condom arrived, to whose eloquent and holy discourse she listened eagerly for a while, and then inquired if she might sleep. He was about, in consequence, to retire, when she motioned him to return, murmuring that she had deceived herself, for that the stupor under which she labored was not drowsiness, but death. M. de Condom once more knelt beside her in earnest prayer; the crucifix escaped from her relaxed fingers, her lips moved convulsively for an instant, and all was over."

The suspicions to which so sudden a death of a member high in the royal family gave rise, were of the most painful character. Greatly to the relief of the king's mind, however, to say nothing of *Monsieur's*, his brother, whose reputation seemed inevitably involved in the dreadful mystery, it was soon discovered that the authors of her violent death had been

moved to it by other motives than those at first surmised, and that neither her husband, nor any member of the court circle, had been cognizant of the deed. For many years after this sad event, *the art of poisoning*, if it may so be called, attained a degree of perfection in France, which the annals of crime throughout the world have never yet equalled. No rank, or station, or character, or age, or method of life, was free from its invasion. The children and grand-children of the king, the most beloved of the royal family, the happiest and noblest of the court, the purest of the priesthood, the most popular of the people, husbands, wives, mothers, daughters, infants in the cradle, would suddenly sicken without apparent cause, and despite of all medical aid, die in terrific convulsions. It seemed at one time to have almost become the grand characteristic of the nation, and, though never fully checked during the life of the king, bade fair, before the most vigorous measures were taken to bring the guilty to justice, to put an end to the royal family, and to destroy the most beloved of the court and the nation.

The declining years of Louis XIV., although the most important of his reign, and extending over a long period of time, can be touched upon only briefly in this article. His early passions, now gratified to satiety, had prematurely left him; his love of power, once easily satisfied, now demanded complete and unmurmuring submission to his kingly will; his pursuit of pleasure, checked in mid career, had left his heart empty, desolate, and restless; and the exhausted man of the world, turning in disgust from its glittering temptations, sought, and sought in vain, to find in religion the excitement which earth denied him.

Maria Theresa died on the 30th of July, 1683. In the same year Louis secretly married François D'Aubigne, better known as Madame de Maintenon. Descended from a Protestant family, born in a prison, educated in poverty, wedded in early life to the deformed and impotent Scarron, left a poor and friendless widow at the age of twenty-five years, obliged to accept the situation of governess to keep herself from starvation, forsaking her religion to avoid the persecutions of her relations, and

herself afterwards the bitterest persecutor of the faith of her fathers, raised at length to independence, opulence, the highest honors and the most unlimited power, the life of Madame de Maintenon presents incidents more various and alternating than are to be found in the imagination, poetry, and wild romance of the middle ages. Possessed of ambition, which was gratified to an extent far above her highest aspirations, she was yet far from being happy. Writing of herself in after-life she says, "I was born ambitious; I struggled against it in vain. When the wish was made fruition, I thought myself happy; alas, it lasted only for a day."

The king had first seen her, when, as the widow of Scarron, she had humbly supplicated the continuance to herself of her husband's pension. Impressed with the beauty and grace of the young petitioner, Louis at last acceded to her request, saying, "*Madame, je vous ai fait attendre long temps, mais vous avez tant d'amis que j'ai voulu avoir seul ce merite auprès de vous.*" Afterwards, as governess to the Duke de Maine and Count de Toulouse, the sons of Louis by Madame de Montespan, upon the education of the former of whom she bestowed the greatest care, she became better known to him. During his frequent visits to the young princes, wearied with the perplexities of state, and annoyed by the imperious spirit of his mistress, Louis found consolation in the good sense and gentle spirit of their governess. At an age when men wish for some one among the gentler sex in whom to confide their joys and sorrows, and leaning towards a devotion which his long career of folly had unfitted him to find within himself, the yielding temper and apparent piety of Madame de Maintenon made her agreeable to him as a companion, and trusty as a friend. He first made her a present of 100,000 livres, with which she purchased the estate of Maintenon, and, growing in fondness for her society, gradually passed from intimacy to love. Though opposed by all the royal kindred, and himself fearing the ridicule which would follow it, so completely had he resigned himself to her influence, that he did not hesitate to make her his wife. In many respects Madame de Maintenon was an example of true excellence to the

women of her day ; but long as the revocation of the Edict of Nantes shall darken the pages of history, so long will her participation in that nefarious act cause her memory to be execrated, not by the descendants of the persecuted Huguenots only, but by the whole Christian world.

The character of Louis XIV. is to this day a matter of disagreement among historians. To some he seems to be a clear-sighted, wary and sagacious ruler, loving his people, perfecting his plans of government, and seeking the highest good of the throne and the nation ; to others, ignorant, weak-minded, and unprincipled, a dupe to his egotism, a slave to his passions, and a traitor to his promises. Both of these views of his character are to a certain extent correct, but both are alike extreme in the conclusions to which they come. Like rulers and statesmen of all ages, Louis possessed two characters, his public character and his private ; and though each ever bears upon and influences the other, by neither one, separated and examined alone, ought he to be judged. The ruling principle of both was undoubtedly pure selfishness, breaking down in the one case all barriers of morals, social order, and rectitude, in order to gratify his unbridled licentiousness ; building up in the other a wall of ceremony, state pride, and integrity, which, while it exalted the throne and elevated its possessor to a height, rarely witnessed, of human honor, at the same time extended a beneficial sway over the mass of the people. Though the character of Louis held within itself the elements of greatness, the combination of those elements failed in making him a great man. Possessed of a natural dignity, which everywhere commanded respect, he could sometimes stoop to the buffoon for the excitement of ap-

plause ; keen in his sense of honor, to a nicety which would suffer no infringement upon his most factitious rules, his transactions oftentimes partook of a character closely allied to knavery ; rigid in his interpretation of justice between man and man, to accomplish his own ends he often claimed a latitude never witnessed beyond the war-talk of a tribe of savages ; quick in his appreciation of true merit whether it appeared in high or low degree, and liberal in encouraging it, he allowed Arnaud, Corneille and Lafontaine—three great literary lights of his reign—to languish in obscurity ; aspiring for friendship, with which to solace his leisure from the cares of state, he infracted every bond which binds man in amity with his fellow-man ; earnest for greatness, he spent his life in pursuing bubbles ; zealous for religion, he rendered his last days accursed, by persecuting the church of God. Sixty-four years of a reign so spent were too brief for the human happiness he had made the object of pursuit ; it was more than three-score years too long for the glory of his reign, the good of the nation, or the happiness of mankind. At first a libertine, then an enthusiast, at last a bigot, and always a tyrant, he died, childless of all legitimate issue, forsaken by his wife, and hated by the people ; and at no time in the history of France have the sympathies of the nation been more fully expressed, than they were by the symbolic custom performed as he breathed his last. Hastening to the window, the usher raised his truncheon above his head, broke it in two, and exclaimed, "The King is dead ;" then seizing another, and waving it in the air, he cried, "Long live the King."

N. S. D.

THE PAINTER DUHOBRET.

FROM THE "MAGAZZINO PITTORICO."

AMONG the pupils of Albert Durer, in Nuremberg, was one whom he had received out of charity, discerning in him traces of talent, which he considered worth cultivation. This cultivation was not hopeless, under the eye of the master, even in one who had passed the age of forty, who was poor, even to indigence, and who had hitherto contrived to gain a scanty subsistence by painting signs, or the coarsest sort of tapestry, at that time much used in Germany. The name of this man, on whom fortune seemed to have wreaked her utmost spite, was Samuel Duhobret. He was short in stature, crooked, and ugly to a proverb, and withal had an imperfection in his speech that rendered his enunciation difficult, and at times unintelligible. He was in consequence the butt of his fellow-pupils; and they were continually breaking jokes upon him, which he bore in patient silence. Still harder to endure were the unfeeling taunts of Madame Durer, who occasionally visited the studio, and always had something harsh to say about the pupil who brought her husband no recompense for his trouble. In short, poor Duhobret's existence was joyless enough; and it would have been a burthen intolerable, with his crust of brown bread, when he had it, at home, and his lonely life abroad, but that he sometimes found himself able to escape from toil and humiliation into the country. There, under the free sky, with the smiling landscape around him, with the sound of streams and the song of birds in his ears, the heart of the desolate artist would expand. He amused himself with sketching some of the beautiful country-seats in the neighborhood of Nuremberg. In this pleasing occupation, and with no one near to laugh and jeer at him, Samuel was no longer the same man. The abject and melancholy expression disappeared from

his face, which lightened and glowed with the strange happiness he felt, as drooping plants revive and brighten in color under the influence of sunshine.

Choosing some quiet and sheltered spot, Duhobret was accustomed to pass many hours of the day, seated on the turf, with his portfolio on his lap. It was then that he produced those happy touches which gave himself confidence to undertake labors of more importance, and energy to shrink from no toil or privation. When he returned to the city, he carefully put aside the unfinished pieces, not daring even to show his best sketches; for he knew they would bring upon him a double portion of scorn and derision. He applied himself quietly to his daily tasks in the studio; and while he improved in the mechanical part of his art, nourished conceptions that gave him a world of his own creation.

Every day, as a general rule, Samuel came early to the studio of Durer, and remained until evening. Then he retired to the comfortless cell in which he lodged and worked in the silent hours of night, to transfer to his canvas the dreams of beauty he had brought from the country. He submitted to incredible privations to obtain the means of procuring pencils, colors, etc.: nay, so ardent was his longing for progress without obstacle, that he is said, by the historian of his life, to have been only withheld by stern principle, from stealing those indispensable articles from his companions.

Thus passed three years; and during that time neither Albert Durer, nor any of his pupils, knew of the nocturnal labors of Duhobret. How the powers of his physical nature were sustained under this incessant tasking of its energies, it is impossible to imagine.

But nature at last gave way. The painter was seized with a fever, which rap-

idly reduced the little strength that remained to him. No one came to see what had become of poor Samuel, though for a week he had not appeared at the studio. No one had the humanity to supply his wants, though he had not in many days tasted food, merely moistening his lips with water that stood in a stone pitcher by his bedside. As the fever abated, the wild dreams of delirium vanished, and Samuel thought himself near to death. For the first time, a bitterness entered his soul. He felt a desire to preserve the life which seemed so worthless to all the world. He must procure food, and adopt a desperate resolution.

Having risen from his miserable couch, he took under his arm the last picture he had finished, and went out, taking his way towards the shop of a vender of pictures. The piece was one on which he had bestowed great pains; but he resolved to sell it for whatever price was offered, if only enough to purchase a single meal.

As he dragged himself with difficulty along the street, he passed a house in front of which a crowd was assembled. On inquiring the cause, Duhobret learned that a great sale was to take place. Various works of art, collected during thirty years, by an amateur, whose gallery was the admiration of all Nuremberg, were to be sold at public auction, the death of the owner having occurred.

Struck with the hope of finding here a market for his painting, Samuel pressed through the crowd to the salesman, and by dint of entreaties, and the feelings of compassion awakened by his wretched aspect, prevailed on him to allow the piece to be offered at auction. The price at which he estimated its worth was three thalers. "Let it go," said the artist to himself; "the money will procure me bread for a week—if a purchaser can be found."

The picture was examined and criticised by many persons. The exhausted and anxious artist stood apart. At last it was set up for sale. The monotonous voice of the auctioneer repeated, "At three thalers—who will buy? At three thalers!" There was no response.

The stricken Samuel groaned, and buried his face in his hands. It was his best work! The salesman called attention to its beauties. "Does it not seem," he said, "that the

wind is really stirring the foliage of those trees, and that the leaves bend as they glitter in the sun! How pure and crystalline is the water; what life breathes in the animals come to drink at that stream; and the Abbey of Newbourg, with its fine buildings, and the village in the distance, etc."

"Twenty-five thalers," said a dry, weak voice, and the sound startled Duhobret from the stupor of despair. He raised himself on his feet to see whose lips had uttered the blessed words. It was the picture-vender to whom he had first thought of offering his work.

"Fifty thalers!" cried another sonorous voice. The speaker was a large man dressed in black.

"A hundred!" responded the picture-dealer, evidently in considerable vexation. His adversary was equally prompt.

"Two hundred thalers!"

"Three hundred!"

"Four hundred!"

"A thousand!"

There was silence among the spectators, and the crowd pressed eagerly around the opposing bidders, who, like two combatants, stood in the centre.

The countenance of the picture-dealer showed his agitation, in spite of his forced calmness. After a moment's hesitation he cried, "Two thousand thalers!"

"Ten thousand!" responded the tall man quickly, while his face glowed with anger.

"Twenty thousand!" The picture-dealer grew pale as death, and clenched his hands violently. The tall man, in increased excitement, bid forty thousand. The look of triumph he cast upon his adversary was too much for the picture-dealer; and his eyes flashing with rage, he bid fifty thousand.

How was it, meanwhile, with poor Samuel! He thought all that passed a dream, and strove to awaken himself, rubbing his eyes and pressing his hand to his forehead, while the contest for his picture went on.

"One hundred thousand!" sounded a voice in accents of desperation.

"One hundred and twenty thousand! and the devil take thee, dog of a picture-dealer!"

The discomfited bidder disappeared in

the crowd; and the tall man, who had proved victorious, was bearing away the prize, when a lean, crooked, emaciated, squalid being presented himself before him. Taking him for a beggar, the purchaser offered him a small piece of money.

"If it please you," faltered Samuel, "I am the painter of that picture."

The tall man was Count Dunkalsbach, one of the richest noblemen in Germany. He tore out a leaf from his pocket-book, wrote on it a few lines, and handed it to the artist.

"Here, friend," he said, "is the order for the amount, which thou mayest receive at once. Adieu." And he passed on.

Samuel finally persuaded himself that all was not a dream. He became the owner of an estate, and laid many plans for living at his ease, and cultivating his favorite art as a pastime, when an indigestion ended his days. The picture that had brought him fortune in so singular a manner, remained long in the possession of Count Dunkalsbach, and is now in the collection of the King of Bavaria.

SONNET.

In vain, my profound thoughts, ye greatly strive
 To appease the craving of an unfilled mind;
 The food of life it is not yours to give.
 In other's gift that sustenance I find;
 Cheerless with you to wander in a waste
 Magnificence, like a friendless, childless king!
 Careless though luscious wines invite the taste,
 Regardless though a choir of Seraphs sing.
 In vain, O love, an angel might descend,
 Conducting heaven-born Science by the hand,
 Though earth and sky in her might seem to blend,
 And Truth's incarnate self she seemed to stand;
 Quickly from her my heart would slip away
 To some frail tenant of a house of clay.

SONG.

Let me press thy hand in mine,
 Let me on thy bosom rest;
 Let me touch my lips to thine,
 For an instant blest;
 And the mortal moment seem
 Like an heaven's remembered dream,

Like two flames, together burned,—
 Stars inmixed, to human eyes,—
 Rivers in one channel turned,—
 Mingling vapors in the skies,—
 Heart with heart, and soul with soul,
 Be our lives one perfect whole.

NEW MEXICO AND CALIFORNIA.

THE ANCIENT MONUMENTS, AND THE ABORIGINAL, SEMI-CIVILIZED NATIONS OF NEW MEXICO AND CALIFORNIA; WITH AN ABSTRACT OF THE EARLY SPANISH EXPLORATIONS AND CONQUESTS IN THOSE REGIONS, PARTICULARLY THOSE NOW FALLING WITHIN THE TERRITORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

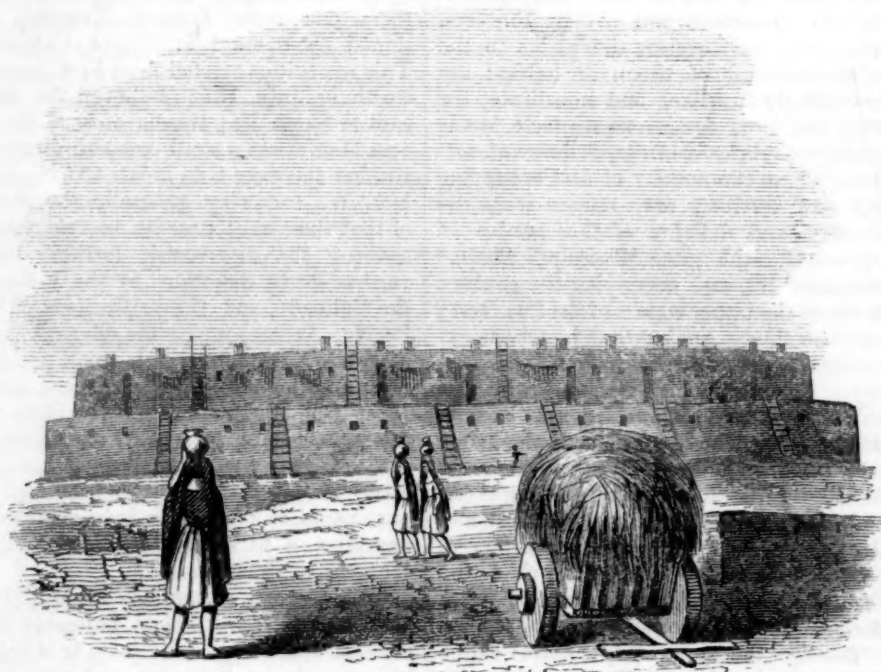


FIG. I.—BUILDING IN THE PUEBLO OF SAN DOMINGO.

By the recently concluded treaty with Mexico, we have had brought within the jurisdiction of the United States a vast extent of territory, comprising nearly the whole of New Mexico, and by far the larger portion of Upper California. The greater part of this vast accession is an arid, uninhabitable desert, sparsely peopled by a few squalid Indians, who find a scanty subsistence in grasshoppers, the larvæ of the ants, and in the withered roots of their desolate abodes. The only habitable portions of the territory are the valley of the Sacramento, on the Pacific, which has

a mild climate and fertile soil; a part of the narrow valley of the Colorado of California; and the valley of the Gila. The latter is in many places quite broad and very fertile, but requires irrigation to be in any degree productive. A portion of the valley of the Rio Grande del Norte, emptying into the Gulf of Mexico, and, *at present*, constituting the south-western boundary of the United States, is also capable of supporting a considerable population; but is not comparable, in any respect, to the valleys of the various tributaries of the Mississippi, and will hardly be regarded of

much importance except as constituting a half-way station on the lower route to California.

Within the habitable regions here indicated, and which have hitherto been very imperfectly known, are a number of Indian tribes, in many respects as remarkable as any on the continent. Two of these, the *Comanches* or *Cumanches*, and the *Apaches*, are wild and predatory, and having now the use of horses, may be regarded as the Arabs of the elevated deserts of the New World. They resemble the *Arapahoes* and roving *Pawnees*, who principally occupy the plains to the north-eastward of them, in habits; are exceedingly warlike, and constitute the chief and most dangerous obstacle to the passage southward of the traders and settlers, whom the novelty of first occupying the new territory may seduce from the comforts and delights of that garden of the world,—the great Mississippi Basin.* Besides these, and occupying the country between the upper waters of the Del Norte and the Sierra Anahuac, and perhaps extending towards the Colorado, are the *Navajos*, (pronounced *Navahoes*), who are half-agricultural, and not less martial than the *Apaches*, who speak the same language with them, and clearly belong to the same family. Little is known concerning them, and, until recently, still less was known of the semi-civilized tribes to the southward, on the Gila, and between that river and the Colorado of California, except what was derived from the early Spanish explorers.

During the past fifty years vague and uncertain accounts have occasionally reached us of stationary nations, living in well-organized communities, peaceful in their habits, with a simple religion, culti-

vating the soil, constructing canals for irrigation,—in short, approximating to the condition of the tribes of Anahuac, at the period of the invasion of Cortez, in the first half of the sixteenth century. The recent war against Mexico, however unsatisfactory its results in other respects, has indirectly contributed in enlightening us very materially in regard to some of these singular aboriginal families. In prosecuting its military designs against the upper provinces of Mexico, various expeditions were sent out by the American government, and amongst them, one under General Kearney, designed to operate in Upper California. This expedition started from Fort Leavenworth in July, 1846; followed the usual trail to Santa Fé; thence crossed the Sierra Mimbres in a south-western direction, striking the river Gila in lat. 33° N., long. 109° W., following generally the course of that river until near its mouth, thence crossing the intervening territory in a northwesterly direction to the valley of the Colorado, and the settlements on the Pacific. Accompanying the advance guard of this expedition, was a small party of field and topographical engineers, under Lieut. Col. W. H. Emory. The Report of this gentleman, presented to Congress early during the late session, has just made its appearance,* badly printed on poor paper, and affording, in its mechanical execution, a fit commentary on the false economy of Congress.

This Report, although necessarily brief and hurried, nevertheless possesses high interest, inasmuch as it relates to a region hitherto almost unknown, and now, by a singular turn of events, a part of the territory of this confederacy. It gives a succinct view of the geography, topography, productions, capabilities, and inhabitants of the country through which the expedition passed, and may, in all these respects, be regarded as a valuable addition to our stock of knowledge.

Lieut. J. W. Abert was a member of Lieut. Emory's corps; but, in consequence of ill health, was left with Lieut. W. G.

* These Indians, to the west of the Rio Grande, are animated by the most intense hatred of the Mexicans. They have completely depopulated some portions of the frontiers of the Mexican States. The upper half of the valley of the Rio Grande is constantly subject to their incursions. One of the chiefs of a party of these Indians met, by appointment, by General Kearney, exclaimed, as the latter was about proceeding from the rendezvous, "You have taken New Mexico, and will soon take California; go then and take Chihuahua, Durango and Sonora; we will help you. You fight for land; we care nothing for land; we fight for the laws of Montezuma and for food. The Mexicans are rascals; we hate them all."—*Emory's Rep.*, p. 60.

* "Notes of a Military Reconnaissance, from Fort Leavenworth in Missouri, to San Diego in California, including part of the Arkansas, Del Norte, and Gila rivers. By Lieut. Col. W. H. Emory. Made in 1846-7, with the Advance Guard of the Army of the West."

Peck, in New Mexico, under instructions to complete the survey of that territory. His Report, comprising 132 pages, illustrated by maps and drawings, has just been printed.* It contains much valuable and interesting matter,—particularly interesting at this juncture, when public attention is forcibly directed to our accessions at the South-west.

It is not our present purpose to go into a detailed notice of these reports. We shall avail ourselves of them, only so far as they relate to the Indian nations and aboriginal monuments falling under the attention of their authors, with the design of adding the new facts, thus obtained, to what was before known concerning them, so as to present as complete a view as possible of their character and connections. We shall give especial prominence to the notices of ancient monuments, buildings, and other remains, for the reasons that the existence of many ruined structures in the territories above indicated, and particularly near the river Gila, has long been known, and has given rise, in connection with the traditions of the ancient Mexicans, to many singular speculations and conjectures relative to the origin and migrations of the Aztecs and their traditional predecessors, on the plains and among the sierras of Mexico,—speculations involving the entire question of the origin of aboriginal American civilization.

Before noticing the various ancient remains found by Lieuts. Emory and Abert, it may not be out of place to observe that there still exist, in New Mexico, many remnants of the aboriginal inhabitants, who, notwithstanding their long intercourse with the Spaniards, yet retain most of their primitive habits and customs. They are honest, moral, sober and industrious. Their religion possesses most of its original features,—the stem upon which the Catholic propagandists, with ready adaptation, have engrafted some of their own tenets. The authority which the Spaniards have, from the first, maintained over them, has been little more than nominal, and the inhabitants of Eu-

ropean descent have perhaps assimilated as much towards the natives as the latter have towards the intruders. The fragments distinguished as the Pecos and Taos Indians, the first to the eastward and the last to the northward of Santa Fé, are very well known from the accounts of travellers, or from their connection with recent events in that territory, and we shall omit any detailed notice of them in this connection. But beyond the Rio Grande, on the sources of the tributaries of the streams emptying into it from the west, and which interlock with the upper waters of the Gila and the eastern branches of the Colorado of California, there are a number of Indian towns, or *Pueblos*, the inhabitants of which, although belonging to the same family with the Pecos, and other Indians of New Mexico, and corresponding with them in most particulars, are yet, from their more limited intercourse with the Spaniards, less modified from their primitive condition. This observation applies, but with less force, to the Indians to the south-west of Santa Fé, on the borders of the high desert, distinguished on its western boundary for its saline lakes, and known as the *Llano Estacado*, or "Staked Plain,"—so called from the circumstance that a trail once existed across it, the course of which was indicated by stakes placed at intervals.

The subjoined description of the town of Acoma, situated on the Rio Jose, a tributary of the Puerco, to the west of the Rio Grande, in the region first indicated, will give a very good idea of the character of the Indian dwellings, as also of the care and skill with which the aborigines selected the sites of their towns—forcibly reminding us of the accounts (which they at the same time confirm) of the conquerors of New Mexico, who found "towns placed upon high rocks," difficult of access, and having white buildings which glistened like silver in the sun.

"From the valley in which we journey," says Lieut. Abert, "rise high blocks of sandstone, the tops of which are horizontal, and the sides of which reach perpendicularly to the height of three hundred or four hundred feet above the plain. This sandstone is very hard, and breaks in long prisms, the angles of which seem to resist the rounding action of the weather. This rock exhibits tints of yellow and light red.

* "Report and Map of the Examination of New Mexico; made by Lieut. J. W. Abert, of the Topographical Corps, in answer to a resolution of the U. S. Senate." Washington, 1848.

"High on a lofty rock of sandstone such as I have described, sits the town of Acoma. On the northern side of the rock the rude boreal blasts have heaped up the sand so as to form a practicable ascent for some distance; the rest of the way is through solid rock. At one place a singular opening or narrow way is formed between a huge square tower of rock and the perpendicular face of the cliff. Then the road winds round like a spiral stairway, and the Indians have fixed in the rock logs of wood, radiating from a vertical axis, like steps; these afford foot-hold to man and beast in clambering up.

"We were constantly meeting and passing Indians who had their 'burros' laden with peaches. At last we reached the top of the rock, which was nearly level and contains about sixty acres. Here we saw a large church and several continuous blocks of buildings, containing sixty or seventy houses in each block. They were three stories high, and the walls on the sides that faced outwards were unbroken, and had no windows until near the top. In front the stories retreated back as they ascended, so as to leave a platform along the whole front of each, which platforms are guarded by parapet walls about three feet high. In order to gain admittance, you ascend to the first platform by the means of ladders; the next story is gained in like manner; but to reach the 'azotea,' or roof, the partition walls on the platform that separates the quarters of different families, have been formed into steps. This makes quite narrow stair-cases, as the walls are here not more than a foot in thickness. The entrances to the dwellings are from the roof. Here we found great quantities of peaches, which had been cut in halves and spread to dry in the sun.

"We entered some of the houses, and the inmates received us with great gladness. They brought out circular baskets, nearly flat, and filled with a kind of corn-bread, resembling hornet's nests, of the same color, and thin as a wafer. This they crumbled between their fingers and put in a second basket, from which we ate. Each family occupies the rooms that are situated vertically over each other. The lowest story is used as a storeroom, in which they put their corn, pumpkins, melons, and other eatables. The fronts of the houses are covered with festoons of bright red peppers and strings of pumpkins and musk-melons, which have been cut in slices and twisted in bunches to be dried for winter's use.

"The people," continues Lieut. Abert, "appeared to be well provided with all the necessities and luxuries which New Mexico produces. They are quiet, and seem to be generous and happy. As we walked through the town, we saw them unloading their 'burros.' Quantities of fine cling-stone peaches were spread out upon the ground, as the owners

were dividing the loads so as to carry them up the ladders. And whenever we approached they cried out, 'Coma! coma!' 'Eat! eat!' at the same time pointing to the fruit. They generally wear the Navajo blankets, marked with broad stripes, alternately black and white. Their pantaloons are very wide and bag-like, confined at the knee by long woollen stockings, and sometimes by buckskin leggings and moccasins. The women stuff their leggings with wool, which makes their ankles look like those of the elephant.

"These people cannot have associated much with the Mexicans, (Spaniards,) as they scarcely know a word of the language. This may be owing to an old Spanish law, referred to by Mr. Murray, which confined the Indians to their villages, prohibiting them from visiting the settlements of the whites, and also excluding the latter from the Indian towns. They seem to possess a smattering of the Roman Catholic religion; their dwellings are often crowned with the symbol of the cross; and, as I have already mentioned, one of the first objects which meets the eye in entering the town, is a large chapel with its towers and bells."

This town is clearly the *Acuco* mentioned by the first Spanish adventurers into this country.* The Indian towns which are situated where the natural defences are insufficient for complete protection, are fortified with considerable skill. Lieut. Peck, who visited it, mentions that the "Pueblo de Taos" is situated upon the banks of a little mountain stream, and consists of an immense adobe structure of successive stages, rising to the height of seven stories, constituting an almost impregnable tower. It is surrounded by a few smaller buildings, and the whole is "enclosed by an adobe wall, strengthened in some places by rough palisades, the different parts so arranged for mutual defence, as to elicit much admiration of the skill of the untaught engineers." It will perhaps be remembered that it was here that the Indians, roused into hostility, made their final stand against the American forces in January, 1847; and, as observed by Lieut. Abert, "the history of the bloody siege, lengthened resistance, and final reduction of the place, furnishes

* The ruins of San Felipe, on the Rio Grande, correspond very nearly in position with Acoma. They are situated on the verge of a precipice several hundred feet in height, the base of which is washed by the river.

sufficient evidence of its strength. For weeks in succession had they, in former times, resisted the attacks of overwhelming numbers of their wild prairie enemies, and this stronghold had defied all the assaults of the Spaniards. Built of adobes, a material almost impenetrable by shot, having no external entrance except through the roof, which must be reached by movable ladders, each story smaller than the one below, irregular in plan, and the whole judiciously pierced with loopholes for defence, the combination presents a system of fortification peculiarly *sui generis*.*

According to Mr. Gregg there are here two edifices, one on each side of the creek, which formerly communicated by a bridge. The *estufa* was a spacious hall in the centre of the largest. This is probably the *Braba* of the Spanish conquerors, as will be seen in a future page.

Lieut. Peck also mentions the pueblo of San Juan, which is surrounded by a dry trench, in which a row of palisades six or eight inches in thickness are planted, the interstices being filled with the clayey earth of which the "adobes" used in building are made. "These Indians have very fine fields of corn, and I noticed particularly their orchards of peach and plum trees. They cultivate almost all the fruit that is grown in the country, and an Indian settlement may usually be distinguished by a clump of trees. The Spaniards seldom take the trouble to plant them."

The cut at the head of this article represents a building in the Pueblo of San Domingo. It is copied from Lieut. Abert's Report, and will convey a very correct idea of the style, etc., of the Indian edifices. "The buildings of this Pueblo," says Lieut. Abert, "are built in blocks two stories high; the upper story is narrower than the one below, so that there is a platform or landing along the whole length of the buildings. To enter

you ascend to the platform by means of ladders, which can be easily removed, and as there is a parapet wall extending along the front of each platform, these houses can be converted into formidable forts."

Each of the Indian Pueblos or villages, is under the control of a cazique chosen from among themselves. When any public business is to be transacted, he collects the principal chiefs in an *estufa* or cell, usually under ground, when the subjects of debate are discussed and settled. Mr. Gregg was told that whenever they return from their belligerent expeditions, they always visit their council cell first. Here they dance and carouse frequently for two days, before seeing their families. The council has charge of the interior police, and keeps a strict eye over the young persons of both sexes of the village. The females, it should be observed, are universally noted for their chastity and modest deportment.*

The first aboriginal remains of any kind, noticed by Lieut. Emory, were upon the Pecos river, a tributary of the Rio Grande del Norte, among the mountains, in lat. 35° 40' N., and 105° 45' W., not far to the eastward of Santa Fé. Here are the ruins of an ancient Indian building in close proximity to a dilapidated Catholic church. It was built of adobes, or sun-dried bricks. About a century since the town was sacked by hostile Indians, but amidst the terrors of the assault and subsequent havoc, the Pecos devotees contrived to keep up the eternal fire in the *estufa*, (vault,) where it continued to burn until within seven years, when the tribe becoming almost extinct, the survivors abandoned the place and joined some of the original race, beyond the mountains, about sixty miles to the southward, where it is said the sacred fire is still kept burning. The ruins are figured by Col. Emory, but no clear idea of their character can be formed from the sketch.

Lieut. Abert states that many singular legends still exist relating to the former inhabitants. Among other things, it is said, they kept an immense serpent in their temple, to which they offered human sacrifices. We learn from another source that the buildings of the ancient town, which was

* The houses in the Mexican cities were flat-roofed, terraced and crowned with battlements. Cortez complains of the annoyance to which his soldiers were subjected from the Mexicans, "who fought from the tops of their houses, and threw missiles from behind the battlements." This would seem to imply that the Aztecs constructed their buildings somewhat upon the plan of those described in the text.

* Transactions of American Ethnological Society, vol. ii. p. 81.

founded before the conquest, are built of mud intermixed with small stones, and that some of them are still so perfect as to show three full stories. In the large ruined edifices above mentioned, there are four rooms under ground, circular in form, fifteen feet deep, and twenty-five feet across. In these burned the holy fire.

In the valley of the Puerco, on the road to Cibolleta, Lieut. Abert found remains of buildings formed of flat stones and plastered with clay. At one point, upon a high bluff, he also discovered some enclosures of stone. One was circular, ten feet in diameter, with walls three feet high, in which an aperture or door had been left. Another was elliptical, and its walls had been quite high. Besides these, there were many rectangular structures, the purposes of which were not apparent. They were more than a mile from water, and the approach upon one side was steep and difficult, while upon the other it was impossible—the rocks presenting a vertical face, one hundred and eighty feet in height. On the east bank of the stream, not far from the bluff just mentioned, Lieut. Abert noticed a collection of stone structures in ruins. They had been arranged so as to form a square enclosure, the sides of which were each six hundred feet long.

At the town of Tegique, which is about sixty miles south of Santa Fé, on the branch of a small stream, losing itself in the saline lakes of the *Llano Estacado*, Lieut. Abert found some ruins, a portion of which are at present covered by the modern town. They consisted in part of mounds, from six to eight feet in height, arranged in lines running due north and south, and east and west. At one place the mounds indicated a building of considerable size, which the Mexicans called "the church." While Lieut. Abert was there, he observed some people digging earth, of which to make adobes. In the course of their labors, they uncovered a wall consisting of sun-dried bricks. The mounds, which proved to be the ruins of buildings, were found upon examination to be divided by partition walls, into chambers not more than five feet square. Lieut. Abert concludes that they formed the lower stories or vaults of edifices, which, judging from the mass of fallen materials, were originally several stories high. Scattered around were frag-

ments of pottery, similar to that now used in the various pueblos, also arrow-heads of milky quartz. In their excavations, the people said they frequently found "*metates*," which are probably the stones called "*metlatl*" by the Aztecs, upon which they ground their corn.

Lieut. Abert also visited the ruins of Abo and Quarra, which he found to be precisely such as would result from the abandonment and dilapidation of the present Indian towns. Some of these, as will soon be seen, it is certain, existed previously to the conquest; for, in the accounts of the early writers, we find them referred to by the names which they still bear. Perhaps the most imposing of any of these remains, are those called "*Gran Quivera*," visited and described by Mr. Gregg. There is no doubt that Vasquez Coronado penetrated to this region in 1541. The Spaniards, after the second conquest, established missions and built churches at this and other important places,—the ruins of which are easily recognized.

Passing now beyond New Mexico, into the territory drained by the Rio Gila, on the great Pacific slope, we find numerous evidences of a remote population, and also remnants of nations still less changed from their original condition than those already noticed on the Rio Grande del Norte.

The first remains on the Gila, worthy of remark, were found in lat. $32^{\circ} 50' N.$, long. $109^{\circ} 30' West$. Lieut. Emory's brief notice is as follows: "To-day we passed one of the long-sought ruins. I examined it, and the only evidences of handcraft remaining were immense quantities of broken pottery, extending for two miles along the river. There were a great many stones, rounded by the attrition of the water, scattered about; but, if they had not occasionally been arranged in lines forming rectangles with each other, the supposition would be that they had been deposited there by natural causes." Two days thereafter, Lieut. Emory passed "the ruins of two more villages, similar to those just mentioned. The foundations of the largest houses first seen were sixty by twenty feet, those found to-day, forty by thirty. About none were found any vestiges of the mechanical arts, except pottery. The stones forming the foundations are round and unhewn; and some

cedar logs were observed near them much decayed, but bearing no marks of edge tools." Except these rude remains, which can hardly be supposed to have belonged to the ancient population, the explorer had as yet found nothing to justify the current accounts of vast ancient ruins upon the Gila. Two days later, however, at the mouth of the San Carlos river, he discovered the foundation of a rectangular house composed of rough stones, and upon a mound near by the foundations of a circular structure, a few feet in diameter. Amid these were many fragments of pottery, and upon digging within them to the depth of a few feet, were found solid masses like the dirt floors of the Spaniards. The

succeeding day, at the base of Mount Graham, he observed the ruins of a large settlement. Among the remains was one circular enclosure two hundred and seventy feet in circumference, and another twelve hundred feet in circumference, which Lieut. Emory supposes to have been designed for defence. "In one segment of it," he observes, "was a triangular shaped indenture, which we supposed to have been a well. Large mezquite trees were growing on it, attesting its antiquity. Most of the houses are rectangular, varying from twenty to one hundred feet front. Many were of the form of the present Spanish houses, thus:—

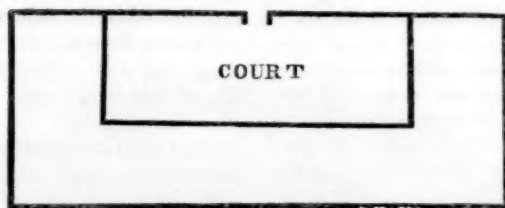


FIG. 2.

"Red cedar posts were found in many places, which would seem to detract from the antiquity of the other remains, but for the peculiarity of this climate, where vegetable matter appears never to decay. No relics were discovered which enable us to connect the builders of these ancient structures with any other races. No marks of edge tools could be found, nor any utensils, except the fragments of pottery everywhere strewed on the plain, and the rude corn-grinder still used by the Indians." So great was the quantity of this pottery, and the extent of ground covered by it, that Lieut. Emory conjectured it must have been used for pipes to convey water. There were also, scattered about, many fragments of agate and obsidian. The valley was evidently once the abode of a busy people. Tradition both among the Spaniards and Indians fails to reach them.

Two days subsequently, Lieut. Emory observed ruins, which so far as he could judge, (the ground being covered with mezquite bushes,) must formerly have been occupied by from five to ten thousand inhabitants. "The outline of the

buildings, and the pottery presented no essential differences from those already described. About eleven miles from this point, on a knoll, were found the traces of a solitary house, somewhat resembling a field work, *en cremallière*. The enclosure was complete, and the faces varied from twenty to thirty feet. The accompanying cut will convey an accurate idea of the plan."

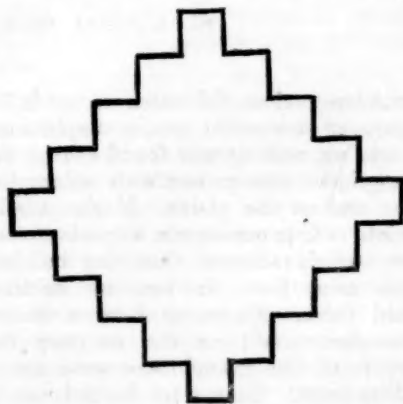


FIG. 3.

A few remains similar to those above noticed were observed at various points, as Lieut. Emory's party progressed. At one place, on the summit of a promontory of pitch stone, six or eight symmetrical and well-turned holes, about ten inches deep, and eight inches wide at the top, were found; near one of which, in a secluded spot, was lying a well-turned pestle. It is supposed these were the mortars or corn-mills of the ancient inhabitants.

In lat. 33° N., long. 112° W., Lieut. Emory, for the first time, found buildings standing, at all corresponding to the structures he had been led to suppose existed on the Gila, and known as the "*Casas Grandes*," or "*Casas Montezuma*." The latter name is the one common among the Indians, with whom Montezuma is the out-

ward point of their chronology, from which every event is dated. His memory is regarded with the profoundest veneration. "Near our encampment," says Lieut. Emory, "a range of hills draws in from the south-west, giving the river a bend to the north. At the base of this range is a long meadow extending for many miles, in which the Pimos graze their cattle, and over which are scattered zequias, pottery, and other evidences of a once densely populated country. About the time of the noon halt a large building was observed to the left. It was the remains of a three-story mud-house, sixty feet square, and pierced for doors and windows. The walls were four feet thick, and formed of layers of mud, each two feet thick. It is represented in the following sketch, Fig. 4.

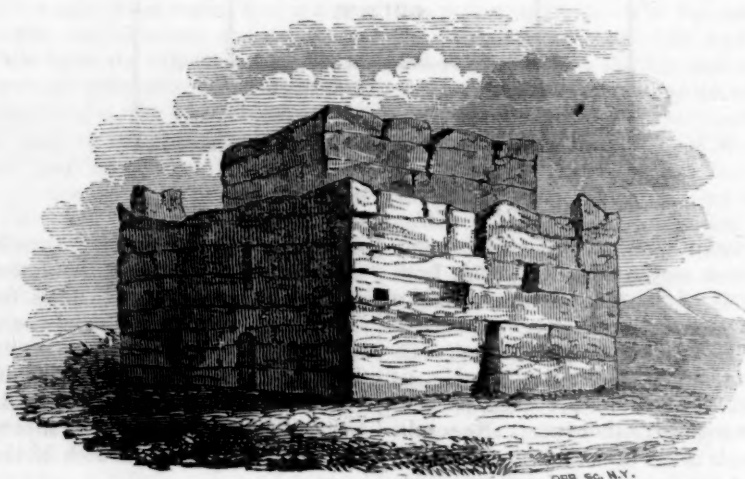


FIG. 4.—"CASA GRANDE" ON THE RIVER GILA.

"A long and careful search was made for objects of household use, or implements of art, but nothing was found except the corn-grinder, always met with among the ruins and on the plains. Marine shells, cut into various ornaments, were also found here, which showed that the builders either came from the sea-coast or trafficked there. No traces of hewn timber were discovered; on the contrary the sleepers of the ground floor were round and unhewn. They were burned out of their seats in the wall to the depth of six inches. The whole interior of the build-

ing had been burned out, and was much defaced. What was left bore marks of having been glazed, and on the walls of the north room of the second story were a number of rude hieroglyphics."

While encamped near this point, Lieut. Emory's party were visited by the Pimos Indians, whose town was a few miles distant. They were frank and unsuspecting, leaving their packs and valuables in the camp with perfect unconcern. Theft seems to be unknown among them. One of them was asked concerning the ruins just described. He replied that all that

was known was a tradition to the following effect: "In times long past, a woman of superior beauty resided among the mountains near this place. All the men admired and paid court to her. She received the tributes of their devotion, grain, skins, etc., but gave no favors in return. Her virtue, and her determination to remain secluded, were equally firm. There came a drought which threatened the world with famine. In their distress the people applied to her, and she gave them corn from her stock, and the supply seemed to be endless. Her goodness was unbounded. One day as she was lying asleep, a drop of rain fell upon her and produced conception. A son was the issue, who was the founder of the race which built these structures." When asked if he believed the legend which he had related, he replied, "No, but most of the Pimos do. We know nothing of their origin."

Capt. Johnston, who was killed at the battle of San Pasqual in California, accompanied Lieut. Emory in his expedition, and kept notes of the journey. From these, the following passages relating to ruins similar to those just noticed, have found the light. It will be observed that pyramidal structures, of the same type of those of Mexico, are mentioned.

"Still passing plains which had once been occupied, we saw to our left the 'Casa de Montezuma.' I rode to it, and found the remains of the walls of four buildings, and the piles of earth showing where many others had been. One of the buildings was still quite complete, as a ruin; the others had all crumbled, but a few pieces of broken wall remaining. The large casa was fifty feet by forty, and had been four stories high; but the floors and roof had long since been burnt out. The charred ends of the cedar joists were still in the wall. I examined them and found they had not been cut with a steel instrument. The joists were round sticks about two feet in diameter. There were four entrances—north, south, east and west,—the doors about four feet by two; the rooms as below, and had the same arrangement in each story. There was no sign of a fire-place in the building. The lower story was filled with rubbish, and above it was the open sky. The walls were four feet thick at the bottom, and had a curved inclination inwards to the top. The house was built of a sort of white earth and pebbles, probably containing lime, which abounded on the ground adjacent. The walls had been smoothed out-

side, and plastered inside; and the surface still remained firm, although it was evident it had been exposed to great heat from the fire. Some of the rooms did not open to all the rest, but had a hole a foot in diameter to look through; in other places were smaller holes. About two hundred yards from this building was a mound, in a circle one hundred yards around the mound. The centre was a hollow, twenty-five yards in diameter, with two ramps or slopes going down to its bottom. It was probably a well, now partly filled up. A similar one was seen near Mount Dallas.

"A few yards further, in the same direction, northward, was a terrace, one hundred yards by seventy, about five feet high. Upon this was a pyramid, about eight feet high, twenty-five yards square at the top. From this, sitting on my horse, I could overlook the vast plain lying north-east and west, on the left bank of the Gila. The ground in view was about fifteen miles,—all of which, it would seem, had been irrigated by the waters of the Gila. I picked up a broken crystal of quartz in one of these piles. Leaving the casa I turned towards the Pimos, and travelling at random over the plain, (now covered with mezquite,) the piles of earth and pottery showed for miles in every direction. I also found the remains of a zequia (a canal for irrigation) which followed the range of houses for miles. It had been very large."

At a point still nearer the Pimos village, Lieut. Emory noticed another "Casa Montezuma." "It was one pile of broken pottery and foundation stones of black basalt, making a mound about ten feet high. The outline of the ground plan was distinct. The pottery did not differ from what was before observed; and among the ruins the same sea-shells, one worked into an ornament, and a large bead of bluish marble, exquisitely turned, and an inch and a quarter long, were also found."

The Pimos Indians are, in many respects, a remarkable people. They are stationary and agricultural in their habits, peaceable, honest and social,—in fact, presenting in all respects the strongest points of contrast to their neighbors to the north-east, the predatory Apaches. "At the settlement of the Pimos," says Lieut. Emory, "we were at once impressed with the beauty and order of the arrangements for irrigating and draining the land. Corn, wheat and cotton, are the crops of this peaceful and intelligent race of people. At the time of our visit, all the crops had

been gathered in, and the stubble showed that they had been luxuriant. The cotton had been picked and stacked for drying in the sheds. The fields are subdivided by ridges of earth into rectangles of about two hundred feet by one hundred, for the convenience of irrigation. The fences are of sticks wattled with willow and mezquite, and in this particular give an example of economy in agriculture worthy to be followed by the Mexicans, who never use fences at all.

The dress of the Pimos consists of a cotton serape, of native manufacture, and a breech cloth. Their hair is worn long, and clubbed up behind. They have but few cattle, and these are used in tillage. They possess a few horses and mules, which are prized very highly. They were found very ready to barter, which they did with entire good faith. Capt. Johnston relates that when his party first came to the village they asked for bread, offering to pay for the same. The bread was furnished by the Pimos, but they would receive no return, saying, "Bread is to eat, not to sell; take what you want."

"Their houses," says Lieut. Emory, "were dome-shaped structures of wicker-work, about six feet high, and from twenty to sixty feet in diameter, thatched with straw or corn-stalks. In front is usually a large arbor, on top of which is piled the cotton in the pod, for drying. In the houses were stowed water-melons, pumpkins, beans, corn and wheat, the three articles last named usually in large baskets; sometimes these baskets were covered with earth and placed on the tops of the domes. A few chickens and dogs were seen, but no other domestic animals except horses, mules and oxen. Their implements of husbandry were the axe, (of steel, and obtained through the Mexicans,) wooden hoes, shovels, and harrows. The soil is so easily pulverized as to make the plough unnecessary."

Among their manufactures is a substance which they call *pinole*. "It is the heart of Indian corn, baked, ground up, and mixed with sugar. When dissolved in water it is very nutritious, and affords a delicious beverage. Their molasses, put up in large jars, hermetically sealed, is expressed from the fruit of the pitahaya."

In manufacturing cotton they display much skill, although their looms are of the simplest kind. "A woman was seated on the ground under one of the cotton sheds.

Her left leg was turned under, and the sole of her foot upwards. Between her large toe and the next was a spindle, about eighteen inches long, with a single fly of four or six inches. Ever and anon she gave it a twist, in a dexterous manner, and at its end was drawn a coarse cotton thread. This was their spinning machine. Led on by this primitive display, I asked for their loom, pointing first to the thread and then to the blanket girded about the woman's loins. A fellow stretched in the dust sunning himself, rose up leisurely, and untied a bundle which I had supposed to be a bow and arrows. This little package, with four stakes in the ground, was the loom. He stretched his cloth, and commenced the process of weaving."

They had salt among them, which they obtain from the plains. "Wherever there are 'bottoms' which have no drainage, the salt effloresces, and is skimmed from the surface of the earth. It was brought to us both in the crystallized form, and in the form when first collected, mixed with earth."

The plain upon which the Pimos village stands, extends fifteen or twenty miles in every direction, and is very rich and fertile. The bed of the Gila, opposite the village, is said to be dry, the whole water being drawn off by the *zequias* of the Pimos for irrigating their lands; but their ditches are larger than necessary for the purpose, and the water which is not used returns to the river, with little apparent diminution in its volume.

It is scarcely to be doubted, that the Pimos are the Indians described by Father Garcias and Pedro Font, as living on the south bank of the Gila, in the vicinity of the Casas Grandes, of which an account will hereafter be given. They lived in two villages, called Uturient and Sutaquisau, and are described by these explorers to have been peaceable and industrious cultivators of the soil. "When Father Font tried to persuade them of the advantages which would result from the establishment of Christian missions, where an Indian alcalde would govern with strict justice, a chief answered that this was not necessary for them. "For," said he, "we do not steal, we rarely quarrel; why should we want an alcalde?"

Thirty miles beyond the Pimos is a cognate tribe called the Coco Maricopas. All that has been said of the Pimos is applicable to them. Like them, "they live in cordial amity, and their habits, agriculture, religion, and manufactures, are the same. In stature they are taller, their noses are more aquiline, and they have a much readier manner of speaking and acting, and are superior in appearance, and perhaps in intelligence." Their animal spirits seem to be excessive. In illustration of their extreme simplicity, Lieut. Emory relates that after the trading had ceased, "they gathered around the camp-fires and made the air ring with their jokes and merry peals of laughter. A pair of spectacles was a great source of merriment. Some of them formed the idea that with their aid, the wearer could see through their cotton blankets. They would shrink and hide behind each other at his approach. It was at length placed upon the nose of an old woman, who explained its use to the others."

Although both the Pimos and Maricopas have an aversion to war, it arises from no incapacity in arms. They have at all times shown themselves able to meet and defeat the Apaches, whose hands are raised against every people. At the time of Lt. Emory's visit, a party had just returned from chastising these mountain robbers, for some aggression, bringing with them a number of captives, which they sold to the Mexicans as slaves. "They have a high regard for morality, and punish transgressors more by public opinion than by fines or corporeal penalties. Polygamy is unknown among them, and the crime of adultery, punished with such fearful penalties among the Indians generally, is here almost unknown, and is followed by the contempt of the relatives and associates of the guilty parties." They are said to be without any other religion than a belief in one great and over-ruling Spirit. Living remote from the civilized world, they are seldom visited by the whites, and intoxicating liquor and the vices which it entails, are unknown among them.

The two tribes are estimated to number from five to ten thousand. The Pimos have occupied their present position for an unknown period. The Coco Maricopas, on the other hand, have recently migrated

thither. In 1826, they were encountered on the Gila, at its junction with the Colorado, and subsequently at a point about half way between their present village and their former position. From the accounts of their earliest, contrasted with their present condition, it would seem that although originally an agricultural people, they have learned much from their proximity to the Pimos, whom they acknowledge as their superiors politically, and with whom they live on terms of intimate and cordial friendship. Their language is distinct from that spoken by the Pimos, and Mr. Gallatin has compared a short vocabulary, obtained by Lieut. Emory, with four Mexican languages in his possession, and the languages of thirty-two families of Indians living within the United States and further north, and found it to bear resemblance to none of them. He remarks, however, that "*apache*" is the word for *man*, and judging from analogy, they should belong to the great Apache family, for among the Algonquins the name signifying man was sometimes employed to designate tribes, as in the cases of the Linné Linape and Illinois."*

Lieut. Emory obtained from these Indians information of the existence, about a day's journey and a half to the northward, on the Salinas river, of a large building similar to the "Casa Montezuma," perfect, excepting the floors and roof. It was reported to be large, and the walls to be

* The Coco Maricopas were known to the Spanish missionaries long before the time they were visited by Mr. Carson. "In the map attached to Vanegas' History of California, published at Madrid in 1768, their name is inserted in a conspicuous way; and they are represented as occupying the country south of the Rio Gila for 150 miles upwards from its mouth. They are mentioned in the same work as having entertained friendly relations with Father Kino, the celebrated Jesuit, in the year 1700. They were visited in 1744-48, by Father Sedelmayer, who found them living in peace with the Pimos. To the westward of them, this authority mentions the *Yumas*, who were enemies of the Coco Maricopas, though speaking a dialect of the same language. These three tribes, viz: the Pimos, Coco Maricopas and the *Yumas*, with two others not named, were called the peaceable nations, which should be sheltered from the northern tribes. For this purpose several expeditions were proposed in order to conquer the Apaches, none of which, however, were undertaken."—GALLATIN, *Trans. American Ethnological Soc.* vol ii.

beautifully glazed. The footsteps of the men employed in building it, are yet to be seen in the adobes of which it is constructed. Whenever the rain comes, the Indians resort to these ruins to look for trinkets of shell, and a peculiar green stone, which Lieut. Emory regards to be nothing more than verde antique. He also states as an impression following from a hurried survey, that the ruins which he saw on the Gila might well be attributed to the Indians seen in New Mexico and to the Pimos. The fact that the latter now construct no such edifices may be accounted for (he suggests) by supposing that they have lost the art of constructing adobe or mud-houses,—a supposition hardly possible, while they had the suggestions furnished by these buildings constantly before them. Wherever the mountains do not approach too closely to the river, and shut out the valley, the ancient remains are seen in great abundance, enough, in the opinion of Lieut. Emory, to indicate a former population of at least one hundred thousand. In one place, most of the valley, for a distance of twenty miles, was covered with ruins of buildings, and broken pottery.

Corn-grinders and pottery corresponding with those found among the ruins are still in use among the Pimos. The corn-grinder is simply a large concave stone, into which another stone is made to fit, so as to crush the grain by the pressure of the hand.

The Indians met with between the Del Norte and the Gila, at the Pimos settlement, belong to the great Apache family, having no fixed habits, and roaming about from place to place, wherever a prospect of plunder is afforded. The Mexican provinces of New Mexico, Chihuahua, Sonora and Durango, may almost be said to be tributary to them.

Above the Maracopas, and near the head waters of the Salinas or Salt river, is a band of Indians called the *Soones*, by Lieut. Emory, who, in manners, habits and pursuits, are said to resemble the Pimos, "except that they live in houses scooped from the solid rock."*

* It cannot be doubted that the *Soones*, of whom Col. Emory received so very vague accounts, are identical with the *Zunni*, noticed by Mr. Gregg in his "Commerce of the Prairies." He mentions the pueblo of *Zunni*, one hundred and

doubtless the same with the *Munchies* or *Maukeys*, as they have sometimes been called, and which names may be regarded as corruptions of *Moqui*, the name applied by Humboldt to the stationary inhabitants between the Gila and Rio Colorado. He says, "The Indians between the rivers Gila and Colorado form a contrast with the wandering and distrustful Indians of the savannahs to the east of New Mexico. Father Garcias visited the country of the Moqui, and was astonished to find there an Indian town, with two great squares, houses of several stories, and streets well laid out and parallel to each other. The construction of the edifices of the Moquis is the same with that of the *Casas Grandes* on the banks of the Gila."* These Indians have been represented as nearly white, and extremely graceful in figure; but most of the late accounts which we have had of them, are based upon vague reports, and can hardly be relied on in their details. Humboldt observes that they "exhibit traces of the cultivation of the aboriginal Mexicans," and expresses the belief that, "at the period of the migration of the Toltecs, the Acolhues and the Aztecs, several tribes separated from the great mass of the people to establish themselves in these northern regions."† The same authority states, on the testimony of the mis-

fifty miles to the westward of the Rio Grande, containing 1000 or 1200 inhabitants, who profess the Catholic religion, cultivate the soil, prosecute various domestic manufactures, and possess considerable stock.

Mr. Gregg also mentions the seven pueblos of the Moqui—a nation which, from what he could gather, resided a short distance beyond the *Zunni*, with whom they generally correspond, except that they are pagans, and display more skill in their arts.

It will be seen, in the progress of this paper, that the people called *Soones* in Col. Emory's Report, and *Zunni* by Mr. Gregg, are the "*Sunne*" or "*Zuny*" described by Espejo, who visited their country in 1581-83. It will also be seen, that they are the "*people of Cibola*" conquered by Coronado, and that their country is the true "*province of Cibola*," the position of which has been so long a matter of doubt among investigators. Although Col. Emory has thought the story about "houses cut in the solid rock" worth mentioning, it is presumed there will be a safe incredulity as to the fact, in the minds of all intelligent readers.

* Pol. Essay, Lond. ed., vol. ii., p. 315.

† Id., p. 316.

sionaries of the *Collegio de Queretaro*, that their language is entirely different from that of the Aztecs proper. Missionaries, it seems, were once established among them, who were massacred in the great revolt of the Indians in 1680, and they have ever since remained unsubdued.

Beyond these, to the northward, and north-east, is the nation of the *Navajos*, a branch of the Apaches, who are partially agricultural, and who excel in some departments of domestic manufacture. "Their country is shut in by high mountains, inaccessible from without, except by limited passes through narrow defiles, well situated for defence on the approach of an invading foe. Availing themselves of these natural advantages, they have continued to maintain their ground against all odds, nor have they suffered the Spaniards to set foot within their territory as conquerors."* Dr. Lyman regards them as the "most civilized of all the *wild* Indians of North America," and states that they cultivate maize and all kinds of vegetables extensively, rear large droves of magnificent horses, equal to any in the United States, possess large flocks of mountain sheep, and from the wool, which resembles mohair, "manufacture blankets of a texture so fine and heavy, as to be perfectly impervious to water."† They are much more martial in their habits than the tribes already noticed, and are almost constantly at war with the Mexicans. They have had some severe skirmishes with American trappers, which resulted much to their disadvantage, and of whom they stand in considerable awe. Dr. Lyman states that "in the autumn of 1841, an American trader, with thirty-five men, went from Bent's fort to the Navajo country, built a breast-work with his bales of goods, and informed the astonished Indians that he had come into their country to trade or fight, whichever they preferred. The Indians chose to trade, and soon commenced a brisk business. Lieut. Abert states that, from what he could learn from Col. Doniphan, who marched into the Navajo country, they build in a style corresponding with that of the Indians of New

Mexico, as illustrated in the accounts of the pueblos of New Mexico.

Thus far the new facts which have been placed before the world by the officers of the American army, and by American travellers. Father Pedro Font, in 1775, visited some ruins south of the Rio Gila, which probably entirely escaped the observation of Lieut. Emory, who, for the most part, travelled upon the northern bank of the river. Their precise locality we are unable to determine, but they were doubtless higher up the stream than those mentioned by Lieut. E. Father Font, (whose MS. relation is copied in the seventh volume of Lord Kingsborough's magnificent work, and has recently been published by M. Ternaux Compans,) states that the ruins which he visited cover more than a league, and that the ground was covered with broken vases and painted pottery. The principal building, a plan of which (fig. 5) is herewith presented, is



Fig. 5.

described as "a parallelogram, facing precisely the four cardinal points; extending seventy feet long from north to south, and fifty wide from east to west. It consists of four rooms, three internal of equal size, twenty-six feet by ten, and two external, thirty-eight feet by twelve, and they are all eleven feet high. The edifice has three stories,—four, counting one under ground. There was no trace of stairs, which were probably wooden, and burned when the Apaches destroyed the building. The whole structure is composed of earth, the interior walls being four feet thick, and well constructed, and the external six feet thick, and shelving outside. The timber work consists partly of mezquite, principally of pine, although the nearest pine forest is distant seventy-five miles. A little distance to the eastward there is another building, twenty-six feet by eighteen

* Bartlett's Progress of Ethnology, p. 17.

† Farnham's Life and Travels in California, p. 372.

* See Kingsborough, vol. vi, p. 539, and Trans. American Ethnological Society, vol. ii, p. lxxxv.

inside. There are also remnants of other structures near. Around the whole there are indications of an external wall, rectangular in outline, extending four hundred and twenty feet from north to south, and two hundred and sixty from east to west. From some remains of mud walls (torchis) and some scattered bricks, it appeared that there had been a canal to bring water from the river to the town."*

Clavigero was aware of the existence of ancient structures on the Rio Gila, and attributes them to the Aztecs, who, he supposed, migrated from the regions far to the north-west, beyond the Gila and Rio Colorado. He does not, however, assume to know anything of the character of these remains, further than that they are quite imposing.

He describes certain buildings, nevertheless, under the name of "*Casa grandi*," (to which he imputes the same origin,) situated two hundred and fifty miles to the north-west of the city of Chihuahua, and not very far to the westward of the Rio Grande. It will be seen that the account corresponds with that given us by Lieut. Abert, of the aboriginal structures on the Del Norte. These have entrances only from above, by means of ladders, while those met with on the Gila have doorways on a level with the ground.

"This edifice," says Clavigero, (vol. i., p. 114,) "is constructed on the plan of those of New Mexico, that is, consisting of three floors, with a terrace above them, and without any entrance to the lower floor. The doorway is in the second story, so that a scaling ladder is necessary; and the inhabitants of New Mexico build in this manner, in order to be less exposed to the attacks of their enemies. No doubt the Aztecs had the same motives for raising their edifice on this plan, as every mark of a fortress is to be observed about it, being defended on one side by a lofty mountain, and the rest of it being defended by a wall about seven feet thick, the foundations of which are still existing. In this fortress there are stones as large as a mill-stone to be seen: the beams of the roof are of pine, and well finished. In the centre of this vast fabric is a little mount, made on purpose, by what appears, to keep guard on, and observe the enemy. There have been some ditches found in this place, and a va-

riety of domestic utensils, earth pans, pots, jars, and little looking glasses of *itztli*, (obsidian.)"

Lieut. Hardy, a British officer, who travelled in this part of Mexico in 1829, also notices a certain "*Casa Grande*," which is probably the very one described by Clavigero. His account is as follows:

"Casas Grandes is one of the few ruins existing in Mexico, the original owners of which are said to have come from the north, and I, therefore, determined to examine it. Only a portion of the external walls is standing; the building is square, and of very considerable extent; the sides stand accurately north and south, which gives reason to suppose that the builders were not unversed in astronomy, having determined so precisely the cardinal points. The roof has long lain in the area of the building, and there are several excavations said to have been made by the Apache Indians to discover earthenware, jars and shells. A specimen of the jars I was fortunate enough to procure, and it is in excellent preservation. There were also good specimens of earthen images in the Egyptian(?) style, which are to me at least so perfectly uninteresting, that I was at no pains to procure any of them.(!) The country here, for an extent of several leagues, is covered with the ruins of buildings capable of containing a population of at least twenty or thirty thousand souls. Casas Grandes is indeed particularly favorable for maintaining so many inhabitants. Situated by the side of a large river which periodically inundates a great part of the low surrounding lands, the verdure is perpetual. There are ruins also of aqueducts, and in short, every indication that its former inhabitants were men who knew how to avail themselves of the advantages of nature, and improve them by art; but who they were, and what became of them, it is impossible to tell. On the south bank of the Rio Gila there is another specimen of these singular ruins; and it may be observed, that wherever these traces are found, the surrounding country invariably possesses great fertility of soil, and abundance of wood and water."*

With these facts before him, relating to the existing aboriginal families of New

* Travels in the Interior of Mexico, p. 465.

Mexico and Upper California, the attention of the reader is next requested to the not less interesting facts which follow, relating to the inhabitants of these territories at the period of the first Spanish conquest, in 1540-42. It is proper to observe, before proceeding, that many of these facts are drawn from the "Notes on the Semi-Civilization of New Mexico," by Hon. ALBERT GALLATIN, contained in the second volume of the Transactions of the American Ethnological Society,—a volume which, for the variety and value of the information which it contains, upon archæological and ethnological subjects, has rarely been excelled by the publications of any learned society. Mr. Gallatin has collected and collated most of the early accounts of Spanish adventure in these regions, with that industry and critical care for which his scientific labors are distinguished; and has left little to be added by those who shall succeed him in the same field. Several valuable relations have, however, escaped his attention, and he has failed to fix with certainty, or rather to his own satisfaction, some important localities, the positions of which, in the opinion of the writer of this article, can scarcely admit of doubt.

The untiring zeal with which the Spanish adventurers prosecuted their discoveries between the tropics and in the adjacent regions, during the first half of the sixteenth century,—leaving out of view the adventures of De Soto, Ponce de Leon, Cortez, Pizarro, and others,—cannot, perhaps, be better illustrated than by the simple facts that in 1528-36, Cabeça de Vaca crossed the continent from Apalache, in Florida, to the Pacific Ocean; that in 1840-42, Vasquez Coronado passed from Mexico northward, through intervening hostile tribes, crossed the Gila, marched to the sources of some of the western branches of the Colorado of California, crossed the mountains dividing the waters of the continent, and descended into the valley of the Rio Grande, thence traversed the intervening country, and penetrated to the wide plains of the great buffalo range, beyond the upper waters of the Arkansas river; that at the same period, Fernando Alarcon, animated by a like adventurous spirit, reached the Gulf of California,

coasted along its shores to its head, sailed upon the Colorado, and determined the peninsular character of Lower California; and that all this was done nearly one hundred years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth; before Hudson floated his ship upon the noble waters bearing his name, and before Smith spread the terrors of his arm among the Indians of Virginia, at Jamestown. The accounts which we have presented of the existence of mysterious ruined edifices upon the Rio Gila, of the character and habits of the aboriginal inhabitants upon its banks, to the northward, and on the sources of the Rio Grande, in New Mexico, will have, to most readers, all the novelty of new discoveries; yet all these regions and tribes were visited and accurately described three hundred years ago, within fifteen years after Cortez subverted the Empire of Montezuma! The impulse which originated and sustained these expeditions, surpassing the adventures of romance in the astonishing variety of their incidents, was not, it is true, much to be admired. Mixed with an avarice as absorbing as it was unscrupulous, there was nevertheless much of that chivalric spirit which glories in great deeds, and which emulation and rivalry had urged to a point of almost superhuman daring. Nothing less than this, joined to an indomitable perseverance, could have sustained the early Spanish leaders under the difficulties and sufferings to which they were continually exposed, and which they uncomplainingly met, and bravely surmounted.

At the time of the conquest of Mexico, little seems to have been known, by the natives, of the nations bounding their provinces at the north, further than that most of them were wild and predatory. Those upon the north-west were designated by names signifying *barbarians*. No sooner, however, had the general subjugation of Mexico and its immediate dependencies been completed, and its provinces partitioned among the Spanish leaders, than the attention of the latter was directed to the unknown regions beyond them, of the riches and magnificence of which they often received the most exaggerated reports. Nuno de Guzman, to whom had been assigned the governorship of New Galicia, comprising the northern division

of Mexico, heard many of these accounts, relating to countries to the northward of his jurisdiction, which excited his curiosity and inflamed his avarice. He had in his service a Tejos (Taos?) Indian, who told him of a vast northern country abounding in gold and silver, and occupied by a numerous population, living in towns as large as Mexico. Confiding in these accounts, Guzman collected an army, and in 1530 started for this unknown region. Difficulties however intervened, and the expedition was abandoned. The Tejos Indian soon after died, and the story of "the seven towns" died with him.

Attention was nevertheless once more directed to the subject by De Alvar Nunez Cabeça de Vaca, who accompanied Pamphilo Narvaez in his unfortunate expedition into Florida, in 1528; but who, more successful than his leader, with a few followers, after encountering incredible hardships, and wandering for eight years in unknown regions, succeeded in reaching the Pacific Ocean, and finally the Spanish settlements in Mexico. "He stated that the natives which he had encountered along the sea shore, west of the Mississippi river, were miserably poor, living principally on fish. But in the interior, and farther westward, he found some tribes cultivating the maize, and others, who derived their subsistence from buffaloes, which he denominated 'wild cows,' and which he had seen in immense numbers. He also stated that he had heard of great cities, with houses four stories high, situated in the same direction indicated by the Tejos Indian. Antonio de Mendoza, who was at this time Viceroy of New Spain, and Vasquez Coronado, who had succeeded Guzman in New Galicia, aroused by these accounts, took measures to have the unknown northern region of which they had heard so much, explored. For that purpose they despatched a Franciscan, named Marcos de Niza, with several companions, (one of whom was a negro, named Estevanico, who had accompanied Cabeça in his wanderings,) with orders to assure the Indians of good treatment for the future, and to penetrate as far northward as they could go with safety. Niza proceeded as far as the lower border of the desert, beyond which the country of which he was in search was supposed to lie, and the name of which he had

heard was Civola, or Cibola. Previously to his arriving at this point, he had despatched some of his companions forward, who penetrated to Cibola, where they were attacked, and most of them slain. The survivors retreated precipitately, and met Niza at the point above indicated. They were highly exasperated, and the monk was obliged to appease them by dividing amongst them the valuables in his possession. He went no farther, but fled to Mexico, where, in 1539, in addition to an exaggerated account of his actual adventures, he imposed upon the viceroy a fabulous statement, in which he pretended that he had crossed the desert with two Indian chiefs; that he arrived in sight of Cibola; that it contained cities more extensive than Mexico, and that there was a great "richness" there and an abundance of gold and silver and precious stones.* His account, exaggerated and false as it afterwards proved to be, nevertheless inflamed the imaginations of the Spaniards to the highest degree. They fancied another Mexico in the kingdom of Cibola, and were eager to add it to their list of conquests. Cortez, as Captain General of New Spain, and Mendoza, as Viceroy of Mexico, disputed with each other the right to undertake the conquest of Cibola. Mendoza persisted and fitted out a numerous army of Spaniards and Indians, with a regiment of cavalry, for the expedition. Cortez, disgusted, retired to Spain.

The command of the expedition was given to Coronado, the Governor of New Galicia. It set out immediately and arrived at Culican, two hundred leagues north of Mexico, on the second day after Easter, 1540. Coronado, leaving the main body behind, went forward with sixty horsemen, among whom was the monk Niza.

* The expedition undertaken upon the authority of Niza's relation, while it stamped him as an impostor, gave rise, notwithstanding its unfortunate results, to many jests at the expense of the Franciscan. "The famous Seven Cities of Brother Niza," says Gomara, with bitterness, in recording the unsatisfactory results of the expedition, "The famous Seven Cities of Brother Niza, which occupy six leagues of country, may contain a population of perhaps four thousand men, whose only wealth consists in having nothing to eat, and in going naked through the seven winter months!" But honest Gomara erred in the other direction from "Brother Niza."

and the Capt. Jaramillo. They proceeded on the Pacific slope, westward of the mountains separating the waters of the continent. In thirty days they arrived at Chichilti-calli, (house of Chichilti,) on the edge of a desert and chain of mountains. This point, according to Coronado's own account, was ten days' journey from the mouth of the river, or from the sea. In attaining it they had crossed several streams, Petatlan, Cinaloa, Taquemi and Senora, upon the banks of which they found a considerable agricultural population.

All these streams fell into the Gulf of California, and this point was estimated to be three hundred leagues north of Culican. After crossing the mountains, (probably a spur of the Sierra Mimbres, separating the lower or main fork of the Gila from its other more northern tributaries, or from the eastern tributaries of the Colorado,) they found several rivers, which they called San Juan, Frio, and Vermejo, and in thirteen days arrived at the first village of Cibola. The village was small, containing perhaps two hundred warriors: the houses were three or four stories high, composed of stones and mud. The inhabitants of the province, which was composed of seven villages, situated in a valley six leagues long, all united in defence of the first town. They were attacked and defeated, and the whole province brought at once in submission. The horses and fire-arms of the invaders were as effectual here, in inspiring terror and subduing the inhabitants, as they had proved among the more civilized people to the southward.

Twenty-five leagues further to the north-westward, the Spaniards heard of another province, called *Tucayan*, also containing several towns, which was conquered by a detachment sent by Coronado.

Shortly after some Indians came to Cibola from Cicyé, situated seventy leagues to the north-east, who tendered the services and friendship of their nation. Coronado sent Capt. Alvarado to accompany them back. After five days' march, crossing mountains, they arrived at a village called *Acuco*, (Acoma of Lieut. Abert,) built upon an inaccessible rock, the inhabitants of which made peace with the Spaniards. Three days after, Alvarado reached the province of *Tiguex*, from whence he sent a messenger to Coronado, advising him to take up his quarters in

that district, and in five days reached Cicyé. He soon returned to Tiguex, where he was joined by Coronado, and where he wintered.

These operations had been carried on by an advance detachment. The main body designed for the expedition, remained at Culican for a time, but afterwards advanced to the valley of Senora, (thus called to this day,) when provisions being abundant, they established a temporary colony.

Melchior Diaz remained with a detachment as Governor of Cibola, and a man named Gallego returned to Senora, conveying the news of Coronado's conquests, and taking with him the monk Niza, whose relations having been proved wholly false, he was in danger of losing his life at the hands of the enraged soldiers. We hear no more of him.

The remainder of the army under the guidance of Gallego, followed the track of Coronado, arrived at Cibola, and in the beginning of December left that place to join their commander at Tiguex. This last stage occupied them ten days; they crossed mountains, when it snowed every night,—passing, in some places, through snow three feet deep. Their arrival at Tiguex was opportune, for the province, in consequence of the excesses of the Spaniards, had revolted. It required two months to reduce the people once more to obedience, during which time many severe contests seem to have taken place.* A portion of the inhabitants fled to the mountains, and could not be induced to return while the Spaniards were in the territory.

In the spring, (5th of May,) the Spaniards left Tiguex for Cicyé, twenty-five leagues to the north-east. Near here they found a deep river which it was necessary to cross on a bridge. Proceeding upon information, intentionally deceptive and undoubtedly designed by the Indians to lead them out of their country, they continued their march to the north-eastward, and at the end of six or seven days came to great plains, where for the first time they found Buffaloes. "These animals and

* Gomara states that the reduction of one of the towns occupied the Spanish forces for *forty-five days*. "The people, when besieged, drunk snow instead of water, and seeing themselves forlorn, made a great fire, wherein they cast all their valuables, their mantles and feathers, so that the strangers might not enjoy them."

their immense numbers, the plains with their deep ravines, and the Indians totally differing from those they had yet encountered, deriving their food and clothing from the Buffalo, are all minutely described. The description would now apply with precision to the country and the tribes which still inhabit it. The latter they called *Querechos*, which are undoubtedly the Arapahoes. Coronado, discouraged by the unpromising prospect, sent back the main body of the army, proceeding himself with thirty-six men to the northward, in search of a country abounding in the precious metals, which he was still assured existed in that direction. He soon met with a tribe of Indians, distinct from the *Querechos*, which were called "Texas," (Taos?) who came into these plains to hunt the Buffalo. Their residence was in the valley of the Tiguex river, above the nation of that name. "They are said to be late invaders, who had come from the north, and had destroyed some villages in the vicinity of Cicuyé, but being repelled there, had made peace with the other inhabitants of the valley, and settled near them." They proved friendly towards the Spaniards, and supplied them with guides. Coronado continued his march northward still further, as high, Mr. Gallatin believes, as the 40th parallel of latitude, where he found Indians who still hunted the Buffalo, but who had some fixed villages. He also received information of a great river, the banks of which were thickly inhabited, which must have been the Missouri or Mississippi. He proceeded no further, the season being advanced, but returned to Tiguex, where, with his whole army, he spent the winter of 1541-42. It was his evident intention to resume his explorations to the north in the spring, but an accidental wound, and the attractions of a noble wife and young family at home, together with the disappointment and discontent of his followers, led him to evacuate a territory which held out no inducements for retaining possession. Accordingly, in the spring, he led his army back to Culican; but, bringing no treasures, no second Montezuma to grace his return, he was coldly received by the Viceroy, lost his reputation and his government of New Galicia together, and went into retirement, a disappointed man

Some monks, with a few followers, persisted in remaining behind in Tiguex, but most of them were soon killed, and the rest obliged to leave the country. Nevertheless, a few years thereafter, some zealous missionaries found their way into the country; and, in about forty years subsequently to Coronado's evacuation, a part of Tiguex was occupied by a party of Spaniards under one Leyva Bonillo. It does not appear, however, that much was done towards the second reduction of the country, until about 1600, when it was occupied by Juan de Onate. Eighty years afterwards, (1680,) the Indians revolted throughout the entire region and massacred the Spaniards, but were again reduced, after a protracted contest of ten years, (in 1690,) since which time they have been, nominally at least, subject to the Spaniards. The Moqui and Navajos, however, succeeded in maintaining their independence, which they still preserve.

In determining the several localities visited by Coronado, with the purpose of ascertaining the positions of Cibola, Tiguex, Cicuyé, etc., we must not forget that the Spaniards, wandering in a new country, could not have kept their bearings or recorded distances with great exactness. We can regard their estimates therefore as only approximating to the truth. Besides, our knowledge of the geography of this wide region is, even now, quite limited. The maps of Emory, Abert, Farnham, Gregg, and others, have furnished a very good general outline, leaving, nevertheless, some broad blanks to be supplied by future explorers. Of the region between the Gila and Colorado, in which, near the dividing ridge of the continent, the "Kingdom of the Cibola" was undoubtedly situated, we have very little knowledge, general or geographical, beyond that furnished by the early explorers. The deficiency, it is believed, will not offer an insurmountable obstacle to the success of our inquiry.

Allowing thirty miles to the day's march, which is about the average, under favorable circumstances, we have one hundred and twenty miles as the distance between the point on the Senora river, left by Coronado in his advance, and Chichilti-calli, between longitudes 109° and 110° W. This is, according to the best maps, about the distance between the Senora river and the

Gila, called Nexpa by the chronicler. The discovery, upon the Nexpa, of ruined edifices, corresponding with those known to exist on the Gila, supports the belief that the two are identical, at the same time that it attests the antiquity of these remains. The description of Chichilti-calli, by Castenada, the chronicler of Coronado's expedition, represents it as situated at the edge of the desert of Cibola, consisting of a large roofless structure, built of red earth, and apparently at one time fortified. It is stated to have been destroyed by the natives, who constitute the most barbarous people found in the region, probably the roving Apaches.

According to the relation of Castenada, (which was, however, committed to writing twenty years after the occurrences to which it refers,) they were *thirteen* days from the ruins of Chichilti-calli, on the Nexpa or Gila, to the first town of Cibola, named Granada by Coronado, and situated upon a river flowing westward. The distance to this point from the Gila, upon our previous basis, would be nearly four hundred miles; but in crossing mountains or traversing a broken country, transversely to the direction of its water courses, they could not have exceeded, but would probably have fallen below, twenty miles a day, which, for thirteen days, would amount to about two hundred miles. Assuming that they kept due north from their former position, (which they must have done, unless they crossed the great dividing ridge of mountains, here running north and south,) they would, in this distance, have nearly arrived at the valley of the stream known as the *Rio Jaquesila*, one of the largest eastern tributaries of the Rio Colorado, the position of which is only approximately known. Coronado himself, in his letter to Mendoza, does not state the number of days occupied in this last march. He speaks of it, however, as far the most difficult part of his journey, and says, "The first day we found no grass, but a worse way for mountains and bad passages, than we had yet passed, and the horses being tired and greatly molested therewith, so that we lost more horses than we lost before, and some of my Indians died, and one Spaniard and two negroes, who died of eating herbs for lack of victuals." He says elsewhere, "It is a most wicked way, because of its inaccessible mountains." It appears from

his relation, however, that he travelled but thirty leagues and two days; in all say forty leagues or one hundred and twenty miles. The towns of the Cibola may have been situated upon some of the branches of the Jaquesila which take their rise in the mountains west from Santa Fé. It is, however, most likely, that they occupied the valley of some one of the northern tributaries of the Gila. But from what we can learn of these streams, there are none of them which extend thirteen days northward, unless it is the Rio Salinas of Lieut. Emory.* It may be regarded as certain, whatever the stream upon which they are situated, whether a tributary of the Gila or of the Colorado, that the towns of the Cibola occurred about one hundred and fifty miles northward of the Gila, about sixty miles from the western base of the Sierra de Anahuac, the dividing ridge between the waters of the Colorado and Rio Grande, between lat. 35° and 37° N., and long. 108° and 110° W.

From the accounts, the towns of Tucayan were situated about seventy-five miles to the northeast of Cibola, upon the same side of the mountains. We have no knowledge of any locality, corresponding in position, now retaining traces of an aboriginal civilization. It now, probably, falls in the country of the Navajos. There can be no doubt, however, as to the position of the town of *Acuco*. It answers fully to the existing town of Acoma, visited by Lieut. Abert, which, as already mentioned, is situated among the mountains, upon the San José, a small branch of the Puereo, a tributary of the Rio Grande. In reaching this point, Coronado's followers crossed the dividing ridge through the snow, as already described.

The river of the Tiguex, three days' march beyond Acoma, upon which the

* If Lieut. Emory is correct in supposing that the Rio Salinas holds the course indicated by the dotted line on his map, there can be no doubt that the Cibola villages were situated upon that river. We must, however, cut down the day's journey of Castenada to ten or fifteen miles, otherwise we shall place the Cibola country in too high a latitude. On the hypothesis that Lieut. Emory is correct, and that these towns were upon the Salinas the rest of Castenada's account is not only consistent with itself, but wonderfully accurate, in respect to courses and distances. The ruined buildings on the Salinas, of which Lieut. Emory speaks would favor this conclusion.

towns bearing the same name were situated, is clearly the Rio Grande. Following the course of the streams, which the Spaniards would naturally do, the distance from Acoma to the Rio Grande is about ninety miles. Here we find Quivera, Quarra, Tegique, Jemez and other towns, which are easily to be recognized in the Quivix or Quirix, the Tiguex and Hemez of Castenada's narrative. Nor is there any difficulty in deciding, from the description of the chronicler, that the present almost impregnable Pueblo of Taos is the identical prodigious structure called Braba at this early period.

Cicuyé, which is said to have been five days' march to the northeast of Tiguex, was probably the town now in ruins, known as the ruins of Pecos, and situated upon the large eastern tributary of the Rio Grande, bearing the name of Rio Pecos.* If not that particular town, it must have been one not far distant from it. Pecos is distant about one hundred miles northeast of the present town of Tegique, or one hundred and twenty miles northeast of the point where Coronado must first have struck the Rio Grande.

There is no difficulty, as has been already observed, in recognizing the region into which Coronado penetrated, after leaving Cicuyé. The first river encountered was the Rio Mora, the main branch of the Nutria or North Canadian fork of the Arkansas. The main body of the Spaniards wandered through the plains above the Nutria for thirty-seven days, and according to Castenada's computation must have travelled two hundred leagues beyond Tiguex. It cannot be supposed, however, that they maintained a constant direction. In returning, under the guidance of some Tejos Indians, they reached the river of Cicuyé or Pecos, thirty leagues below the place where they passed it before. They were told that it united with the Tiguex or Rio Grande, twenty days' journey to the southward. Allowing twenty miles to the days' journey, this would make the point of junction exactly where recent discoveries have ascertained that it occurs.

The *Tejos* Indians, (which Mr. Gallatin, by mistake, often calls *Texans*,) who occupied the upper waters of the Rio Grande,

are clearly those which are now called the Taos Indians. They have very nearly assimilated to the descendants of the Tiguex. It is equally clear that the *Que-rechos*, the roving hunters of the buffalo plains, were no other than the Arapahoes.

Respecting the ruins of *Chichilti*, found on the Gila, it may be observed that one of the Indian towns, to the east of the Rio Grande, is to this day called *Chichilli* or *Chillili*, a coincidence worth mentioning, in connection with the story of the Spaniards, that the ruined buildings were built by an extinct colony of the people of Cibola or Tiguex.

If any doubt still exists as to the correctness of the position which we have assigned to the country of Cibola, it must be entirely dispelled by the following passages from the relation of Antonio de Espejo, who visited this region about forty years after Coronado's expedition; and who not only passed through Tiguex into Cibola, but into the, as yet, unvisited country of the Moqui, further to the westward. This relation seems entirely to have escaped the attention of the various authors and explorers already named. It will be seen that the Soones of Lieut. Emory, and the Zunni of Mr. Gregg, are none other than the people of Cibola themselves, still occupying the country possessed by their ancestors in 1540.*

In 1581-83, Espejo, proceeding upon the accounts of Ruiz, a Franciscan monk, started with a numerous train of followers for the mines of San Barbara, in the department of New Biscay, (now falling in the state of San Luis Potosi,) and directed his course to the northeast. He encountered many Indian nations, and finally reached the Rio Grande, which he ascended to Tiguex. He left it at the proper point, probably near the mouth of the Puerco, and directed his course westwardly, to-

* We are thus relieved from the improbable supposition which Mr. Gallatin's hypothesis involves, namely, that the towns of the Cibola have been destroyed by the Apaches, and the inhabitants scattered beyond recognition. Mr. Gallatin, it should be observed, places Cibola on the upper waters of the principal fork of the Gila, or rather of the Gila proper. From the account of Castenada, it seems very certain that the Apaches, at that time, occupied this very region, and had already destroyed the colonies which had erected Chichilti-calli, and the other structures then found in ruins.

* On some maps this river is incorrectly named *Puerco*.

wards the country of the Cibola. The first place he encountered was Acuco, which, however, he calls by its present name, Acoma. His reception is thus recounted:—

"About fifteen leagues from this province, (Ameries,) travelling always towards the west, they found a great town called Acoma, containing about five thousand persons, and situated upon an high rock, which was about fifty paces high, having no other entrance but by a ladder or flight of stairs, hewn into the same rock; whereat our people marvelled not a little. All the water of this town was kept in cisterns. The chief men came peaceably to visit the Spaniards, bringing with them many mantles and chamois skins, excellently dressed, and great plenty of victuals. Their corn fields are about two leagues from thence, and they fetch water out of a small river near thereto, [the San José?] to water the same; on the banks whereof, they saw many great banks of roses, like those of Castile. Our men remained in this place three days, upon one of which the inhabitants made before them a very solemn dance, coming forth in the same with very gallant apparel, using very witty sports, wherewith our men were exceedingly delighted.

"Twenty-four leagues from hence, towards the west, they came to a certain province called by the inhabitants themselves *Zuny*, and by the Spaniards *Cibola*, containing great numbers of Indians; in which province Vasquez Coronado had been, and had erected many crosses and other tokens of Christianity, which remained as yet standing. Here they also found three Indian Christians, who had remained here ever since the said journey, and had almost forgotten their language."

By these Indians, Espejo was informed of a great lake sixty days' journey distant, upon the banks of which were many large towns, the inhabitants of which had abundance of gold. He proposed to go there, but was able to persuade only nine of his followers to accompany him. With them he set out, and had proceeded but twenty-eight leagues to the westward of Cibola, when he discovered "another great province which, by estimation, contained above fifty thousand souls." The inhabitants were distrustful, and sent him notice, upon pain of death, not to approach their towns. Espejo, however, through the intervention of kind words, backed by numerous presents, succeeded in obtaining access to them. "A great multitude," he says, "came forth to meet him, sprinkling meal of maize upon the ground before his

horses." Arrived in the principal town, they were well lodged and provided for, and altogether "much made of them." Lest, however, they might change their favorable disposition, Espejo persuaded them to build a strong enclosure for his horses, which he represented to be very fierce and dangerous, and in this fortress encamped with his party—"a wittie policie," which the chronicler recommends to all explorers who may hereafter be placed under similar circumstances. When he left, Espejo took with him a great store of "mantles of cotton, both white and other colors, with many hand-towels, with tassels at their corners, and a quantity of rich metals, which seemed to have much silver."

This province was called *Mohotze*, in which those accustomed to Indian names will find no difficulty in detecting the modern *Moqui*, corrupted by traders and others into *Mawkey* and *Munchie*. The principal town was *Zaguato* or *Ahuato*. The inhabitants, in buildings, agriculture, etc., differed in no essential respect from the people of Cibola, with whom they maintained an intercourse.

According to the account of Castenada, all the villages at Cibola, in Tiguex and elsewhere, were built on the same plan. They did not consist of houses, but rather of *ranges of houses*, separated by streets, each block constituting a square. They coincided in modes of entrance and defence, in short, in all respects, with the edifices of the present Pueblos, as described by Lieut. Abert. They were seldom more than three or four stories high, but Castenada mentions some of seven stories. The town of *Cicuyé* was surrounded by a low stone wall, and the inhabitants asserted that they had never been subdued.

"The houses were well arranged in the interior. There was always a kitchen and an oven, and a distinct room for breaking the maize, and converting it into meal. This work, as usual, among the aborigines, was performed by the women. At a distance from the mountains, they had no fuel but dried grass, which they collected in large quantities, both for cooking and warmth." Their buildings were composed of prepared earth. According to Castenada, "They had no lime, but substituted for it a mixture of ashes, earth and coal; and, although their houses were several stories high, the walls were but half a fathom thick. They made

great heaps of rushes and grass, and set them on fire; when reduced to coal and ashes, they threw over the mass a quantity of earth and water, and mixed the whole together. Of this compound they formed cakes which they used instead of stones. They plastered the outside of their buildings with the same mixture, so that the whole had the appearance of mason's work. This work was done by the women. The men brought the wood and did the carpentry."

"Under ground there were subterranean rooms, called by the Spaniards '*Estufas*,' literally '*Stews*,' and which may be translated '*Air-baths*.' In the middle of each was a fire, which was constantly fed with thyme or dried grass. These places were entered only by the men; women were forbidden to visit them. Some of them were round, others square; their upper floor, which was on a level with the ground, was supported by pine pillars, and they were paved with large smooth stones. Some were as large as a 'tennis court.' The *Estufas* at Braba were very large, and supported by twelve pine pillars, each of which was two fathoms in circumference and two fathoms high."

From the circumstances that a constant fire was kept up in these *Estufas*, that they were forbidden to women, and that sacred dances and councils were held only in them, we are able to identify them as corresponding to the structures of the Floridian Indians, called "*Hot Houses*" by the traders. In these also burned the eternal fire; they were temples and council-houses, and were *tabooed* to the women. The correspondences here displayed, no doubt extended to the religions of the respective nations, but upon this point Castenada is silent. Coronado, however, states that the people of Cibola worshipped the water, for the reason that it caused their corn to grow and maintained their life, and because their fathers had worshipped it before them. In respect to the religion of the people on the Rio Grande, Espejo informs us that they "had many idols, which they worshipped, and particularly in every house an oratory (the *Estufa*) for the devil, whereunto they ordinarily carry him meat. And as it is the use among Christians to erect crosses upon the highways, so have this people certain high chapels, in which they say the devil useth to take his ease, and recreate himself as he travelleth from one town to another,—which

chapels are particularly well trimmed and painted." The ruins of small circular and other enclosures, observed on eminent positions by Lieuts. Emory and Abert, are no doubt those of the sacred edifices mentioned by Espejo, and it is worthy of remark that the same ideas which led to their erection, existed among the Aztecs, who erected small temples on the hills and mountains, by the banks of streams and lakes, and at the corners of streets, for the accommodation of the invisible divinities which, they believed, were constantly present and moving amongst them.

"All these people subsisted principally on vegetable food. Maize, beans and pumpkins are repeatedly mentioned as being universally cultivated, and to these mezquite bread was occasionally added. Accounts differ as to the abundance of the supply. At Cibola, enough was raised to sustain the inhabitants, but at the other places mentioned, the soil was so fertile and easy of cultivation, that it was not necessary to plough the ground in order to sow, and the crops of one year would supply the inhabitants with food for seven. At planting time the ground was often covered with the preceding crops, which it had not been found necessary to take away.

"Game was not plentiful. There were, however, some antelopes and deer, besides ducks, turkeys, and partridges in abundance. Some of these fowls appear to have been tamed, as the Spaniards frequently speak of being supplied with poultry by the Indians."

The articles of dress consisted of prepared deer and buffalo skins, and cotton mantles of different sizes, but usually a Spanish yard and a half in length. They had also ornamental feather dresses, plaited on a network of thread. A most extraordinary fact is stated by Castenada, viz: that the unmarried women went perfectly naked, summer and winter; the reason assigned for which was, that any departure from chastity would be at once revealed. We do not, however, find the statement confirmed by other accounts.

Castenada states that cotton was not grown in New Mexico, but Jaramillo testifies that it was cultivated. Mr. Gallatin observes that the black-seed or American cotton will grow as far north as the latitude of Virginia, and it can hardly be doubted that it was cultivated by the Indians on the Rio Grande, as it now is by those on the Gila. Mr. Gallatin thinks,

however, that it could not have grown there spontaneously, but was brought from the south, between the tropics, from which direction he is disposed to derive all the agriculture of the continent. We may here mention, incidentally, that there are many circumstances which weigh heavily, if, indeed, they are not conclusive against this hypothesis.

Bows and arrows, clubs and bucklers, were the weapons of these Indians. They made fine pottery, and well varnished and highly ornamented vases are frequently mentioned as of common manufacture.

In character they are represented by Castenada as sensible, industrious, honest, and peaceable, indulging in no excesses, and refraining from cannibalism and human sacrifices. They had chiefs, but were usually governed by a council of old men, after the manner of the semi-civilized tribes of Florida. As observed by Mr. Gallatin, "although perhaps as intelligent as the Mexicans, and certainly more humane, they are in most other respects, especially in science and arts, very inferior to them." They were, and still are, remarkable for their conjugal fidelity, their respect for property, and for their integrity in all their dealings. Offences against society were efficiently punished by universal contempt, rather than by penal enactments, which circumstance bespeaks a far higher standard of morality than any other American nation possessed. Perfect equality existed among them; there were no serfs or degraded castes; nor were they oppressed by a coalition of hereditary masters leagued with an exacting priesthood. They were thus exempt from many of those evils which usually attend the early progress of a people towards civilization. They form, says the venerable investigator now quoted, "the only refreshing episode in the course of my researches" into the early condition of the aboriginal nations of the continent.

At the risk of protracting this notice to an unreasonable length, we must be permitted to add a few words more respecting the "unexplored region" in which the towns of Cibola were situated, and which is bounded on the east by the Sierra Anahuac and the Sierra Mimbres, on the south by the Gila, on the west by the Colorado, and north by the mountain chains sepa-

rating it from the great basin of the Salt lake. It seems to be a high plain, without verdure, and intersected by a few ranges of mountains, the general course of which is north-east and south-west, and which give the same direction to the streams by which the country is traversed. The valleys of these streams, as we gather from the early accounts—and we have no others—are narrow and fertile, and within them are found semi-civilized inhabitants, corresponding with those occupying the towns of Cibola. The people of the different valleys, and those of different parts of the same valley, as we gather from Coronado, Espejo and Garcias, were, and no doubt still are, independent of each, but maintain the most friendly relations, speak the same language, and have common institutions, habits and customs. The tribes or various communities known under the indefinite name of Moqui, were visited, as we have already seen, as early as 1583, by Espejo, and afterwards in 1773 by Father Garcias. The descriptions which they have left us, might answer for the people of Cibola or Tiguex.

They have never been subjugated, and no doubt retain their primitive habits, impaired in no essential respect by the changes which have been going on in all other parts of North America during the past three hundred years. They therefore afford to the intelligent explorer an opportunity, never again to be enjoyed, of investigating aboriginal semi-civilization under its original aspects. Included now within the territory of trading, land-absorbing America, it will not be long before their fastnesses will be penetrated by the "Surveyor of Public Lands," and the advantageous sites for mill seats and future cities, be duly displayed in lithographic splendor, upon the walls of the office of the "*Moqui Universal Improvement and Land Investment Association*, No. — Wall street, New York!" Farewell then to the peace, simplicity, and the happiness of this Californian Arcadia!

In respect to the ruins on the Gila it may be observed, that although they differ slightly in construction from the buildings which existed at Cibola, and which still exist in New Mexico, they fall palpably within the capabilities of the people we have described, and may with great

plausibility, be attributed to them. If the account given by Captain Johnston on a previous page, of terraced and truncated pyramids, should be confirmed, the fact will certainly go far to prove that, if not erected by the Aztecs in their traditional migration from Aztalan, they were at least erected by a people having similar notions respecting the proper form for sacred edifices. We certainly have no account of the erection of such structures by the people of Cibola or New Mexico.

The general erection of tumuli over the dead, the construction of vast terraced pyramidal piles for sacred purposes, seem to have marked the steps of that primitive people, vaguely denominated the Toltecs, whose more imposing monuments still rear their spectral fronts among the dense tropical forests of Central America and Yucatan, but whose ruder, because earlier structures through the fertile alluvions which border the great Mississippi river and its giant tributaries,—silent but most conclusive illustrations of the Grand Law of Development, the stages of which nature has graven in the imperishable rocks, and of the truth of which history as a whole is an example and a witness. The Aztecs seem to have been of the Toltec stock, modified in their character from intermixture or association with fiercer families. They undoubtedly derived their science and their elementary religious conceptions from their Toltec kindred, and shared with them their not unmeaning nor yet unphilosophical predilections for pyramidal altars and elevated temples.*

* The following observations by Mr. Gallatin, upon the probable origin of the "Casas Grandes" or "Casas Montezuma," as they have been called, are worthy of attention:—

"The traditions of the Mexicans say that they came from the north or northwest, and occasionally remaining several years in different places, arrived at about the end of one hundred and fifty years, in the valley of Mexico. The supposition that they came from the Rio Gila, or any country north of it, was a mere conjecture of the Spaniards, which does not appear to have been sustained by any other fact than that of the ruins above mentioned. It is indeed contradicted by the Mexican traditions, which placed Aztlan, not in some unknown remote country, but adjacent to Michoacan; and according to Fernando D'Alva, they were descendants of ancient Toltecs, who had fled to Aztlan, and who now returned to the country of their ancestors. If an identity of language

NOTE 1.—*Knowledge of New Mexico by the Aztecs before the Conquest.*—The hypothesis of Mr. Gallatin that all agriculture in America originated between the tropics, implies intercommunication, at some period, between the aboriginal nations of New Mexico and those cultivating the soil to the southward. We must put this period remotely back, or admit, upon the same hypothesis, a knowledge on the part of the Aztecs of the existence of semi-civilized nations to the northward,—a knowledge which Mr. Gallatin is disposed wholly to deny to them. If we may credit De Solis, living buffaloes were kept in the zoological gardens of Montezuma at Mexico, and it was here that the Spaniards first saw them. De Solis' description is rather an amusing one, and is subjoined: "One of the greatest rarities was the Mexican bull; a wonderful composition of various animals. It has crooked shoulders, with a bunch on its back like a camel; its flanks dry; its tail large, and its neck covered with hair like a lion. It is cloven-footed, its head armed like that of a bull, which it resembles in appearance, with no less strength and fierceness." (*Hist. Mexico*, folio, book iii. p. 76.) In this connection we must remark that *Cibola* means buffalo, and that the kingdom of the Cibola meant simply the kingdom of the Buffalo. As there is no account of the existence of that animal south-west of the Sierra Mimbres, or below the Gila, it follows that it must have been obtained from New Mexico, (with the towns of which the people of Cibola were on the friendliest relations,) thus at once establishing some kind of intercourse between the Aztecs and these remote nations to the northward.

NOTE 2.—*The Exploration of the Gulf of California and the Colorado river.*—The voyage of Fernando Alarcon, alluded to in the text, is worthy of more than a passing remark. The subjoined condensed account of it, is from Mr. Gallatin's Notes:

"Fernando Alarcon was sent by the Viceroy Mendoza up the gulf of California, under the expectation that he might assist Coronado's land expedition. He sailed May, 1540, and after encountering many difficulties, reached the bottom of the gulf, and ascertained that California was not an island. He entered a very large river (the Colorado) which emptied into the gulf and had a rapid current. This he ascended nearly one hundred miles, with two shallops drawn with ropes by men on shore. The country was thickly

should hereafter be ascertained, it will appear most probable that the civilization of the river Gila and of New Mexico must be ascribed to an ancient Toltec colony. If the language should prove different from the Mexican proper, or any of the others spoken between the tropics, we may not be able ever to ascertain how this northern civilization originated. Whenever a people has become altogether agricultural, the first germ of civilization has been produced; and subsequent progress will depend upon the circumstances under which they may be placed."

Mr. Gallatin was not aware of the existence of the remains mentioned by Capt. Johnston.

inhabited. The Indians appeared at first frightened, and disposed to interrupt the Spaniards; but Alarcon avoided all hostilities, and they became pacified, even assisting in drawing the shallops up the stream, and supplying the Spaniards with provisions. They raised maize, beans and pumpkins, and on one occasion gave the Spaniards a loaf of *mezquiqui*. They worshipped the sun; and Alarcon persuaded them that he was the son of that luminary, and forbade them to go to war. They said that when at war they ate the hearts of their enemies (?) and burnt some of their prisoners. Alarcon returned to his vessels in two days and a half; the ascent had occupied fifteen days. He afterwards ascended the river to a higher point, to the vicinity of a district called Comana; met several tribes speaking different languages; heard of the country of the Cibola, which was variously represented to be ten and forty days' journey to the eastward; tried in vain to get letters transported across to Coronado, and finally returned to his vessels and sailed for New Spain. Although the true geography of the gulf was thus early ascertained, the voyage of Alarcon had been so much forgotten in Mexico, that the inhabitants one hundred and sixty years after, in the eighteenth century, regarded it as questionable whether California was an island or a peninsula.—*Transactions of the American Ethnological Society*, vol. ii., p. 50.

NOTE 3.—*Expedition to the Peninsula of California*.—In October, 1540, after the departure of the main body of Coronado's army from Sonora, Melchior Diaz, who was left as Governor of the temporary settlements made there, set off for the sea coast, in order to open a communication with Alarcon's vessels. At the computed distance of one hundred and fifty leagues, he arrived at or near the mouth of the Colorado, which he named Rio del Tizon, because the Indians, in cold weather, carried a firebrand, for the sake of warmth. From indications given by the Indians, he found a tree on the bank of the river, fifteen miles from its mouth, on which was written, "Alarcon came here; there are letters at the foot of the tree." The letters were found, stating that Alarcon had returned to New Spain, and that California was not an island but part of the main. Diaz ascended the river four days, crossed it on rafts, defeating the Indians, who disputed his passage, and marched along the coast of the peninsula to the south-west. He accidentally wounded himself and died, and his party returned to Senora.—*Id.* p. lxxvi.

NOTE 4.—*Expedition to the Upper Colorado*.—"In the same year, 1540, after the capture of Tucayan, the Indians of that province gave information of a great river to the north-west. Lopez de Cardenas, with twelve men, were immediately sent by Coronado in that direction. After twenty days' march across a desert, they arrived at the river, which was the Colorado, but far above its mouth. The stream was there buried, apparently more than a thousand feet, below the table land on which the Spaniards stood. The descent was so precipitous that they found it impossible to reach the bed of the river. The country was altogether uninviting, the water scarce, and the weather cold. They accordingly return-

ed to Cibola. The few Indians they met were peaceable and friendly."—*Id.* p. lxxviii.

NOTE 5.—*The Pimos Indians*.—The Pimos Indians found by Lieut. Emory on the Gila, although peaceable and agricultural, and in some other respects exhibiting a resemblance to the Indian families of New Mexico, and to the westward in the same latitude, nevertheless probably belong to a different family. The inhabitants of all the valleys through which the Spaniards passed, from the time they left Culican until they reached the Gila, seem to have cultivated the maize, beans, pumpkins, &c., and to have had fixed habits. The *Coracones*, mentioned by Coronado, the Tahues of Castenada, the inhabitants of Petatlan, and of the valleys of Senora and Suyu, were all of this character. Their houses, like those of the Pimos, were made of dry rush, and were mere sheds. From his account we may infer that Coronado found Indians of like habits, &c., on the Gila. On the plains and in the desert regions intervening between the valleys above named, were found various barbarous families, among which, and most numerous, were the *Acazas*, which were probably the Apaches.

NOTE 6.—*Account of Cibola, from Coronado's letter to the Viceroy Mendoza*.—"In this town where I remain, there be some two hundred houses, all compassed with walls, and I think with the rest of the houses not so walled there may be five hundred. There is another town near this, which is one of the seven, which is somewhat bigger, another of the same bigness, and four somewhat less. I send them all painted herewith to your lordship, and the parchment whereon the picture was found here, with other parchments. The people seem of a reasonable stature and wittie, yet they seem not such as they should be, of that judgment and wit to build houses in the sort that they are. For the most part they go nearly naked, but they have painted mantles. They have no cotton wool growing, because of the cold of the country, but they have mantles thereof, and in their houses was found cotton yarn. They have divers precious stones and crystals. We found here Guinea cocks, but few. The Indians say they eat them not, but keep them for their feathers; but I believe them not, for they are excellent good, and greater than those of Mexico. The season which is in this country, and the temperature of the air is like that of Mexico; for sometimes it is hot and sometimes it raineth; but hitherto I never saw it rain. The snow and cold are wont to be great, for so say the inhabitants of the country, and it is very likely to be, both in respect to the manner of the country and by the fashion of their houses, and their furs and other things which the people have to defend them from the cold. There is no kind of fruit nor trees of fruit. The country is all plain and is on no side mountainous, albeit there are some hills and bad passages. There is small store of fowls, (birds?) the cause whereof is the cold, and because the mountains are not near. Here is no great store of wood, because they have wood for their fuel sufficient four leagues off, from a wood of small cedars. There is most excellent grass within a quarter league hence. The victuals which the people of the country have is maize,

whereof they have great stock, and also small white pease, and venison, which by all likelihood they feed upon, although they say no, for we found many skins of deer, of hares, and conies. They eat the best cakes I ever saw, and everybody generally eateth of them. They have the finest order and way of grinding their grain we ever anywhere saw, and one Indian woman of this country will grind as much as seven women in Mexico. They have good salt in the kernel which they bring from a certain lake a day's journey hence. They have no knowledge among them of the North Sea, nor the Western Sea, neither can I tell your lordship which is the nearest. But in reason they should be nearest the Western Sea,

and at least I think it is an hundred and fifty leagues from hence, and the Northern Sea should be much farther off. Your lordship may see how broad the land is here. Here are many sorts of beasts, bears, tigers, lions, porcupines, and certain sheep as big as an horse, with very great horns and little tails; I have seen their horns so big, that it is a wonder to behold their greatness. Here are also wild goats, the heads whereof I have seen. There is game of deer, ounces, and very great stags. They travel eight or ten days' journey hence to certain plains, lying towards the North Sea, where they kill the oxen, the skins of which they dress and paint."

A DAY IN OCTOBER.

SPIRIT of Summer! thou art here,
Returning, on the south-wind's wing,
From thy new dwelling, far away—
Leaving behind a dreary day,
In this thy kindly visiting,
That thou may'st see the fields, once more,
Where stood thy fairy tents of yore.

Deep sadness is there in thy step,
And sorrow in thy hazy eye;
And fluttering round the scattered leaves,
We know thy gentle bosom grieves,
As evermore we hear thee sigh;
For thou dost see a deathful hand
Hath thickly sown thy favored land!

O leave thy kiss upon my cheek,
For thou wilt soon be on thy way,
And Frost, the minister of Death,
Far-riding on the Winter's breath,
Shall robe the earth in white array;
And lonely shall I sit, the while,
Without thy parting kiss and smile.

And take with thee thine own rich hues,
The odors of thine own sweet flowers;
The birds of tender heart and note;
The balms that ever round thee float;
The twilight's dim, enchanted hours;
And keep them safe with thee, till Spring
Thy welcome steps again shall bring.

GHOST STORIES.

It is long ago since those pleasant evenings at Uncle Robert's. My cousins have grown up, and there is a new generation around the hearth. Eliza Parker was married to Stephen Ingalls the year after the visit I have been describing. Mary Horton is now a fashionable city lady. What has become of the schoolmaster I do not know. He left that part of the country about five years since, and returned to the West; but where he has located himself I have never been able to ascertain. Possibly some Indiana or Missouri Congressman will recognize in these pages incidents which he has communicated to but a few intimate friends, and which rightly belong to no one but himself. Should he do so, he will, I am sure, excuse one who is obliged to assist a barren invention, for weaving these incidents into a narrative, and associating them with so respectable and harmless a personage as Martin Kennedy. I shall make no apology, therefore, for giving here an account of that gentleman's early life, naturally suggested by sundry allusions in his narrative of the misfortune of his friend Alison, as well as by the peculiar melancholy which colored his description. For the truth of the particulars I need not avouch, as I had them from his own lips; I will endeavor to give them as much in his own style as possible.

If the indulgent reader will transport himself to a certain September evening twenty years back, in the now populous town of —ville, celebrated for its manufactures, he may perceive on the high hill that overlooks its eastern side, a small garden to the left of the plain white dwelling with four poplars standing in front. If he looks more carefully, he will discover towards the lower end of the garden, where it merges into a nursery or peach orchard, a young man and woman seated on a bank that slopes down to the gravelled pathway.

This is Martin Kennedy and his first and only love, Lucy Darling. Poor Lucy!

One would not fancy, to have seen her at this time, that she was destined to taste so soon the bitter cup of sorrow; nor would any one recognize in the ruddy face of that handsome boy, the solemn and careworn lineaments of our friend the schoolmaster. Lucy was a slender girl, with blue eyes and fair hair; she was ordinarily very still and reserved, but with Martin alone, she was a wonderful talker, and could laugh so genuinely, that it was plain to him she was then in her happiest moments. Years and years after, the sound of her merry voice and the sweet innocent expression of her eyes haunted his dreams and made him start from slumber in the dreary watches of the night. She was delicate and childlike; the blushes came and went over her cheeks like the wind across a flowering meadow. All she did was graceful and lovely, and now as she sat by her lover's side, with her head leaning upon his shoulder, the two would have made a capital study for a picture of Lorenzo and Jessica.

It was near sunset. The garden where they were seated, being on the slope of the hill, commands towards the west, one of the finest views in the country. Immediately below is the town, with its spires and chimnies; beyond flows the river, which at this point widens into what is called the Cove, making a sheet two or three miles across; then succeed marshes with wooded islets and gradually rising farms and fields, which extend to distant forests; in the distance the prospect is bounded by blue highlands. Just at this time of day, when the sunlight strikes deepest into the placid water and paints another sky below, the view is most delightful; I remember often enjoying it from the windows of my apartment, when I, long after, succeeded Kennedy at the University. For the college buildings are situated upon the southern slope of the same hill, and the western windows look out upon the same beautiful scene. But I was not so fortunate during my

college term as my friend, if indeed it be fortunate to purchase a few months of happiness at the expense of a life-long woe.

It was within a few weeks of the end of Kennedy's last term in college, when he would soon be obliged to break the cherished associations which the four past years had gathered around him. He must soon part from his friend Alison; he must see no more his cherished companions, the old familiar faces; hardest of all, he must leave, for a time at least, the dear girl whose heart he had won, and whose love was the joy of his life.

The evening we have chosen to see the young lovers may answer for one of many that witnessed them thus together, as the time of separation drew nigh. Lucy was an only daughter. Her parents were people of methodical, secluded habits, and they had not yet learned to think of her as other than a child. Her father was always absent during week days at his store in the town below, and her mother was usually occupied with her household cares. A single servant made up the family. Few visitors came to the house, and the old people were not much given to "going abroad." But they never on any account missed going to meeting on Sundays. So regularly was Deacon Darling's pew filled on every Sabbath, that their absence would have been a matter of great surprise to the entire congregation; indeed the occasions when they had been obliged by sickness or storms to remain at home were remembered as eras in the family history.

Lucy's visiting circle was confined to a few schoolmates and friends who attended their meeting, and with whom for the most part she had little other intercourse than casual greetings as they came down the aisle together after the sermon. She had a piano given her by her aunt, and could play on it many old ballads and all the tunes in the psalmody. Once the minister, who was a great musician, had touched it when he came to visit her mother, and his condescension and commendation of the instrument she always took pride in mentioning. In truth, she was but a simple girl, and would not probably have made a very striking impression on any but such a simple young man as Kennedy must then have been.

He was about twenty, three years older than she, but with even less experience of the world than hers. His father had been a farmer in the next county, who had died when he was quite young, leaving him to the care of a guardian, a plain country clergyman, who instead of sending him to a school or academy, had kept him as a pupil in his own house until he entered the university. Consequently, he had been unaccustomed to the society of those of his own age, and had enjoyed but few opportunities of mingling either in the sports of boyhood, or the social gaieties of youth. When he came to the university it was like coming into a new world—a world for which he was unprepared and unfit to enjoy. He grew shy and reserved. Few understood him, and still fewer, scarce any, with the exception of Alison, knew how to reach his confidence. That he had something in him, however, came, long before the end of the four years, to be universally conceded. If he could not figure in the debating societies, yet it was found out that he was a lover of literature, and had acquired skill in writing. Hence, he was able to command all the respect he required, and enjoyed, perhaps, as much of the esteem of his associates during the last months they were together, as any member of his class.

It was some time in the first term of his junior year, that he became acquainted with Lucy. She was then on a visit to her aunt, who resided near by in the thriving village of — Falls. Once a year, she was generally permitted to spend a few days with this relative, with whom she was a great favorite, but whose latitude of religious opinion and general cheerfulness of disposition, led Lucy's parents to avoid encouraging too great an intimacy with her. These visits were bright oases in the waste of Lucy's life. She found in her aunt's house, although this good lady lived quite alone, such a different atmosphere, that she always enjoyed herself there better than anywhere else. The burden of restraint which so oppressed her at home, was there unconsciously removed, and, without knowing why, or in the least intending it, she was there another creature; no longer subdued, timid, hesitating, but lively, artless, genuine.

The circumstances under which Kenne-

dy first made her acquaintance, were, therefore, most favorable to a rapid understanding between them. Lucy's aunt had known his father and mother, and being aware how secluded had been his early life, was possessed of the key to his reserve. She delighted to see two young people having so many points of resemblance enjoying themselves. Hence, she contrived amusements for them, and brought them together as much as possible during the few days her niece was left to her charge. The distance was so little that Kennedy could walk over every evening after tea, and he readily obtained permission of his tutor to do so, upon his aunt's request.

The game of backgammon—this precious week, I have every reason to believe, laid the foundation of my friend's wonderful proficiency in that noble amusement—a proficiency which afterwards, in later years, became the solace of so many desolate hours. Lucy's aunt was herself an incorrigible player, and next to her own game, her next chiefest pleasure was to superintend and comment on the play of others. How many rubbers were decided in the course of those evenings, by Lucy and Kennedy, under her inspection, we will not invoke the kind old lady from her repose in the village church-yard to inquire. There were also duets with voices and with the flute and piano, and it was not surprising that before the week ended, Lucy's aunt should have pronounced emphatically, that she never heard "All's Well," or the "Minute Gun at Sea," given with better feeling and expression.

In short, before the end of that blissful week, the young couple were as well acquainted as if they had known each other for years, and happier in each other's society than if they had been bound together by the closest ties of kindred. When the afternoon came that Lucy was to return home, Kennedy could do no otherwise than volunteer his services to escort her. It was a fine autumnal day, and the four miles of road that extend from the village to —ville lying for the most part along a ridge of elevated land, the views in many places are extremely picturesque. What could be more natural than that our half-conscious lovers should linger in their walk, and often turn aside to behold the many-

colored woods and fields ripening for the harvest? Or was it surprising that as they were seated together on a grassy slope, young Kennedy should find words to say, "Dear Lucy, I love you!" and be permitted to kiss her unresisting lips? And that then he should grow eloquent with his hopes and prospects, and that Lucy should drink the music of his words, and suffer her shrinking heart to confide in his boundless promise? It was all natural. They could not help it. They were enjoying the innocent brightness of existence: the dew of heaven yet hung fresh upon their garments. Sorrow and grief they had not yet tasted. Alas! the bitter cup was already preparing.

After Lucy's return, Kennedy became, of course, a frequent visitor at the house of her father and mother. They were not morose or suspicious people; they were willing the children, as they seemed to them, should enjoy themselves. Indeed, Kennedy was of that free, healthful disposition which pleases without the intention to do so. He dreamed of no particular obstacle to his love; that her parents would ever make their daughter so unhappy as to thwart her affection for him when it should be prudent for them to be married, did not once enter into his calculations. He was to be an educated man, and he felt himself, so far from loving above his station, rather superior in that respect to the daughter of a merchant. The old folks, for their part, never once dreamed of the possibility of the young people falling in love. That was an infirmity of human nature, of which they had had no experience, and which their system did not take into account. It rather gratified their pride, that Lucy should have such well appearing companions as Kennedy, and sundry young ladies and gentlemen whom she had now added to her circle of friends. Kennedy was studious, and delighted rather in intellectual relaxation than in the noisy sports and pastimes practised often by young people in that rank of life. He got up a little reading party which met once a week, where they read Mrs. Opie's "Illustrations of Lying," and other works of similar interest, approved of by the minister. In addition to this, he was accustomed to read to Lucy and her father and mother at home, during the long winter

evenings. The old people were well enough pleased with all this; his cheerfulness and new ideas amused them and kept them awake; he was, they thought, a good-natured boy; they liked him; the old lady used to ask him to tea, and was never tired of seeing him eat; the old man urged him to attend their meeting and sit in their pew. The minister came to know him, and would sometimes, when he met him at the house, inquire after the health of some one of the professors.

Thus prosperously continued affairs with the young lovers, during the year that intervened before the close of Kennedy's college course. Their intercourse was almost as unrestricted as if they had been brother and sister. Many happy hours they had alone, when they talked of the future, when their spirits mingled in a heaven created by their affection, when all before them took the hue of their own delight. As the time of separation drew nigh, Kennedy grew more and more sanguine in his anticipations, or, at least, appeared thus in his conversations with Lucy, partly from a desire to give her courage, and partly, perhaps, to hide from himself some natural misgiving which the bravest young man, dependent on his own strength alone, cannot wholly avoid. The patrimony left him by his father was barely sufficient to carry him through the university; from the day he graduated he would have only his own resources to depend on. He had little acquaintance, no family influence, no business connection.

Yet he had health and youth, and the blessed ignorance of evil which aids hope. There was no undertaking too great for his dreams; others had been successful, had made money and earned a respectable place in society, and so could he.

"My dear Lucy," he would say, often as they sat together, as we have seen them, in the garden, "you have no idea what I can do. I shall go West when I graduate. That is the place for educated young men; there is a wide field for students. At first, I shall teach school; then I shall have a profession, and in a year or two, I shall be back to claim you. Will you wait?"

"Never—of course," would little Lucy say, looking into his eyes, "because I don't love you, Martin, and you know I do not, and——"

"I'll not hear it!" Martin would ex-

claim. "Perhaps, Lucy, I shall be so rich, we can build a house on this very old hill-side. How fine that will be!"

"Perhaps you'll have to take me to the West with you, before that time," would Lucy answer. "Do, Martin, look at those clouds; I wonder if there the sunsets are as beautiful as here. I should like to see; will you take me?"

"My own girl, my brave lady," would Martin reply, "never shall you be sorry that you loved me. I will take care of you forever."

"But my father and mother, will they let us go? I fear they never will. They know we love each other, I'm sure they do; yet they never speak. I cannot tell what they mean. I heard them talking of you, and saying what a pity you were poor, and the son of a farmer. O Martin, I feel so sad sometimes, because you are going, I am almost child enough to cry!"

Poor Lucy! In a few days more, there would be no Martin to kiss away her rising tears, and whisper words of boldness and resolution. The lovers must part, not without much grief and some foreboding on both sides.

Kennedy had never liked a certain slyness, which was sometimes apparent in the deacon's manner, and he observed more of this insincerity in taking leave of the family than he had ever noticed before. The old man did not say he must let them hear from him or inquire into his prospects, but just shook his hand loosely and wished him success in all his future undertakings, and would be pleased to hear of his temporal and spiritual prosperity in any station Providence might call him to fill—all which sounded to Kennedy very cold and formal.

But there was little coldness and formality in the parting that took place that evening, at the bottom of the garden; next morning, at the breakfast table, poor Lucy's eyes were so red and her voice so tremulous, her worthy parents had much ado not to have her suspect them of pretending to be unmindful that she had sobbed all night in her little chamber.

As for Martin, he had little thought of grief on that morning, as the steamer on which he had taken passage the night previous rounded Castle Garden, and poured forth her throng of passengers, on one of

the most crowded piers of New York. The strangeness of his situation, transported as if by enchantment, in a single night, from the quiet of his chamber in the college building, to the noise of a great city, filled him with excitement. There was too much of novelty in all around him to permit his lamenting the past, or taking much thought of the future. Not that the image of Lucy was ever a long while absent from his thoughts: for all that he saw, or said, or did, all his emotions and impressions, were connected with and had a reference to her, as to his own self. She was a part of his consciousness, and was included in his identity. Not to think of her, was not to be aware of thinking at all. Yet in these few days of his bursting, as it were, into the world, a sensitive young man, with so much to distract and confuse him, full of the ardor of youth and the confidence of strength, it is not surprising that he should have felt more exultation than sorrow. Fortune seemed to smile before him; love and hope lent him inspiration; he was in a poetic state; a kind of golden halo surrounded him and clothed the dull earth with a skyey splendor. He always spoke of this first journey to the West, as one of the pleasantest episodes in his life; it was, he used to say, like the journeying of Christian through the land of Beulah, and within sight of the Delectable Mountains.

A few hours after landing at New York, he embarked for Philadelphia. With him travelled a friend from his own village, who was taking his young bride to a paradise in some prairie of Illinois. The party remained a day in Philadelphia. Here, at the breakfast-table of the hotel, they met another young man with a pretty wife, and young lady companion, who were journeying the same way. Upon taking the canal boat at Harrisburgh, the next day, the two parties mutually came together and joined forces. Gay times they had in the pleasant days which followed, as they wound along the banks of the beautiful Juniata. What with the beauty of the ladies and the extraordinary hilarity of the young gentlemen, they were quite irresistible in the crowd of travellers, and formed a sort of mirthful aristocracy, which compelled all who came within its influence to be merry in spite of themselves.

An accident to the cars, which they took

at Hollidaysburgh, compelled the train to stop over night on the Alleghany. Here the only sleeping accommodations were two large rooms, a few benches and chairs turned upside down; hardly sufficient for a hundred and fifty persons. The confusion which prevailed, the hostile state of feeling towards the railroad company, and general disposition to be uncomfortable, may be fancied. But to our young company, it only afforded more food for mirth. With them, all was *couleur de rose*; like the crazed Ophelia, they could turn everything to "favor and prettiness." Well, some of them had need enough to be merry. They little knew how much sadness was in store for them!

When they arrived at Pittsburgh, it was a dull smoky day, and drizzling clouds hung gloomily over that city of soot and furnaces. But in the cabin of a certain steamer, which left the landing that evening, anything but gloom was experienced by our party of voyagers. Here it was that Kennedy first saw specimens of those men of Gath, who are reared upon the corn and bacon of the western valley. The captain of the boat was a head taller than other men, and stepped three paces in one. The clerk, though not above the size of ordinary men, carried the stomach of ten. Each passenger separately treated this glorious conviver to whiskey, and then they besieged him in groups. He was not coy, nor did he resort to any artifices to gain the honor of drinking, without its substantial reality. He merely drank *all the time*, as though it had been a part of his profession and a matter of duty. Kennedy many months after met him in Cincinnati, wanting a situation; with his abilities, however, he could not have remained long out of employment.

Among the passengers were several German students from Leipsic, travelling for pleasure; Kennedy invited them to sing student songs and held long conversations with them, in the Latin tongue, respecting the nature of Liberty. They all, with himself, mutually vowed unalterable friendship, but he never saw them afterwards.

Next day, Kennedy's flute, the same which he had so often played with Lucy, was put in requisition for a dance in the cabin. In the course of the day, there came on board, from some landing on the

Kentucky side, a superannuated couple, each nearly threescore and ten, who were just starting upon a marriage tour. This was too much for the wickedness of our young ladies. Nothing would do but the ancient couple must don their wedding suits and dance a *pas de deux*, after which they were permitted to sit in state, and superintend the diversions of their tormentors. One of the young ladies also victimized a bashful Connecticut Yankee till he made himself supremely ridiculous; however, the notice it brought upon him was the means of his obtaining a good situation as overseer of a farm in Illinois.

But to detail the various unexpected and amusing incidents of this fortnight's journey would fill a book, besides taking attention from the fortunes of our hero. Suffice it, that he arrived safely, full of heart and hope, at Cincinnati. Here he endeavored to find employment as a clerk, and to that end gave his first leisure to the study of book-keeping. Not being able to succeed in that, he presented himself to the city school committee, was examined, and promised a place as a teacher on the occurrence of a vacancy. Meantime he was obliged to pay expensive board, and except a little for copying music, in which he had some facility, he earned nothing; the small sum of money he had brought with him (all he was worth in the world,) was running low.

Still he did not lose heart. Something would turn up; nobody could come a stranger, to a new city, and find employment in a moment. He did not conceal his wants from the few whose acquaintance he made at the boarding-house. Among these was a musician who had a room next his own. This man offered him a situation to play the flute in the orchestra of a theatrical company which was to perform in Vicksburg, on the Mississippi. How repugnant such a mode of life must have appeared to Kennedy, may be supposed, yet he was on the point of accepting it, when the clerk of a large steamboat, who boarded at the same house, advised him to "go upon the river" as it is called, i. e. to endeavor to obtain a clerkship himself. This kind-hearted man offered him a free passage up and down with him, and promised to instruct him in the routine of the labor. Kennedy gladly availed himself of this proposal to go down to Louisville, where he

had learnt that an old school-mate had found employment in teaching, and where he hoped he might, if he could not obtain a clerkship, be likewise engaged.

It was a cold night in November when he arrived at that city. The next morning he visited his friend, who taught some thirty or forty boys in a large room, for a small salary and the title of "Professor." He had heard they wanted an academy in the village in Indiana, opposite the city. Our friend accordingly posted over and found that if some "enterprising young man" would come there and get up a private school, it was very likely he might "pay his way." This was a poor enough prospect to be sure, but Kennedy was by this time in no condition to choose. He had but three dollars in his pocket.

In a short time he had pupils enough to begin with, and had by tuning two antediluvian pianos, preserved his credit with the landlord of the house where he boarded. He went to work in a vacant store-room, fitted up with rough board seats, thrashing some fifteen or twenty not over cleanly dressed boys out of their strong propensity to swear at the master in the street, (as they had been accustomed to do under some former dynasty,) and instilling into them a knowledge of arithmetical computations and the intricacies of the vernacular tongue.

But this did not last long. The patrons of the school did not prove model paymasters, and there was evidently no chance of increasing its numbers. The result was, that Kennedy abandoned it and returned to Louisville before January, with just money enough to take him across the river. There he heard that a gentleman residing on his plantation, eight miles out of the city, wished to engage a teacher for his own, and the children of one or two of his neighbors.

Without any letter of introduction, Kennedy set out one cold snowy afternoon, for this gentleman's house. It was a dismal day, and the peculiar circumstances under which our hero was placed were certainly not very inspiring. To a New Englander, accustomed to an open country, a walk among blind roads, through half cleared, heavily wooded lands, is the most cheerless that can be imagined. Who can tell how Kennedy's hopes were fallen at this pe-

ried, but they who have themselves encountered similar trials? He had written several times to Lucy, but had received no reply to any of his letters. The competence which he was so confident of earning had fled before him like a mirage. He knew not if she remembered him; he had no expectation of seeing her. He had no hope for the present but to procure the means of life. He felt forlorn and weary.

It was almost dark when he reached the house, which appeared almost surrounded by the forest. Whatever anxiety he might have had respecting his reception, he had no sooner entered and stated his business to the lady than it was at once removed. Had he borne letters from the President and all his cabinet, he could not have been received with a more cordial hospitality. Her husband, the lady said, was gone to the city, but would be back in the evening. Meantime he must be tired. Dorothy, one of the housemaids, must bring some slippers. He must lay aside his wet garments and have a cup of tea. How did he like Kentucky? It was a wild country, she presumed, compared with the East? Had he learned to eat corn-bread?—and the like sort of cheerful conversation, all which passed in so perfectly cordial and matter of fact a manner, that before the gentleman arrived, Kennedy felt as much at his ease as though he had been an expected guest. That evening the family assembled in the parlor, and there was more pleasant conversation than he had enjoyed for a long while; when he retired to his chamber for the night, it was with a firm conviction that the reputation which Kentucky has always borne for generous hospitality was not undeserved.

The result of the visit was, that he became for the next three months a member of the family, and taught Latin and trigonometry in a log house without a floor, to four or five as expert boys with the rifle as you would wish to see, and other appropriate studies to a like number of girls. He became quite a marksman, and could even ride such horses as are to be found nowhere save in that roadless region. But now the warm weather was coming on, the hot steamy days of May, when there lurks an ague in every mist that exhales from the "Pond Settlement." Kennedy had saved his earnings and longed again to try his

fortune in the busy world. There was to him, whose home had been by the seashore, an indescribably depressing influence in the air scented with rank vegetation. He had been immured, as it seemed to him, during the months he had remained there, and he now determined to leave, lest he should be a schoolmaster to the end of his days.

Accordingly he came up to Louisville where his friend (afterwards shot in the street) still taught school. Here he exerted himself in all ways for nearly a month to find employment; he did not desire the poor calling of a teacher; he felt himself equal to the "bustle of resort." He tried all means to get a clerkship or a situation in business. He went into every store that seemed to promise anything, up and down that long Main street. He boarded every steamboat at the landing. He stirred up all the acquaintance he could make to inquire. But it was all to no purpose. No one wanted a clerk who had never been in business, and who used the English language with such grammatical correctness.

Finally, when his cash was nearly spent, he heard they wanted an academy up the river, in Madison, then a thriving town of it may be eight thousand inhabitants, now probably a city. With a letter of introduction, and money to pay his fare, he set out and arrived there one rainy evening in May. He was too late—another had been before him. But he was resolute, and where there is a will there is a way.

Should this true story ever meet the eye of any disheartened pedagogue, striving for dear life, in a country overflowing with plenty, let him remember that if his education will not procure him subsistence, perhaps some other accomplishment may. It were better that he should blacken his visage and turn Ethiopian minstrel, than starve. Indeed, in most Western villages, at the time of which I am writing, he would have been much more respected. The schoolmaster had not gone abroad there then; the people dreaded and despised him.

In a few days there appeared a card in the Daily Banner, informing the inhabitants of Madison that a certain individual was prepared to teach them in the art of music. The next Sunday heard his voice

in the church gallery chaunting the Episcopal service. He hired a large room, and gave a gratuitous performance, with an empty barrel for a music stand, to the young gentlemen of the place; and so fascinated a goodly number of them, that they incontinently became pupils. Best of all, he met in the bar-room of the inn, a graduate of a famous college in the centre of New England, who wore on his breast that mysterious pin which was to be a symbol of learning and "fraternity" the world over. In this instance it proved so. The graduate, who was a law student, was a true man, and he and Kennedy at once struck out a friendship that was never broken. By this means the latter became intimate with the learned men of the town, and played whist with judges, doctors and colonels.

So passed the summer. But as it drew towards autumn, our friend became more and more dissatisfied with his partial success. His labor was irksome to the last degree, and it barely paid his expenses. He determined to try Cincinnati once more, and if unable to gain a livelihood there, to return to the East, where the labor of his hands (for he was a good mechanic) would soon put him on the road to competence.

Accordingly he took passage for the Queen City. Here, while calling upon a lawyer to see if something might not be done in the way of drawing and copying papers, a gentleman came in, who said he was looking for some one to teach his daughters in his house. He was a man of wealth, and was ready to pay a liberal salary.

The next week found our friend seated with five girls, two of them almost young ladies, in a lofty back parlor. Kennedy used to take quite a pride in relating how odd it was that he, a rough man, should at this time have had the care of several who afterwards became celebrated belles, and are now fashionable women in a great city. But if any one could tell the truths of his own life, it would be stranger than any fiction. There was nothing particularly romantic in Kennedy's adventures; they only show the difficulties which lie in the way of educated young men, who have had no good worldly training, nor any assistance of friends.

He continued in this manner to perform the duties of a governess, till one day as

he was walking down the Main street, who should he meet but the man, who with his pretty wife, had been his fellow traveller, more than a year before, from Philadelphia. "Ah," said this individual, whose name was Crandell, "you are the very man I was thinking of. I am a printer. I am going to start a penny paper, and you must edit it."

"Come up to my room," said Kennedy, "and we will talk of it."

Next week saw the first number of the *Daily Luminary*. It was published two months before Kennedy was twenty-one—a boyish affair, full of the inexperience and glowing animal spirits of youth, which none of his perplexities had yet broken. It was successful. Our friend was not a fluent writer, but he had perseverance, and it was found that he had good sense, and some wit. He had at last got hold of a string that he could pull. Poverty no longer stared him out of countenance; he began to feel the dignity of independence.

Only one thing now troubled him. Lucy—why had she never answered his letters? Could it be she had ceased to care for him? Even if it were so, she surely might have written. In the midst of his labors such thoughts would constantly annoy him. In his midnight musings, on the crowded street, or on that busy landing where he often walked to enjoy the beauty of active life—wherever he was, or however engaged, the idea of Lucy was perpetually recurring. It was an undertone that ran through his whole existence; the doubt respecting her was a sickness that preyed upon his heart. In business, he might now consider himself prosperous; might look forward to the realization, a year or two hence, of his long cherished wishes, if—ah, that if!—Lucy was the same Lucy he had left so long ago. Anxious as he was, however, he would have been infinitely more so had he known the real truth.

For some months after Kennedy's departure for the West, Lucy's depression was too plain to escape the observation of her parents, and with a very little sounding, they soon ascertained its cause. For the first time they now began to think of her as a marriageable young woman, for whom it was their duty to provide. Her

suffering on account of the departure of an old companion, was, they thought, quite natural. It showed the gentleness of her disposition, while at the same time it set them to reflecting that such a warmth of affection should be bestowed upon a husband. The idea that Kennedy might be a suitable person, hardly once entered their heads. He was her playmate, as it were, her companion, an agreeable good-natured fellow, but a mere boy, just such another simple creature as herself. Besides, he was almost without relatives or friends, quite alone, hanging loose on the world. It was doubtful if he would ever settle down into a sedate man. He was a pleasant person to have about, very cheerful and even funny, but he lacked "stability of character," the deacon thought. He was young yet, only twenty, or thereabout, and there was no predicting what he might turn out. Indeed, it is questionable if Lucy's father and mother ever considered of him enough to be distinctly aware of these reasons. He was merely out of the question; the idea of a *student* marrying their daughter, was purely absurd.

Having made up their minds to this, or rather, having never debated it, they laid their heads together during the hours usually appropriated to certain lectures, to contrive how she must be disposed of. It was plain that now she was a young woman, she must be a girl no longer. Hence it would not do for her to be corresponding with a young man because he had happened to be one of her young companions. Poor, simple Lucy! In the frankness of her heart, she told her mother how that she and Martin had promised each other to correspond, and showed her a letter she had written to him containing all the news and nothing concerning herself. Her mother said it was a very good letter. When it was fairly sealed and superscribed, she gave it to her father for the post office. That worthy man, thinking it was high time a stop was put to this childish nonsense, put it in his pocket, and ultimately into his counting-room stove. He had, previous to this, received Kennedy's first letter, which, after duly inspecting its contents, he had disposed of in a similar manner.

Here he thought the thing would end. At breakfast, accordingly, he would en-

large a little upon the character of students. He thought them wild young fellows. Seldom or never did they grow up to be substantial men. There was Mr. Such-a-one, he remembered, nothing would do but his son must have a liberal education. Well, the young man ended in the poor-house.

Sometimes the well-meaning mother would advert to the proverbial impiety of students, and professional men generally. Men of learning were commonly too proud to become possessors of "vital godliness." She even feared their young friend Kennedy (at the mention of which name Lucy was sure to blush) would never be a "truly pious" man. She remembered how she had overheard him imitating the minister's peculiar manner of reading a hymn, and she thought such irreverent levity not a good sign in a boy.

"Indeed, mother," Lucy would say, "but you laughed. But perhaps you do not like him because he does not write to me. Isn't it strange?"

And then the deacon would frown severely, and remark that she spoke very pertly to her mother.

After a month or two Lucy prepared another letter; the first might have been misdirected, and Martin might be waiting for her to write first. Her parents thought it better to let it share the fate of the former one than to openly forbid her writing. But such folly must be indulged no longer. It was time she was married off and placed in circumstances where those weak and childish fancies would no longer afflict her.

Accordingly, after considerable consultation, it was at length settled that Jeremiah Brown, the eldest son of old Mr. and Mrs. Brown, who were both members of their meeting, would make her a suitable husband. Jeremiah had no great personal advantages. He was gawky and sallow. But what is beauty compared with worth? Jeremiah was a steady, practical youth, not brilliant, it is true, but shrewd and cool. He was settled in business, and with what his father had advanced him, and a handsome portion which Lucy might receive, being an only child, the couple would be in easy circumstances.

Mrs. Darling and Mrs. Brown presently grew intimate. They took tea with each other, and Lucy must always go and re-

main with her mother. Jeremiah must come frequently after his mother of evenings, and Lucy must of course entertain him with her songs and the backgammon, at which he always won. After a while he came alone, and Lucy's careful parents would then contrive it to be sometimes both out of the room, leaving the young couple to chat alone. Poor Lucy! She did not see the game they were playing for her happiness; but Brown was awfully dull in conversation. He reasoned and argued, in his fashion, on all sorts of subjects, and his talk ran on in a long weary monotone, like the turning of a coffee mill. He had "improved his mind," and knew all the newest ologies and graphies. He discoursed of "developments," and in his letters wrote "centre" center. On doctrinal points he was almost as tedious as the minister himself.

He did not for a long while appear to be any more aware of the trap that was laying for him, than was Lucy, the unconscious bait. He visited there because it fell in his way to do so, and was equally ready to converse with father, mother, and daughter—because, like most people who talk to hear themselves, it was a matter of indifference whom he had for a listener.

But he began to "smell rats," as he would probably have phrased it, long before his victim. The scheme was grateful to him. He had impulses like most men, and the idea of having so pretty a girl as Lucy for a wife, pleased his fancy. He soon began to "pay attention"—the first move in the matrimonial game. He came often, and sat late. He made Lucy a present of Butler's Analogy, which he said, very truly, was a very profound work. He gave her the benefit of much of his instructive conversation.

Poor Lucy drooped. She was in great affliction. Why, *why* had Martin forgotten her? Why did they wish her to pretend to like Mr. Brown, when they knew he tired her to death? She had no consolation, no grain of comfort. Her kind aunt, who had been her only confidant, had died of a typhus fever, the summer after Martin had left.

At length she summoned courage to speak with her mother. It was like a declaration of war between two parties who have long been on the eve of collision. The

poor girl shed an ocean of tears. She did not like Mr. Brown; she did not wish to marry any one. She desired to live at home all her life; she loved her father and mother; wouldn't they let her? She should die if they sent her away—and much more to the same effect.

Her wise mother was not sorry to see her take on thus. Her tears did not affect her, for she thought a little crying would do the child good. Self-willed and passionate people, she said, must expect to suffer now and then. She thought her daughter showed a very hard, proud spirit in opposing her parents. Her love for them could not be much, when she was hindering them in what they most desired. If the truth was known, she suspected it was nothing but a foolish fancy for that boy, Kennedy; notwithstanding he had been gone nearly two years, and nobody had ever heard from him.

This was touching the right chord; poor Lucy's heart burst then, and revealed all its hoarded treasure. She *had* promised Martin, she said, to be his wife; she liked him; she never could like any other. It was so strange what had become of him.

Well! of all the foolishness that ever was heard of, exclaimed the excellent mother, with uplifted hands, this was certainly the very beat. She had not expected quite such silliness. It made her almost ashamed of her own flesh and blood. She could not talk upon it. Lucy had better retire to her chamber. She hoped her father would not find it out.

When Lucy came down to tea that night how affectionate they were, her father and mother! How they hung over her and spoke in mildly modulated words!

Lucy was ashamed that she should afflict them so much. And then there was reason in what her mother said. Martin had been away so long! He must be dead. And so in her little chamber, while the musical slumbers of the venerable authors of her being shook the floors below, this dutiful daughter buried herself in her pillow and sobbed herself to sleep.

"Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land," is a precept of the same divine wisdom whose providence "visiteth the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation." It would be bet-

ter if parents oftener considered how true it is, and all observation confirms it, that the promise attached to the fifth commandment is contingent upon the declaration appended to the second.

Lucy honored her father and mother above all things else. She thought all they did was meant for her good, and that whenever she differed from them she must of course be in the wrong. Her life had been so much under their strict control, and she was of so trusting a disposition, that she could not but confide in them entirely.

But the struggle now was unlike any other she had encountered. She had given her love to Martin, her whole heart. He was lost to her; she could not hope ever again to see him, if indeed he was alive, which she could hardly believe. She could not love any one again—should she continue to dream of his image and oppose her father and mother, when by yielding she should make them so happy? She had nothing in particular against Brown. Only the idea of being shut up in a house with such a tiresome creature all her life was horrible. It would kill her; she felt it would.

But now the opposing party were bringing up their heavy artillery.

Let it not be supposed that this true story is written to throw obloquy upon the most sacred order known among men, or that aught which follows here is set down in malice. All ministers are not crafty and cruel; there is probably no such one in the country as he who was the spiritual adviser of the Darling family.

He was a large, strong man, with a hard-featured countenance, high cheek bones, and pointed nose. His voice was deep and mellow, and very condoling; its benevolent stop, to use an organ figure, was particularly rich. He was full of goodness all over; it appeared not only in his conversation, but in all his ways and motions; it seemed to ooze through his garments, and impart a glossy sleekness to their surface, so that to touch him was like touching pitch. He was a very great man; the women of his congregation were much in awe of him. He had a large study surrounded with books, where he used to sit and read his correspondence, and receive his visitors. He was a lover of music and the Fine Arts—especially those of eating and

drinking. Goodly and comfortable was he, well to do in the world. He had a family, and had married his own daughter to one to whom his only objection was that he was rich; his wife was never spoken of. Altogether he was a wonderfully great and good man. He slid out of all controversies, and none could ever tell exactly what particular shade of doctrine he most favored. Few men became a pulpit better, or were better judges of good old Madeira.

This excellent man in the course of his visits at Mr. Brown's and Deacon Darling's, became aware that an alliance was cooking between the two families. He soon saw, also, that something was wrong somewhere; the course of love did not run smooth. How could Mrs. Deacon D. resist that condoling voice, especially when he pulled out the benevolent stop, and executed thereon a grand palaver solo? She could not. The good man was made acquainted with her view of the whole difficulty. Out of his kindness to the family, he condescended to take an interest in Lucy's welfare, and volunteered to assist her parents in keeping her within the path of duty.

He held a private conversation with her, this great man, whom she had been all her life accustomed to dread and look up to, as men look up to a mountain. It was a set conversation; he desired to speak with her alone, and the mother called in Lucy and left them together.

Now if all the goodness in all the world were collected and expressed, it would not equal what in that poor girl's eyes this miracle of condescending dignity displayed in that interview. He took her by the hand, and reasoned with her like a brother. At one time she feared he was going to shed tears. He showed her, not only the folly but the sinfulness, the extreme wickedness of her persisting in disobedience. In short, he wrought upon her so powerfully that her rebellious heart was tamed. Thenceforth she had no will. Her spirit was broken. She was as clay in the hands of the potter.

Poor Brown saw nothing of all this business. He was busy observing Lucy's developments, of which he had in his mind nearly a perfect chart, and in reading Carlyle. He settled the question which was the greater man, Napoleon Bonaparte or

General Washington, the very evening after she had been finished by the minister.

Not to be tedious in recounting all the influences which were brought to bear in effecting the proposed match, let it suffice that in the end, the parents succeeded in their determination of making their daughter happy. The parties were married in due form; Lucy cried at the wedding, and was laughed at, as she deserved, by her old companions. The minister performed the ceremony with great unction, and yielded to the merriment which followed it, quite like an ordinary old gentleman.

Everybody was happy, because they had all done right. The fathers and mothers had settled their children comfortably in life; the minister had promoted an honorable union between two estimable members of his flock; even Lucy felt that she had done all her duty.

But there was a mildew upon her heart, and the flower that promised fruit so fair was blighted and withered. Week after week, month after month, she grew pale and old. Brown went on arguing and setting to rest all the vexed questions that disturb the world's repose. He perceived no wear in his wife; he saw none of her secret tears. She was very subject to headache and various nervous illnesses, for all which he recommended exercise.

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It was near the latter end of summer. They lived in a cottage house, half a mile further over the slope of the hill than Lucy's former home, at the end of what is now a fine street of well built residences. Every afternoon, to conform to Brown's wishes, who liked system, she was accustomed to walk for her health. She generally took the way that led over to her old garden; and would there sit at times, and watch the sunset, as of old.

She was thus seated one evening in the early part of September, when she felt a light touch upon her shoulder. She started to perceive a tall man standing by her side.

The next instant her lifeless form was borne into her father's house by Martin Kennedy. The shock of his sudden ap-

pearance had been too great for her enfeebled nerves. She recovered from one fainting fit only to fall into another, and soon grew so ill that her alarmed mother sent at once for their physician. Brown came in while Kennedy stayed in the parlor, and the latter soon perceived that his long-loved Lucy was the wife of another.

He rose and went forth without saying a word. From that time the elastic temper that had carried him through so many trials, was crushed within him.

For a long time he did not know what pains had been taken to conquer Lucy's love for him. But after her decease, which took place within a week of the succeeding morning, when she lay there in her father's house, a dying, childless mother, he began to revolve in his mind what might have been her possible history.

As years went by, more and more came to the light. Lucy's mother, in some conversation, when the minister sought to console her in her affliction, confided to him the truth respecting the intercepted letters. He communicated it to his wife, and thus it gradually came abroad. The wretched father and mother went down to their graves and were forgotten; Brown became heir to the old man's property and married again. He is now the father of a family.

Kennedy passed from youth to age, a wearied, stricken man. The impulse which in him supplied the place of ambition was gone. He was equal to no new enterprise. The life of an editor disgusted him; he loved to live by the shore of the sea and breathe his native air. Gradually he dwindled into the situation in which I found him at my uncle's, at the time when he related the story of Alison. He was loved and respected for his character and bearing, but it was thought a pity he had so little energy.

His history will account for his peculiar susceptibility in matters of the affections, and may render it plausible, notwithstanding his firm belief, that what he took to be poor Ellen's ghost was only an illusion of his own distempered senses. G. W. P.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

THE close of a long and laborious session of the British Parliament, has been succeeded by a complete stagnation in political affairs. The Court is rusticating in Scotland, and the ministers and legislators, taking advantage of the season, have retired into various parts of the country to recruit. Some Chartist trials have ended in the conviction of the accused, and other cases are still under investigation; but that body, partaking of the general languor, appear to have ceased from all active exertion.

The death of Lord George Bentinck, at the age of 46, has created a great public sensation. He was a man of remarkable energy and determination of character, which, until the last three years, had been principally directed to field sports. He entered Parliament in the year 1828 on conservative principles, and was one of Sir Robert Peel's silent supporters, taking little active part in politics, but devoting himself with ardor to the turf and the chase. The events of 1846 gave the energies of his mind a different turn, and from that period his attention was almost exclusively devoted to politics. The free trade doctrines then brought forward by Sir Robert Peel, converted his former supporter into his most bitter opponent, and viewing the conduct of the Premier as an apostasy from his former principles, his opposition was personal as well as bitter. He at once assumed, in the House of Commons, the leadership of that portion of the conservatives who adhere to the high Tory principles, and astonished his friends, as well as the public, by his aptitude for debate, and great political knowledge. From his previous life he was unacquainted with many of the details necessary to be mastered by one who should try his skill in debate with his able opponent; but nothing daunted, he set about their acquirement with a vigor and determination, truly characteristic. He was known to be closeted with reports and official documents for ten and twelve hours previous to a debate; and to this great change in his habits is attributed his sudden death. In entering what may be called his political career, he still retained his love for the field, and is reputed to have been a winner of a very large sum at the Doncaster Races which took place a few days before his decease. He was found dead on the 21st Sept. from spasm of the heart, in a field near Welbeck Abbey, Nottinghamshire, the seat of his father, the Duke of Portland.

A new society has been formed in Dublin, with Lord William Fitzgerald, brother of the Duke of Leinster, at its head, having for its object to procure an arrangement by which the Imperial Parliament shall hold its sittings in Dublin during such convenient portions of each year, as may be sufficient for the transaction of business more particularly relating to Irish affairs. This project is creating some little excitement in political circles.

On the 6th Sept. intelligence of a disposition to renew the recent disturbances, was received in Dublin. The peasantry of Tipperary, in a body of about 4,000, had encamped on Aubrey Hill, many being armed with pikes and rifles, while the hills around Carrick swarmed with armed men, levying contributions on the neighboring farmers, and forcing others to join the movement. The police stationed in small divisions in the neighborhood were compelled to leave their posts and seek refuge in the towns, and a military force was found necessary to quell the rising. No great alarm appears to have been felt in the towns, as the success of repressive measures on previous occasions had imparted to the inhabitants a feeling of confidence, warranted by the result. Troops were immediately dispatched to the scene of the disturbance, and soon succeeded in breaking up the organized bands, and forcing the insurgents to return to their homes. Some arrests were made, and the country became again tranquil. The disturbance appears to have been of an agrarian and not of a political character.

The Special Commission for the trial of O'Brien, Meagher, and several others, accused of high treason, was opened at Clonmel on the 21st Sept., by Lord chief justice Blackburne of the Queen's Bench, chief justice Doherty of the Common Pleas, and justice Moore. After a charge from the foreman, the Grand Jury returned true bills against O'Brien, and four others, and on the following day true bills were found against six other persons, but Meagher's name does not appear in either list. Each of the prisoners having had a copy of the indictment delivered to him, they were informed by the Court that five days were allowed them for pleading.

France still continues the great object of European interest. The Assembly has repealed the decree of the provisional government, abolishing arrest for debt; and it has been de-

cided by a Committee, that in trials by jury the verdict shall be given by a majority, and that unanimity shall not be required.

On the 2nd of September there was an animated discussion on a proposition demanding that the state of siege should be raised, pending the discussions on the Constitution; the object being, apparently, to get rid of the shackles in which the Parisian press is bound. Ledru-Rollin declared the debate on the Constitution could not proceed during the state of siege. General Cavaignac, on the other hand, declared his belief of its necessity, but that he and his colleagues left the matter entirely in the hands of the Assembly, and were content to conduct the government without it, but relieved from the responsibility of any consequences which might ensue, if the assembly, with the state of Paris before its eyes, should differ from him in opinion; and he insisted that the power over the press was indispensable to the maintenance of order. His views were sustained by the Assembly on division, by 529 votes against 140.

General Cavaignac thereupon took an opportunity of declaring the principles on which he had acted, and would continue to act, in suspending the journals. He would instantly suspend any journal which should call in question the Republican principle. All discussion in the press relative to the advantages of a Republic and a constitutional monarchy was forbidden under pain of suppression, but otherwise, discussion was free! The sense of security felt under martial law, appears to have influenced many of the Representatives in giving their votes.

From official returns, it appears that the decree issued by the Provisional Government on the 16th March last, imposing an addition of 45 per cent. in the assessed taxes, was expected to have produced 191,728,445 fr., but the amount yet realized has only reached 96,231,777 fr., leaving the balance to be collected. The French army, actually on foot, amounts, according to the declaration of General Lamoricière, the minister of war, to 548,000 men. The estimated expense of the war department for the year, is 425,233,224 fr. Portions of the army have been engaged in quelling insurrectionary disturbances caused by attempts to collect the 45 per cent. tax, which is resisted in many departments, particularly in the South. In the department of l'Herault, troops have been called out to expel a number of laborers who entered on the lands of some wealthy proprietors, with the intention of appropriating them to their own use. Several journalists have been fined and imprisoned, for publishing their papers without having given the required security, and for disobeying other laws relative to the press. The number of unemployed operatives in different parts of France, is a subject of great uneasiness. In Lyons, a club of *Mon-*

tagnards has been established, which is regularly attended three times a week by about two thousand operatives, and at Lille, numbers have paraded the town demanding work.

The election of three members of the National Assembly, for the department of the Seine, which took place on the 20th September, was the cause of considerable previous excitement. The friends of Louis Bonaparte, who declared his determination to serve if elected, were strenuous in their exertions for his success, and it was said the government was determined, either by an exclusion law or an alteration of that part of the Constitution which relates to the election of President of the Republic, to prevent the possibility of the prince arriving at that station. The clubs of the "Red Republic" were also on the alert, and put forward the notorious Communists, Cabet, Raspail and Thoré, as their candidates. On the returns being made known, the three following were declared elected:—Louis Bonaparte, 111,192 votes; Fould, (moderate,) 78,518; and Raspail, 66,815; Cabet and Thoré stood next on the list. Louis Bonaparte likewise headed the list at the elections in Moselle, Yonne and Charente Inférieure, and his name appears in the lists of several other electoral districts. In some places only one half or one third of the electors deposited their votes.

Louis Bonaparte arrived privately in the French capital on the 23d September, and no impediment was offered to his taking his seat in the Assembly; but all necessary military measures had been taken by General Cavaignac to suppress, on the instant, any demonstration which might be made; and in the event of any disturbance, the Prince and his relatives were to have been immediately put under arrest. All, however, passed off quietly, and his first effort in the Assembly was a speech expressing his deep and sincere affection for the Republic. Raspail issued an address, stating that he awaited the moment of the recognition of his election as a member of the Assembly, to leave his dungeon; but in this he was disappointed, for immediately on its being officially made known, leave was demanded from that body to prosecute him for his part in the outbreak of May 15th, which was promptly granted.

On the 24th September, Ledru-Rollin delivered an inflammatory speech at a public dinner, in which he declared the Republic to be in a weakly condition; recommended socialism, and declared that nothing had been done for the people since February, and that the excuse was want of money. He then asked how the old Republicans obtained money? By taxing the emigrant aristocracy, and issuing assignats, he replied; and these, he hinted, would be proper remedies at the present time. He was also clamorous about what he termed "the abandonment of Italy."

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The military commission under General Bertrand, charged with the examination and classification of the insurgents of June, have concluded their labors, after sitting eight hours on each day, for two months, without excepting Sundays or holidays. They had to decide the cases of 10,838 individuals; of these, 6,276 have been set at liberty; 4,346 condemned to transportation, and 255 sent before courts martial. Two thousand seven hundred of the condemned have already been sent away, and the rest are in the forts waiting to be forwarded to their destination.

The National Assembly is daily engaged in discussing the details of the Constitution, which will not be completed for a considerable time. The special committee appointed on the subject of the indemnity to be paid to the French colonists in consequence of the abolition of slavery, have fixed the amount at 120,000,000 fr., two thirds to be paid in cash, and the remainder in government stocks. Their decision is warmly opposed by the Minister of Finance on behalf of the government, who had previously stated the amount of indemnity at 90,000,000 fr. A credit of a million of francs has been granted for the relief of necessitous citizens of Paris, and a like sum for the use of the charitable institutions throughout France, together with a credit of fifty millions for establishing agricultural colonies in Algeria.

An armistice has been established between the Austrians and Piedmontese, for the purpose of putting an end to the war in Lombardy, through the mediation of the French and English governments, but both parties are increasing their military resources in case of failure of the negotiations.

Affairs at Rome are in a very unsettled state. The Pope is in great political embarrassment, with an empty treasury, and without means to supply its wants. In Bologna energetic movements were necessary for the suppression of sedition; Cardinal Amato had issued an edict forbidding the carrying arms, and fears were entertained lest he should be overawed by the military malcontents lately disbanded by the government.

The war in Schleswig-Holstein is suspended by an armistice of seven months. The Belgi-

an workmen who left Paris after the French Revolution in February, for the purpose of revolutionizing their native country, have been tried, and seventeen men are condemned to death.

Disturbances have taken place at Frankfort in consequence of the national Constituent Assembly having rescinded a vote previously passed respecting the armistice with Denmark, and which would have led to a continuance of the war. The Radical representatives addressed inflammatory speeches to the mob, who then attacked the hotel in which the rest of the members were in the habit of meeting. The military were called out, and some lives lost. The Archduke John has issued a proclamation denouncing the outbreak, which he says was made by a party whose object is to involve the country in civil war. An insurrectionary outbreak has occurred at Baden, to quell which a military force has been dispatched. The movement is headed by Heinzen and Struve, the latter having gone into Baden in consequence of a political prosecution pending against him. They were said to have a force of 3000, composed of German, French, Italian and other refugees. The public monies were plundered, and the authorities put in prison. Struve has published an address calling on the Germans to arm and resist the reaction at Frankfort.

The state of Prussia is unsettled. A change of ministry has taken place. Radical assemblies were meeting in various parts of the kingdom, and it appeared as if that body were preparing for some great attempt. Ten thousand met at Breslau, where they were addressed in the most exciting language. Riots also occurred at Cologne in consequence of the arrest of some persons accused of conspiracy, who were liberated from the hands of the police by the mob. The ferment was increased at Berlin by a report of the King's intended flight to Königsburg. The difficulties in Hungary still continue. On the 18th a deputation from there arrived at Vienna, charged with a mission, not for the Emperor, but for the people—that is, the National Assembly. It was decided by the Assembly that the deputation could not be received, but that the demands should be taken into consideration.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Architect, a series of Original Designs, for domestic and ornamental Cottages and Villas, connected with Landscape Gardening, adapted to the United States. Illustrated by drawings of ground plots, planes, perspectives, views, elevations, sections and details. Vol. I., quarto. By WILLIAM. H. RANLETT, Architect. New York: Dewitt & Davenport, Tribune Buildings.

This elegant and valuable work, of great use to such as are building country seats, or laying out grounds in the country, and also to landscape artists and builders, continues to be published in numbers, each containing beautiful lithographic drawings of villas, cottages, and gardens, with ground plans of each for the use of builders, and for those persons of taste who wish to plan an elegant and convenient country house or cottage. The work must also be of value to carpenters in the country: many of them being their own designers and architects. Mr. Ranlett's work will much assist them. We have examined it, and read portions of the text appended to the drawings, with great interest. It is full of important matter to be known by all builders and planners.

The Past, the Present, and the Future. By H. C. CAREY, author of "Principles of Political Economy," &c. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1848.

From the title only of this work no reasonable conjecture could be given of its scope and contents, a defect by which the small attention it has attracted may perhaps be in part accounted for. It is an investigation and exposition of the true sources of national and private wealth—of that economy and polity which should be used to make both individuals and nations rich and powerful. The facts which the author uses to establish his views, are the great facts of history, known to every sensible reader. The inferences are those of common sense, and require only a cool head, free of theory and mysticism, to understand them to their entire consequences.

The author is not what is usually styled a "protectionist;" he does not advocate a protective policy as good in itself or in the abstract; he says very little about the effects of „high

wages," or the protection of American labor against foreign operations; but he shows that the farmer cannot become wealthy until he has the manufacturer within reach, and that so far from being rivals or enemies, the farmer and handicraftsman are natural allies and brothers, and cannot prosper apart. How, and by what induction, this is demonstrated, with what convincing proofs, not of mathematics, but of the logic of common sense and of philosophy, by which every farmer and miner may discover where his true interest lies, not in the mere production of a surplus of bread stuffs, to bring the price of his labor ruinously low, so that nothing can help him but a famine in Europe, but rather by the creation of a market at his own door—by the encouragement of domestic industry—to develop these arguments, would require a full review of Mr. Carey's book.

The author is a thorough republican, and though an economist, is jealous for the interest and honor of his country. His work, taken as a whole, combines more points of value than any we have read. The method of it is new and singular; it proceeds directly in the face of Ricardo and Malthus, and begins by putting their premises in the limbo of "false facts." We venture to predict that this work, which has now been before the public a year or more, with very little appreciation of its value, will eventually occupy the first rank in its class as a "primary treatise" on the wealth and economy of nations. Its line of argument is quite distinct from that of the valuable work of Mr. Colton on "Public Economy," and of the statistical work of Seaman on the "Progress of Nations."

To enable the reader to form some idea of the style and sentiments of this admirable work of Mr. Carey's, we subjoin the following extracts:—

"Why is it that men are everywhere seen flying from their fellow men: from those destined by the Deity to be their helpmates: from parents and relations: from old houses, and old churches, and old school-houses: old comforts, and old feelings: and from all the conveniences and advantages that tend so largely to promote their happiness and their respectability, and to increase their powers of exertion: to seek in Texas and Iowa, Oregon and California, new homes and new relations, amidst woods that they cannot fell, and swamps that they cannot drain?

and upon the poor soils that yield, invariably, the smallest return to labor?

These things would seem almost impossible: yet if we turn to India, we may see the poor Hindoo cultivating the poorest soils, and then laboring almost in vain, to drive through the rich black clay that lies between him and his market, the half-starved cattle that bear his miserable crop. Here we have the same state of things; and both here and there it may be traced to the same cause: *necessity*. In neither can man exercise *power* over the rich soils, because in *neither* have men *power* over themselves; and until they shall have it, they must continue to fly from rich soils capable of yielding tons, by aid of whose manure poor soils might be enriched, to poor soils becoming daily poorer, because to them even the manure yielded by their own little product cannot be returned. They borrow from the earth, and they do not repay: and therefore it is that they find an empty exchequer: performing thus the process that farmers are enabled to avoid, when, as in England and New England, the consumer takes his place by the side of the producer. Therefore it is that the average produce of New York is but fourteen bushels of wheat to the acre, while that of Ohio is even less, although acres may readily be made to yield forty or fifty bushels: and therefore it is that the average produce of Indian corn is but twenty-five, when it should be a hundred bushels, and that of potatoes but ninety when it might be four hundred bushels.

"If we desire to understand the cause of these extraordinary facts, we may, perhaps, obtain what we want by taking a bird's-eye view of a farmhouse of western Pennsylvania, near neighbor to the rich meadow-land above described. The farmer is reading the newspaper, anxious to know what are the crops of England, and whether or not the rot has destroyed the potato crop in Ireland. Last year many of the people of Europe starved: but he sold his crop at a good price, and paid off his debts. This year he wishes to purchase a new wagon, and to add to his stock of horses: but unhappily for him, the farmers of England have had a favorable season, and the rot has not appeared in Ireland. Starvation will not sweep off its thousands, and he will get neither horses nor wagon.

"His eldest son is preparing to remove to the west, to raise wheat on dry lands in Wisconsin or Iowa, and to send to the already overstocked markets increased supplies of food. His daughter is grieving for the approaching loss of her brother; and of her sweetheart, the son of the neighboring wool-grower: who is about to leave for Michigan to raise wool, that he may compete with his father, who is studying carefully the newspapers hoping to see that the sheep of Australia have rotted off and thus diminished the supply of wool. He wants to pay off his debts: but this he cannot do, unless the price of wool should rise, and thus increase the difficulty of obtaining clothing. Why do these sons move off? It is because there is no demand for labor. All the land is held in large farms, because the poor soils alone are cultivated; and farmers that would live at all must farm and fence in a great

deal of land, where a dozen bushels to the acre are considered a good crop. Why does he not clear some of the meadow-land? It is because there is no demand for milk, or for fresh meat: for hay, or turnips, or potatoes: or for any of those things of which the earth yields largely, and which from their bulk will not bear carriage. He knows that when the great machine yields by tons, the product is worth little unless there be mouths on the spot to eat; but that when he restricts it to bushels the product may be transported to the mouths. There is no demand for timber; for all the young men fly to the west, and new houses are not needed. The timber is valueless; and the land is not worth clearing to raise wheat, almost the only product of the earth that *will* bear carriage. To clear an acre would cost as much as would buy a dozen in Iowa; and the product of four acres, at ten bushels each, would be equal to one of forty. He therefore goes to the west to raise more wheat; and his friend goes to raise more wool; and his sister remains at home unmarried. Why does she not marry, and accompany her lover? It is because she has found no demand for her labor, and has earned no wages to enable her to contribute to the expense of furnishing the house.

"Here, then, we have labor, male and female, superabundant for want of wages with which to buy food, and clothing, and houses: food superabundant, for want of mouths to eat it: clothing material superabundant, for want of people to wear it: timber superabundant, for want of people desiring to build houses: fertile land superabundant, for want of people to drink milk and eat butter and veal: and poor land superabundant, for want of the manure that has for ages accumulated in the river bottom; while the men who might eat the veal and drink the milk produced on rich lands, are flying to the west to waste their labor on poor ones; *those who should be consumers of food becoming producers of food*.

"Why is this? It is because they want a market at which the labor, male and female, the food and the wool, can be exchanged for each other. They want a woollens mill, and had they this, the sons would stay at home and eat food, instead of going abroad to produce more. The daughters would marry, and would want houses. The timber would be cleared, and the fertile lands would be cultivated. The manure would be made, and the poor lands would be made rich. The milk would be drunk, and the veal would be eaten, and the swamps would be drained to make meadows. The saw-mill would come, and the sawyer would eat corn. The blacksmith, the tailor, the hatter, and the printer would come, and all would eat corn. The town would grow up, and acres would become lots. The farms would be divided, and the fencing of each diminished. The railroad would be made, and the coal and iron would come: and with each step in this progress, the farmer would obtain a better price for his corn and his wool, enabling him from year to year to appropriate more and more labor to the development of the vast treasures of the earth; to building up the great machine, whose value would increase in the precise ratio of the increase in the return to his labor."

Gowrie; or, the King's Plot. A Whim and its Consequences. By G. P. R. JAMES. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Which of these is the eldest, or whether they be both of twin birth, written (as some learned contrapuntists have had a faculty of writing music,) with both hands at once, we have neither leisure nor curiosity to inquire. To say that we have read either of them would be to confess a capacity for mental subjection, or self-compression, which ought to disqualify us in the opinion of most readers for the office of criticism. We do not feel required to admit anything which would thus criminate ourselves and interfere with our profession; it is enough to say: "Gentle Readers, here are two more novels by James, republished by the Harpers. You all know what this author can do, from what he has done during the last fifteen years. He has been writing all this while, and there is every probability that he will continue to do so during the term of his natural life. It is impossible to read all his productions and scan the particular merits of each of them. They possess a strong, or rather weak, family likeness. The first of these last two commences:

'On the 15th of August, 1599, a young man was seen standing on one of the little bridges in the town of Padua.'

The second opens thus:

"A solitary room at midnight; a close, single wax candle lighted on the table; the stiff, dull, crimson silken curtains of the bed close drawn; half a dozen vials, and two or three glasses."

So far as we have read, our opinion inclines to the first. The title sounds more romantic, and the sentence is short. In the second, when we come to the "*stiff, dull, crimson silken*," we feel that the author is going to draw the wire this time to the utmost degree of tenuity. It would require considerable courage to attempt a novel beginning with such a sentence; one need to be sure of several days to allow the mind to recover a healthy tone.

Still, we have all been indebted to Mr. James for many pleasant hours; and while we smile at some of his defects, it would be unbecoming not to speak of him with respect, as a writer who enjoys an unsullied reputation in a department where bad qualities most readily manifest themselves. It is a pity habit or necessity should compel him to write so much, he loses the art of writing well.

The Playmate, a pleasant Companion for spare hours. (No. 12.) New York: Berford & Co., 1848.

The masterly sketches that serve to illustrate this excellent child's book, together with the tales, some of which are translated from the German, make it, together, the most desira-

ble thing of its kind. This number contains "The Kite-fliers," "The Seven Boys and the Monster," from the German; "The Guest," a Dalecarlian Legend; "Leonora, a little Drama in two scenes," &c. &c., all well written, and some excellent.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

The season for novelties in these departments has set in with great promise of fertility, during the past month.

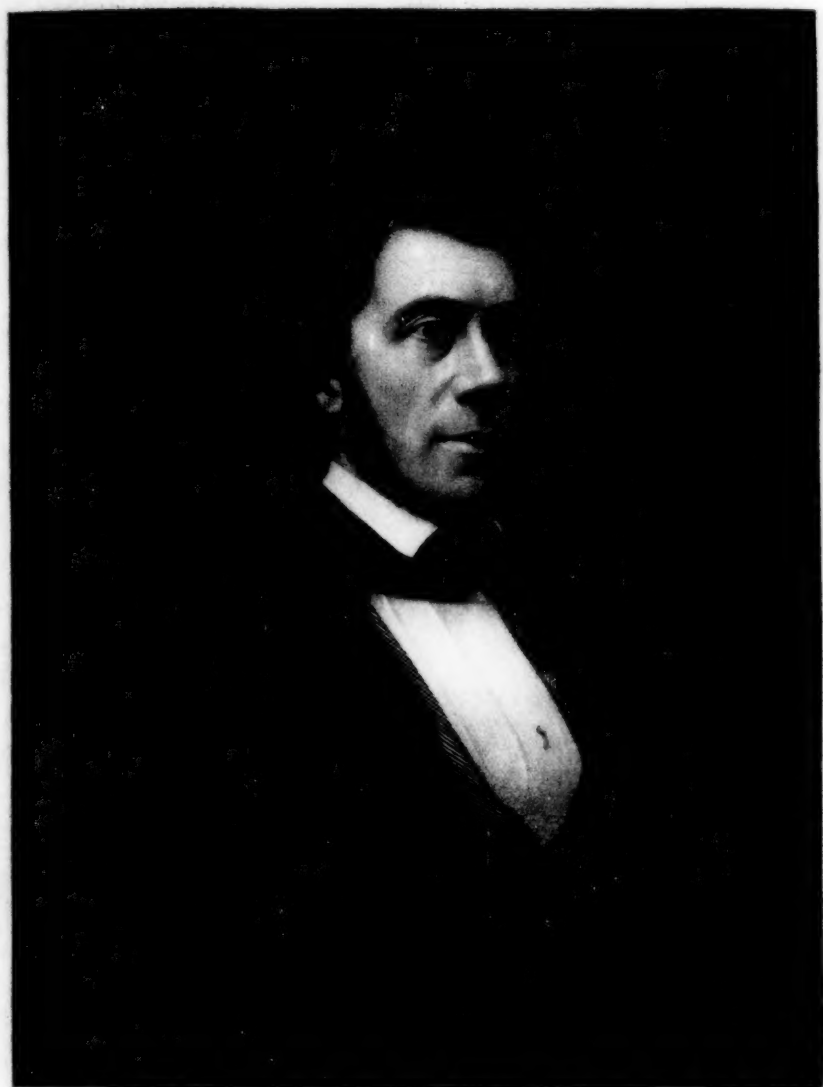
At the Park Theatre, Madame Bishop has drawn very full houses, by appearing in unsupported scenas, bravura songs, and a not very elaborate or tasteful dramatic piece, got up to exhibit her fine powers.

At the Astor Place Opera House, Mr. Macready has also drawn good audiences, but has not, in general, been so successful as was anticipated on his arrival. He is not thought to have lost any of his ability, and his reputation as the first living actor is not, we believe, disputed, among the best judges. His performance of Hamlet alone should secure him this pre-eminence. We hope to find room during his visit to speak of his merits more minutely.

Maurice Strakosh, a pianist of great skill in the De Meyer school, gave a grand "festival" at the Tabernacle, on which occasion that building was lighted with a thousand extra candles, much to the inconvenience of the audience, both on account of the glare and the dripping. The great feature of the evening to lovers of good music, was the performance of Beethoven's *Egmont*, by a well-proportioned orchestra, numbering thirty-two violins. This overture is, perhaps, the greatest piece of musical tragedy ever written in that form, and its performance on this occasion was highly effective.

We have also had concerts by an excellent band recently arrived, the Germania Society. It is not too much to say that this is the best orchestral playing ever given in the city. At Mr. Pirsson's, the piano forte maker, they played some quartets of Beethoven, in a manner which few amateurs in this country have ever had a chance of hearing. But in public their bills are mostly made up of German waltzes—injudiciously, we think. Such music is not popular here and ought not to be anywhere. The most exquisite playing in the world could not make whole evenings of it attractive to our citizens.

A new young violinist named Ikellheimer, has just arrived from Paris. He is we believe a pupil of Viouxtemps, and he gives promise of becoming a very great artist. But upon the only occasion when we have had an opportunity of hearing him, the instrument he used was so very unpleasant and screaming, we should have preferred lending him a better one to endeavoring to form an opinion of his merits.



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